

It Begins

"This is useless," Harry said as he threw the catalogue onto the table.
"Nothing here will help me survive another fight with Voldemort."

"Just keep looking Harry," Hermione encouraged. "We're bound to find something."

"We've been looking through these catalogues for ages," Harry retorted. "And we haven't found anything, it looks like none of the shops in Diagon alley can help us... I think we've hit another dead end."

"Bloody hell," Ron groaned. "What else is there?"

"Just keep looking," Hermione persisted.

"We've been looking for ages," Harry growled. "We've checked the Library, we've asked the Professors, and now we've gone through every owl order catalogue from Diagon Alley. What's left?"

"I might know a place," Ron whispered. "You both know it; it's where the darkest of the dark wizards do their shopping."

"Honestly Ron," Hermione lectured. "Knockturn Alley is just a magical shopping area like Diagon alley. While it may be true that some of the items found in Knockturn Alley may be a bit... dodgy, the vast majority of them are not."

"You already visited it huh?" Harry asked.

"There's a very nice used bookstore at the far end," Hermione admitted. "With a few things that I haven't been able to find anywhere else."

"They've still got dark things for sale," Ron persisted. "My dad went on a raid that netted a whole trunk full of banned items."

"It doesn't matter," Harry interjected to kill the coming argument.
"Even if they did have illegal stuff then they wouldn't be selling it

openly and I don't know how to find the shops that'll sell it... unless one of you knows something I don't."

"No," Hermione admitted, slumping in her chair. "The very definition of a black market is that it is unregulated and difficult to find, they'd all get arrested if it was easy."

"So that puts us back at square one," Harry sighed. "I still don't understand why the Professors won't help us."

"What about Dumbledore?" Hermione asked. "Surely he'd help."

"He told me to enjoy my childhood while I had the chance," Harry replied. "No help there."

"It's too bad that your mum wasn't from a pureblood family," Ron said. "Then we might have a few more options."

"Ron," Hermione screamed.

"Care to explain that mate?" Harry growled.

"I'm just saying that her family might have specialized in defence or something," Ron defended himself. "Something more useful than wards anyway."

"What do you mean Wards?" Harry demanded.

"Potter family's always been good at making wards," Ron explained. "Bill has a dozen books that were written by one of your great-great-grandfathers and he says that it's the best one on the market, even after all these years. I was just saying that if your mum had been a pure blood too then maybe her family would have been good at duelling or something."

"How does being part of a family make you better at something?" Hermione asked with a frown.

"It doesn't," Ron explained. "What makes you better is the fact that your family's been doing something for so long that you've got all the good information."

"Family techniques," Hermione said in understanding. "When you get something really good you don't share it with the rest of the world."

"I guess," Ron agreed.

"So what do some of the other families specialise in?" Harry asked slowly.

"Don't know mate," Ron said apologetically. "S'not the sort of thing you ask."

"Why not?" Hermione demanded.

"It's just not," Ron replied. "All I know is that the Potters are good at wards; don't know anything about any of the others."

"What about the Weasleys?" Harry asked.

"The Weasleys?" Ron said nervously. "Why do you ask?"

"You know what my family does," Harry replied. "What about yours?"

"It's only fair, Ron," Hermione agreed.

"Well," said a rapidly reddening Ron. "My family's good at fertility magic..."

"Oh... I guess that explains why you have so many siblings," Harry said with a smirk.

"I guess," Ron agreed. "It's not something I like to think about mate."

"So you're going to have a lot of children, too?" Hermione asked with an odd look on her face.

"Probably," Ron agreed. "Dad only had four brothers so I might not have too many."

"Four?" Hermione asked weakly.

"Two sets of twins," Ron explained. "My grandmother drew the line after two sets of twins."

"Let me guess," Harry said with a smirk. "Twins are common, too."

"And triplets," Ron added. "Usually doesn't go more than three at a time, it happens but it's not too common."

"Let's get things back on track," Hermione suggested. "I don't suppose that we'd be able to get the other pureblood families to let Harry use their resources."

"I doubt it," Ron replied. "It's not something you share outside your family... I... you could use the Weasley family spells if you like."

"Thanks Ron," Harry said warmly. "But I thought you said they could only be used by family members."

Ron's blush returned, "Mum's decided that you're part of the family," he explained, "and Dad's gone along with it. They were planning to give you a copy of the spells when you get married, don't tell them I told you this."

"Thanks Ron," Harry replied. "That really means a lot to me. Unfortunately, I can't think of a way to defeat the dark lord with fertility charms."

"Neither can I, Mate," Ron agreed. "But I hoped that one of you might have thought of something I didn't."

"Purebloods," Hermione said disdainfully. "Locking up information that could be used to defeat Voldemort. When are people going to learn that information should be free? I'll bet that we'd be able to find a way to defeat Voldemort if we had access to all those family spells."

“You really think that?” Harry asked slowly.

“I do,” Hermione agreed. “Information has a right to be free to all. The free exchange of ideas is the only thing that allows us to move forward.”

“Hmmmmm,” Harry stroked his chin. “I might... hmmmm, I need to think about some things.”

“Wanna go check out your family magic, huh?” Ron asked, “I can understand that mate. You’re about the age where you should start learning it anyway.”

“Can I look through it?” Hermione asked hopefully.

“Talk to me about it later,” Harry muttered. “I’m sure I’ll need your help to understand a few things anyway.”

Harry wandered out of the room in a daze and eventually found himself in front of the Headmaster’s office.

“I don’t suppose you could just let him know I’m here could you?” Harry asked the gargoyle with a weak grin. The gargoyle tilted its head for a second, then stepped aside to allow passage. “Thank you.”

“Harry my boy,” Dumbledore said as Harry entered the office. “What brings you here?”

“I just heard something from Ron that I wanted to speak with you about sir,” Harry explained.

“I think I understand,” Dumbledore said kindly. “And I think I have just the thing for you.”

“You do?” Harry asked hopefully.

“I do,” Dumbledore confirmed. The old man pulled a book out of his desk and presented it to Harry, “if you have any questions that the

book can not answer then I'm sure Professor McGonagall would be happy to answer them."

"Uh," Harry's jaw dropped as he read the title of the book. "It wasn't... I... I'm sure that I'll need a book on useful charms for the bedroom in the future, sir," Harry paused to collect his thoughts, "but that's not what I'm here about."

"Oh?" The old man asked with a twinkle, "then what do you need?"

"Ron mentioned that every pureblood family had a branch of magic they studied," Harry began. "And he said that the Potters were experts at constructing wards."

"And you would like to have your family books," Dumbledore said knowingly.

"I think they'd let me have a connection to my family," Harry explained. "I know it seems silly, but I'd feel like more of a Potter if I learned the family trade... even if I never did anything else with it."

"I understand," Dumbledore said kindly. "And I shall have them retrieved from their present location and brought to you."

"Thank you sir," Harry said in relief. "May I ask where they are?"

"They are in Britain's most heavily warded house," Dumbledore replied with a twinkle. "In a heavily warded trunk, I'm afraid that I cannot tell you more without violating an oath I made to a friend."

"Constant vigilance," Harry muttered to himself.

"I can neither confirm nor deny," Dumbledore replied, his eyes twinkling like mad.

"I understand, sir," Harry sighed. "Do you know how soon they'll get here?"

"If my friend is at home," Dumbledore began, "the trunk should be waiting for you when you get to your dorm room."

"Thank you, sir," Harry said as he rose from his chair. "I won't take up anymore of your time."

"Feel free to visit at any time, Harry," Dumbledore said with a smile. "My door is always open."

Harry walked stiffly out of the Headmaster's office and glared at the book he'd been given. On the one hand he'd gotten it from the Headmaster, on the other hand... well, it could be useful. After tucking the book into one of his pockets, Harry walked back to the Gryffindor tower and was pleasantly surprised to find a trunk waiting for him on his bed. On top of the trunk was a small pile of books and a note which Harry took a few moments to examine.

Potter,

Your father entrusted this to me and I'm passing it on to you. I can't tell you what the password is, but your father told me that if you grew up with Black that you'd know it. I have included a small selection of books that I've managed to acquire over the years, your father wouldn't take them, but I hope you will. Remember, knowing how to undo something that you've created will help you become more effective.

-Moody

P.S. I'm going to want you to come by to add a few layers to my defences after you've mastered a few skills, I'm feeling a bit exposed.

A slow smile formed on Harry's face as he read the first title, 'How to Get Through Wards and Other Skills the Ministry Doesn't Want You to Know.' It seemed that things were beginning to look up.

Harry spent the rest of that night and most of the next morning studying his family's techniques and the books that Moody had sent him.

"Harry?" Harry jumped at Hermione's call. "Ron said you were up all night."

“Yeah,” Harry agreed sleepily. “I was, I got these books from Moody with the stuff from my family and I’ve been looking through it all night.”

“You didn’t get any sleep?” Hermione asked with a frown.

“I don’t think so,” Harry said with a yawn. “It was all so interesting.”

“Why don’t you show me what Moody sent you,” Hermione suggested.

“Ok,” Harry agreed. “It’s this stuff here.”

“Harry,” Hermione said flatly. “What are you planning to do with this?”

“The information I need is locked up away from where I can use it,” Harry replied dully. “And you said it yourself, information yearns to be free.”

“Yes, but I didn’t think you’d do this,” Hermione protested weakly.

“I’ve decided to stop being passive,” Harry said firmly. “The next time I fight Voldemort, I won’t be some unprepared kid. If I win then it’ll be because of skill not luck, and if I lose... if I lose then at least I’ll know I tried.”

“Why don’t you put all this away for now,” Hermione changed the subject, “and get some rest... I’ll bring up something for you to eat from the great hall.”

“Thanks Hermione,” Harry said with a grin. “Just wake me up in a few hours.”

“I will, Harry,” Hermione agreed, “and then I think we’re going to have to have a long talk about things with Ron.”

“Ok,” Harry said. He put his books back into the trunk and closed the lid; he was asleep before his head hit the pillow.

"How am I going to handle this," Hermione muttered to herself as she walked out of the room. "Bad enough when he's just lazy and doesn't want to study, how am I going to handle him when he's motivated to do something?"

Hermione was deep in thought when she entered the great hall and took her place by Ron.

"Murgle H'mogle," Ron grunted.

"Don't talk with your mouth full," Hermione scolded absently, "and remind me to save something for Harry."

"What's going on?" Ron asked after swallowing his food.

"The three of us are going to have a long quiet talk after this," Hermione said primly. "Quiet in that I don't want you shouting no matter what happens."

"Same to you," Ron replied smugly. "You have to be calm, too."

"Of course," Hermione said quickly. "We're all going to be completely calm and rational about this."

"Good."

"Good."

Hermione finished her meal quickly and then carefully wrapped a sandwich in her handkerchief for Harry. "Coming, Ron?"

"You go ahead," Ron waved. "I'm not finished yet."

"If you keep eating like that, you'll be as big as Hagrid by the time you're thirty," Hermione snipped.

"Ah, I'll be married, finished with my Professional Quidditch career by then so it won't matter," Ron waved off her concerns.

"I... see," Hermione said with a frown. "I'll leave you to it then."

Hermione made her way back to the tower and found Harry waiting for her at the entrance. "I thought you were going to get some sleep?"

"Hermione," Harry said nervously. "I need to talk with you about something."

"What do you need, Harry?" Hermione asked quickly.

"You know that spell book I got from... you know?" Harry said slowly.

"The one about breaking and entering?" Hermione said flatly.

"You agreed that it could be useful in the fight against Voldemort," Harry defended himself.

"Yes, I know, I just don't... never mind, I'll explain it later," Hermione forced herself to get back to the subject. "Go on, Harry."

"Well, I was practicing around my bunk and I found something," Harry said. "It took me a few minutes but I was able to figure out that it was a hidden compartment."

"You need me to help you get it open?" Hermione asked with a smile.

"No," Harry replied. "I was able to get it open... I found something... odd in the compartment."

"What'd you find?" Hermione demanded. "Was it dangerous?"

"I found a magazine," Harry said reluctantly, "called Naughty Witch Magazine."

"Ah," Hermione said knowingly. Damn those Dursleys for never teaching Harry about basic biological functions. "Harry, it's perfectly natural for wizards to enjoy looking at pictures of naked witches. It's ok if you looked at those pictures and there's nothing wrong with you," Hermione said gently. "I'd be happy to explain any funny feelings you may have felt and I'd also be willing to help you find

someone else to explain if hearing it from me would make you feel uncomfortable.”

“Glad you think so,” Harry’s voice cracked, “but that’s not what I wanted to talk to you about.”

“Then what did you want to talk to me about?” Hermione asked sharply.

“Page twenty four,” Harry said, handing over the magazine.

Hermione took the magazine and flipped to the indicated page, Hermione’s eyes widened in shock and she turned to stare at Harry. “Is that?”

“Mrs. Weasley,” Harry confirmed.

“Do you think Mr. Weasley knows?” Hermione said dumbly.

“I’d say so,” Harry agreed. “Turn to the next page.”

“My god,” Hermione’s voice cracked, “I didn’t even know that position was possible.”

“What are we going to do?” Harry asked. “We can’t tell Ron and I don’t know if I’ll ever be able to look at Mrs. Weasley the same way again.”

“Let’s just pretend we never saw this,” Hermione suggested after a moment of thought.

“I’m not sure I can do that,” Harry said nervously. “You don’t happen to know any memory charms do you?”

“None I’d cast on you,” Hermione replied absently. “Hide it with your family magic and let’s never ever tell Ron about this.”

“Sounds like a plan,” Harry agreed quickly.

“What do we do with this?” Hermione asked, holding up the magazine.

"I'm going to send it to Mr. Weasley by one of the school owls," Harry replied. "Maybe it was someone using Polyjuice and if it was then he deserves to know about it. If it wasn't then I don't want him to know who found it."

"Good plan," Hermione agreed quickly. "Let's get it out of the castle before Ron gets back."

The two friends rushed to the owlery and quickly found one of the less noticeable school owls. "Tie it on quick," Harry commanded. "I want to be back in the tower when Ron gets back."

"I'm going as fast as I can," Hermione whispered back. The girl's fingers blurred as she tied several knots. "There. Take this to Arthur Weasley." They both sighed in relief as they watched the owl disappear into the distance.

"Now, let's get back to the tower," Harry suggested, "and pretend nothing ever happened."

"I'm already repressing the memory," Hermione agreed. The duo returned to Gryffindor tower to find their friend waiting for them.

"Hey guys," Ron greeted them. "I figured you'd be in the tower."

"Uh..." Hermione began, "we thought you'd still be at breakfast."

"I decided to hurry," Ron replied. "Figured it was important... whatever you wanted to talk about I mean."

"Oh..." Harry said nervously, "yes... let's get to it then."

"I think I know what you want to tell me," Ron said slyly. "Good on the two of you."

"Yes... well," Hermione stammered. "That's not important right now, the important thing is that we talk to you about something else."

"Ok," Ron agreed. "What do the two of you want to talk about?"

"Let's go up to your dorm," Hermione suggested. "We'll have a bit more privacy up there."

"Why did Ron just give me a knowing wink?" Harry whispered to Hermione as the trio walked up the stairs.

"He thinks we're dating," Hermione whispered back.

"He thinks what?" Harry whispered in shock.

"It's either that or find a better excuse for what we were doing," Hermione replied.

"So what did you two want to talk about then?" Ron asked once they'd reached the privacy of Harry's bed.

"One moment," Hermione replied. The boys watched as she put up several privacy charms. "Go on, Harry."

"You know how we figured that most of the information we'd need to fight Voldemort is in private family collections?" Harry began nervously.

"Yeah mate," Ron agreed.

"Well... you know how Potters are supposed to be good at wards?" Harry said nervously.

"I know mate," Ron said with a nod. "I told you."

"Well, why don't I just use that to go in and take the knowledge we need?" Harry asked with a fake grin.

"Because it'd push them right into Voldemort's hands mate," Ron replied. "Or at least away from the light if they ever figured out who was robbing them. Serious stuff, mate."

"How about we just go after Voldemort's supporters?" Hermione suggested, "No danger of making them go to the other side."

“Could work,” Ron allowed. “And I’d love to see the look on Malfoy’s face when he realised that his family secrets weren’t so secret. Count me in.”

“Ok,” Harry began enthusiastically. “I’ve got these books from Moody on cracking Wards, the best one seems to be the one with the red cover.”

“Don’t waste your time with that thing Harry,” Hermione said with a look of distaste.

“I thought you were with us on this?” Ron said with a look of confusion.

Hermione sniffed. “I am, but that book was outdated decades ago,” she said.

“Well, it isn’t as if you have a better one, is it?” Ron glared.

Hermione ran from the room, returning with a slim volume.

“This is the Little Black Book of Ward Viruses,” she said proudly. “It was written by some American students at MIT&T, and was inspired by the Little Black Book of Computer Viruses. A friend I met on the Internet during the holidays is going to send me a copy of 40 Runes, too!”

Harry looked at it doubtfully.

Hermione pulled out a sheaf of photocopies. “AND I have a copy of the MIT&T Guide to Ward Picking, by Mel the Mage.”

Ron was wide-eyed. “Mione...”

Harry poked the Little Black Book carefully, much the same way that one would treat a box containing a highly irritated feline. “How many years in Azkaban would these things get you?”

"None," Hermione said smugly. "Since it's obvious that the only reason Harry has them is to design better countermeasures."

"What?" Ron asked in shock.

"After your little lecture about family specialties, I did a little research," Hermione explained, "and it seems that the law allows warders and people studying to be warders to collect information on how to break wards so that countermeasures can be developed. I don't know why your father didn't want to take Moody's books, especially considering the trouble he got into when he was younger."

"I don't think he was planning to join the family business," Harry replied. "There's a note in the trunk that mentioned that he wanted to make a name for himself, not follow family tradition."

AN: Thanks to Ed and AlanP, along with several others on my group for some of the things that are making their way into this story.

Bloody Messages

With the help of a few pepper-up potions, Harry managed to continue his studies until lunch.

“You coming down to the great hall, Mate?” Ron asked as he got up from his bed.

“You go ahead,” Harry mumbled. “I’m gonna study a bit longer.”

Harry got in a few more minutes of study before he was interrupted again, “Harry?”

“I’ll get something later,” Harry mumbled, his eyes glued to the page.
“You go ahead.”

“Um, there’s someone in the common room that wants to meet with you.”

“Hmmm?” Harry looked up. “Oh, hi, Neville, what did you need?”

“Ron’s dad is in the common room and he wants to have a meeting with you,” Neville replied.

“Thanks, Neville,” Harry said slowly. “I wonder what he wants.”

“I don’t know,” Neville said with a shrug.

“I’d better go meet with him then,” Harry said as he closed his book. After carefully placing his family books back in the heavily warded trunk, Harry walked down to the common room.

“Hello, Harry,” Arthur called out as Harry walked down the stairs.

“You wanted to speak with me, Mr. Weasley?” Harry asked nervously.

“Yes, I did,” Arthur agreed. “Have a seat Harry.”

“What’s this all about?”

“Molly received an owl today,” Arthur replied.

“Oh?” Harry squeaked.

“Yes,” Arthur said with a nod. “The owl gave her a magazine containing several pictures of Molly and I engaged in several activities.”

“Really?” Harry was beginning to sweat.

“And she was worried that you might be confused at what you saw,” Arthur finished. “So she sent me here to answer any of your questions.”

“Huh?” Harry asked in shock.

“Now I realise that you didn’t exactly have a normal upbringing so if you’d like me to start with the basics then that’s fine,” Arthur prompted gently.

“No... I... uh, how did you know it was me that sent you that owl?” Harry managed to stammer.

“Your owl is very distinct,” Arthur explained. “I’d suggest using a school owl if you don’t want it to be traced back to you.”

“We did use a school owl,” Harry replied quickly.

“Hmmm, guess that explains all the blood,” Arthur muttered. “None the less it was Hedwig that delivered the magazine.”

“Oh,” Harry said dumbly. “I... we’d thought that it was someone using Polyjuice or something.”

“No, it was Molly and I insuring a good harvest,” Arthur said with a smile. “Good times.”

“Insuring a good harvest?”

"Weasley family magic is based around love and fertility," Arthur explained. "One of the things we can use it for is to insure that farmers have a good harvest, not that we've been able to charge for it since the statute, but that's another story."

"What do you mean charge for it?"

"Before wizards separated themselves from the muggle world, the Weasley family made a very good living by charging farmers a percentage of their crops in exchange for guaranteeing a good harvest. Shame that, with the statutes, we just do it out of generosity," Arthur replied with a grin. "It doesn't cost us anything and I think that it's the polite thing to do."

"Oh," Harry said dumbly. "I thought it was only good for getting lots of children."

"Oh, it's good for that, too," Arthur said with a grin. "One of the reasons Molly wants to give you a few of our spells."

"Ron mentioned that she was waiting till I got married," Harry commented.

"He told you that, did he?" Arthur asked with a grin. "It's because she's still holding out the hope that you'll marry Ginny so she'll wait till the last possible second to give you any of the Weasley family spells."

"Why?"

"Dowry," Arthur explained. "Giving you the spells would make you part of the family and would leave nothing to give as Ginny's dowry, Molly's just being old fashioned about things."

"What if I were to teach Ron some of my family magic?" Harry asked quickly.

"Then you'd be considered brothers," Arthur replied. "Close enough, anyway, to give someone your family magic is to bring them into your

family. Incidentally, I wouldn't teach Hermione anything unless you wish to marry her."

"What?" Harry's eyebrows shot up to his hairline. "Why not?"

"Pureblood customs," Arthur replied with a shrug. "Men can be brought into a family and women must marry in, blame the Malfoys and their ilk for keeping that custom around."

"I still don't understand. Why they do things like that?" Harry said quickly.

"If you were to teach Hermione your family magic and then she were to... marry Neville; that would be the same as giving Neville your family magic. It's one of the reasons that Muggle born are looked down upon; they don't bring anything into a union. I don't agree with it, but many still do," Arthur said kindly.

"Why didn't Ron tell me any of this?" Harry asked quickly.

"Most likely he didn't know," Arthur replied. "I didn't spend a lot of time teaching my children outdated pureblood customs."

"Thanks, Mr. Weasley," Harry said with a weak grin. "You've helped a lot."

"Happy to help," Arthur replied. "One more thing, Harry."

"Yes?" Harry asked.

"Provided that everyone is in agreement," Arthur licked his lips, "you may feel free to teach both Hermione and my daughter your family magic."

"But I thought you said..."

"Several of the Weasley family's more complex spells require more than two people," Arthur interrupted with a shrug. "Molly won't like it, but I'm sure she'd come around; it's something to think about and I just want my daughter to be happy."

"But we haven't..." Harry protested.

"I know and I trust you, Harry," Arthur said quickly. "I just wanted to make you aware of the possibility."

"Thanks, Mr. Weasley," Harry managed to stammer. "I'll... I'll keep what you told me in mind."

"Good," Arthur said with a nod. "Now, tell me how you've been. Just because Molly sent me here for something else, doesn't mean she'll accept me not asking you a few more questions."

"School has been good," Harry mumbled.

"Good," Arthur replied. "Any girls you fancy?"

"No," Harry said quickly.

"Sorry to pry," Arthur continued, "but Molly will demand information as soon as I get home and it's easier to ask than to accept the consequences of not asking. Doing well in all your classes then?"

"Yes, Mr. Weasley," Harry agreed, "but I still don't like Potions."

"You have that in common with a lot of people," Arthur replied. "If you need any help then feel free to ask Molly, I'm sure that she'd be thrilled to help."

"Mrs. Weasley is good at Potions?" Harry asked in surprise.

"She got a N.E.W.T. in it," Arthur agreed, "and she has quite a bit of experience with common household potions, we... well she's always brewed rather than bought."

"Thanks, Mr. Weasley," Harry replied. "I'll keep that in mind."

"Good," Arthur said with a nod. "Was there anything you wanted to talk to me about?"

"No," Harry all but shouted. "But thank you."

"Then I had better be going home," Arthur groaned as he got to his feet. "Feel free to contact me at any time for any reason. Good bye, Harry."

"Bye, Mr. Weasley," Harry bid the odd man farewell. Harry waited until the older man left and then rushed back to his room to study his family techniques. He was rummaging through the bottom of the trunk when he found something surprising. It took him a bit of effort, but he managed to pry up a loose board to reveal a false bottom and concealed within were two worn pieces of parchment.

Dear Son,

If you're reading this then that means you've learned enough of the Potter family spells to learn the real Potter family spells. By now you've seen the note I've left at the top, some drivel about how I wanted to make my own way in the world or some such and if you're my son then I'm sure you'll have a good idea where this note is going. The Potters have always been a family of specialists, this is not unusual since many families specialise in one branch of magic or another. The public believes that the Potter family are ward masters of the highest calibre, and that is true to some extent. Son, it is not easy for me to put this in writing, but the Potters are a family of thieves. We are the reason that Gringotts is so paranoid about thieves, we are the reason that wizards keep their valuables locked in a vault guarded by the goblins they hate so much. I realise that this may be a shock to you but I beg you to continue reading, even if you are disgusted at the words. The first three generations of Potters were ward masters, the best that had ever existed... nearly all of them died poor. No one could fathom why they should have wards installed, what danger was their gold in? The fourth generation, a man named James decided that he would not die poor, as had those that went before him. He decided to give the world a reason to come to him, a reason for the wards that they'd ignored so long. In one night he made enough to live for a year and in the next week he made enough for five generations of Potters to live well by putting up anti-theft around several houses...

Son, there is one major rule that the Potter family has always used and it always brought us profit. The rule is, wait several years before cracking a ward that we installed. Let them believe that Potter wards are the strongest in the world and you can charge double what you could if they believed otherwise...

Your Father,

James.

Harry put down the letter and picked up the next that had been in the trunk.

Harry,

I hope that you have lived a happy life growing up, I had so many things I wanted to do and show you but I suppose that I'm not going to be able to do them. How are you liking Gryffindor? I'm sure that's your house because Potters have always been in Gryffindor, or Ravenclaw, on the outside. The Hat always wants to place them in another house and James tells me that the Potters have always been Silver Tongued enough to talk their way into a less suspicious house and speaking of Silver Tongues...I'm sorry Harry but I couldn't miss the one chance I had to make you blush. By now you've read your father's letter and you know his family trades.

Harry blinked, the letter broke off abruptly and after a minute of searching he found another on the back of the paper.

Your father and I met at Hogwarts and for the first few years there was a great deal of antipathy between us. Neither liked the other and neither could figure out why, oh we had our public reasons but neither was close to the truth. I can't think of a way to put this so I'll just say it; we both subconsciously recognized the other as competition and neither of us liked that. It may shock you to learn that James isn't the only one upholding the family trade. When I got my Hogwarts letter I had visions of looting every fortune out from under the fat wizards that didn't have the sense to protect it. What I found was Gringotts and Wards, things I considered a minor setback at best...

... in the same false compartment that you found these letters, you'll find books on every aspect of our craft along with a selection of the tools of our trade. Know that we'll be proud no matter if you decide to take up our trades or not, make us proud son.

– Your Mother,

Lily

Harry put down the letters and took a deep breath. He had never before felt closer to his parents than he had at that moment and he silently vowed to continue the family trade. What had before been vague plans solidified, Harry promised himself that the Wizarding world's long reprieve was over... a thief once again walked among them.

"I brought you back a sandwich," Hermione called out as she entered the room. "It's... why do you have that look on your face."

"Hey Hermione... uh... I've got something to tell you," Harry said with a weak grin. "And I'm not sure how you'll take it."

"What is it Harry?" Hermione asked with a frown.

"Well... Mr. Weasley came to talk to me, apparently Hedwig doesn't think I should be allowed to use any other owls and decided to take the magazine to Mrs. Weasley herself."

"Don't worry about it," Hermione waved off Harry's concerns. "I don't mind if you let slip that I was involved. Mrs. Weasley has been angry with me in the past; I'm not worried if she's angry again."

"That's not... I didn't tell Mr. Weasley that you were involved and Mrs. Weasley isn't mad, she thought that I'd be confused and sent Mr. Weasley to explain things," Harry said slowly, "and he told me something that might shock you."

"What is it, Harry?" Hermione prompted.

"I may have accidentally married you," Harry said quickly. "Sorry about that."

"What?" Hermione said flatly.

"When I showed you and Ron my family spells," Harry replied. "You did learn a couple of them didn't you?"

"Yes," Hermione agreed.

"According to Pureblood custom, that might have married us," Harry explained. "Sorry bout that."

"So you're married to Ron, too?" Hermione asked in shock.

"No," Harry said quickly. "With males, it's more of an adoption. Ron would be considered a member of the Potter family by adoption."

"So it's only women that have to marry in?" Hermione demanded, "That's the most barbaric, sexist thing I've heard today."

"Um... right?" Harry agreed, "I thought that, too?"

"I can't believe this," Hermione growled. "Does this mean I can't learn Ron's family magic?"

"You might have to learn it from me," Harry tried to appease his friend.

"Ooooh you," Hermione growled.

"Try to calm down," Harry said nervously.

"Fieri Pulus," Hermione screamed. A black light shot out of the tip of her wand and hit Harry's wand.

"You turned my wand into a rubber chicken," Harry said in shock. "I didn't even know that was possible."

"It's still a wand," Hermione said impishly. "It'll change back to normal in a few minutes... I don't like that look in your eye." Hermione tried to

run but Harry was too quick for her and managed to hit her as she ran away causing the girl to squeal in shock.

"Hey, Harry, can I..." Ron walked into the room and froze at the sight of Harry smacking Hermione on the bum with a rubber chicken. "I'll come back later," Ron said calmly. With that, the redhead turned around and left without making another comment.

The two friends burst into laughter at Ron's hasty retreat. "So you're not mad at me?" Harry asked nervously.

"Why would I be?" Hermione asked with a grin. "You didn't do anything; it's just a stupid pureblood custom that no one bothered to tell us about. We'll think of something later but, for now, I think it'd be best to just set this issue aside."

"Good," Harry replied with a smile. "Where did you learn to turn a wand into a rubber chicken anyway?"

"I was working on designing a few spells for you," Hermione replied. "I know how proud you are of your father and the other Marauders and I figured that you might want a few prank spells of your own... besides, it was an interesting intellectual exercise."

"Thanks Hermione," Harry said with a grateful smile. "You're a great friend."

"I was working on spell creation anyway," Hermione said dismissively. "It was just as easy to design a few prank spells as it would have been to design anything else."

"Still, I really appreciate the thought," Harry said firmly. "I found something else in my family trunk that you might find interesting; we'll probably have to wait to tell Ron."

"Did you see the look on his face when he walked in," Hermione agreed. "I don't know what he was thinking."

"I do," Harry said with a blush. "But that's not important right now. Take a look at these letters."

AN: I don't know if I'm going to have a relationship in this fic, I might keep it a running gag that everyone keeps jumping to the wrong conclusion.

It Takes a Thief

"This is interesting," Hermione said as she read the letters that Harry's parents had left for him.

"Yes, it is," Harry agreed dryly.

"So what are you gonna do?"

"I'm gonna go into the family business," Harry replied. "I... it..."

"I think I understand," Hermione interrupted.

"It was different when it was just talk," Harry offered. "But now it's real."

"I know," Hermione said gently. "I think the first thing we need to do is..."

"Study?" Harry offered.

"Practice," Hermione corrected.

"Practice?"

"We've got all the study materials we can use for the moment," Hermione explained. "Knowledge is useless unless you know how to use it. I don't know about you, but I don't know how to use any of that."

"We've got the theory, but we'd fail the practical?" Harry asked.

"That's it exactly," Hermione confirmed.

"So how do we start?"

"I think you made a good start by finding the... magazine in that hidden compartment," Hermione said with a forced smile. "The fact that boys are boys leads me to believe that there are probably more of those stashes around."

"You think we should look for them?" Harry asked.

"I think it would be a good way to practice looking for hidden things under a controlled setting," Hermione replied.

"Let's go," Harry said enthusiastically. "You want the left side or the right?"

"I think we should start slow," Hermione replied. "Why don't we both go over each area, that way if one of us misses something then the other can catch it."

"Ok," Harry agreed. "Let's start with my bed."

"I thought you already checked your bed?"

"Who knows what I might have missed," Harry replied.

"Good point," Hermione agreed. The two friends spent several minutes searching before Harry leaned back with a smug look on his face. "What'd you find?" Hermione demanded.

"A little to the left," Harry said calmly. "You'll see it."

"I don't... what's that?"

"Open it," Harry said with a smile. "It's just like the one I found earlier."

Hermione drew her wand and cast a couple of short spells. Trembling in anticipation, she reached into the compartment and pulled out a small object. "Boys." Her face twisted into an expression of long suffering.

"What is it?" Harry asked eagerly.

"See for yourself," Hermione said as she tossed the object to Harry.

"A statue?" Harry squinted at the item.

"A naked statue," Hermione corrected.

The statue responded to Harry's interest by striking a series of poses. "Hmmmm," Harry examined the statue. "Why don't I just put this away and we can go back to looking?"

"Fine," Hermione agreed. "Do you think we're going to find anything besides porn?"

"It is a boy's dorm," Harry replied with a shrug. "What do you expect?"

"Well... there's another one," Hermione said in shock. "Why do you think there are so many?"

"It hasn't been checked in who knows how long," Harry replied. "We're going through years of students. Let's say that one student in every ten classes hid something."

"That's still a whole lot of hidden things," Hermione said with a nod. "At least we have plenty of things to practice on."

"What's in this one?"

"A book," Hermione said with a grin.

"At least it's not Porn," Harry said with a weak grin.

"It's a book entitled 'How to Make your Witch Happy,'" Hermione said flatly. "There's got to be something else hidden in here."

"Maybe... I'll just take that book to put it somewhere," Harry said, taking the book.

Harry and Hermione managed to find another fifteen cashes around Harry's bed before they decided to call it a day. "Well," Hermione began. "At least we found two things that weren't pornographic."

"A book on dark curses and a... what is this thing anyway?"

"I think it's a magical cipher," Hermione replied. "You use it to encode or decode messages. I don't know what it's doing here though."

"Couldn't tell you," Harry offered. "Why don't we go check the library for books on wards?"

"You never wanted to... are you just trying to distract me so I don't notice you putting all that stuff we found in your trunk?"

"Trying," Harry said weakly.

"How about..." Hermione broke off when Neville and Dean entered the room.

"Sorry, Harry," Neville said with a blush.

"Should-a put a sock on the door," Dean agreed.

"You get some sleep," Hermione said, ignoring the two boys. "I'm gonna do a bit of research in the library."

"Ok," Harry agreed.

Neville and Dean watched as Harry flopped onto his bed and Hermione bounced out of the room.

"Wore 'im out," Dean said with a grin. "Lucky bastard."

"What do you mean?" Neville asked, "You can't think that..."

"You never see him with any other girls," Dean said with a grin.

"I don't see him with many other people," Neville protested.

"We hang out around him all the time," Dean retorted.

"But we're his roommates," Neville protested.

"And he brought her up here," Dean said with a grin. "What does that tell you?"

“That she’s his friend?”

“Way to play it cool, Nev,” Dean said in approval. “We’ve got to keep this quiet; we can only tell this to the people that know how to keep things to themselves.”

“We do?”

“Yes, we do,” Dean agreed. “I’ll go tell Lavender. Later, Neville.”

“Bye?” Neville watched his roommate leave. “But I really think that they’re just friends,” Neville told the empty room.

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“Wake up Harry,” Hermione commanded.

“I was having the best dream,” Harry groaned.

“What was it about?” Hermione asked.

“I was flying a pink elephant through a rainbow to catch a squirrel that had stolen my wand,” Harry murmured. “It was fun.”

“I’ll bet,” Hermione said dryly. “I did a bit of research on that marriage thing, turns out there are probably several charms on your family papers to prevent the information from going outside the Potter family.”

“What’s that mean?”

“It means that our ‘marriage’ is more than just a silly pureblood custom,” Hermione explained. “We’d have to find a way to break the spells if we want to get out of it. We can’t just ignore it.”

“Oh,” Harry said with a yawn. “How do we do that?”

"Well, if the spells on your family books are anything like the standard spells in the book, then I don't think we'll be having any problems," Hermione said with a grin.

"Good," Harry replied with obvious relief. "It's not anything against you, but I'm a bit young to be married."

"I could do worse," Hermione agreed. "But I'd just as soon be single again."

"Then let's get to it," Harry suggested.

"Let me see," Hermione took a few moments to examine one of Harry's family spell books. "This isn't good."

"What is it?"

"Your family is very, very paranoid," Hermione replied. "I can't think of a way to get out of these spells. It's impressive the amount of thought that went into these."

"You'll think of something," Harry said with confidence.

"No, I mean I can't even think of a way," Hermione corrected. "The spells won't let me. The only reason I can even tell any of this to you is because you're a Potter."

"So my family uses mind control spells on their wives to insure they don't reveal family secrets?" Harry asked, aghast. "I can't believe how sexist that is."

"They're a bit more equal opportunity than that," Hermione replied with a weak grin. "Looks like I'd be in the same boat if I were male, that's why I said they were paranoid. The Potter family doesn't like anyone getting any of their secrets."

"Oh," Harry said in shock. "So there's nothing we can do?"

"There's nothing I can do," Hermione corrected. "You might be able to get around some of these compulsions."

"Sorry about this," Harry sighed. "I should have been more careful."

"It's not your fault," Hermione tried to comfort her friend. "Neither of us had any idea that this would be a problem. We'll just have to deal with it until we have a chance to fix things."

"How do we keep from joining all the families that we... borrow information from?" Harry asked cautiously.

"I suspect Potter family security will be the worst," Hermione replied. "None of the other families have the experience yours does."

"What do you mean?" Harry demanded.

"The compulsions are similar to wards," Hermione explained. "The more complex ones are anyway; I could have broken the simpler ones in my first year."

"What about my family charms?"

"I can't say," Hermione replied with a shrug.

"Sorry"

"I told you it wasn't your fault," Hermione scolded. "We'll think of something. The letter mentioned that there were more things in your hidden compartment, why don't you check that for hidden compartments?"

"Ok," Harry agreed. A quick search revealed another hidden panel at the bottom of the trunk containing a bundle of silk clothing. "Why silk?" Harry muttered to himself.

"Silk has many insulating properties," Hermione lectured, "and it doesn't make a lot of noise."

"What do you mean by insulating properties?"

"It's hard to do magic on silk," Hermione explained, "and hard to detect magic through silk. It's also a very quiet fabric."

"Oh," Harry unrolled the bundle to reveal a small roll of tools.

"What's that?" Hermione snatched up the small roll.

"I don't know," Harry replied. "Open it up."

Hermione carefully opened the roll to reveal several oddly shaped tools. "Some of these look like dental tools," Hermione muttered. "I wonder what they could be for?"

"There's also a pair of glasses," Harry pointed out. "I wonder what that's for?"

"I don't know," Hermione admitted. "Look, there's something else at the bottom of the compartment."

Harry reached in and pulled out a small business card, "The Fox and the Hound." Harry read, "it's a pub near Maidenhead." Harry flipped the card over to reveal a small, hand-written note which he read aloud. "Son, tell them that Mr. Hound is there for his things."

"Something to investigate this summer," Hermione offered.

"I guess," Harry agreed. "What do you think we should do in the mean time?"

"Study and practice," Hermione replied. "What else?"

AN: I think I'll be posting these in groups of three.

Misconceptions

"Hey mate," Ron called out as Harry rose from his bed.

"Hey Ron," Harry replied with a yawn.

"Any plans for the day?"

"I was going to study with Hermione... you want to join us?" Harry said with a glance at his other roommates, unwilling to come out and admit what they were going to do.

"I'll pass mate," Ron replied with a grin. "You two go on ahead without me."

"Ok," Harry agreed slowly, Ron couldn't have forgotten what they'd all decided... could he?

"You two have fun," Dean agreed with a smirk.

"Yeah," Seamus agreed with an identical smirk.

"Riiiiight," Harry said slowly. "I'll just be going then." Shooting several suspicious glances at his roommates, Harry slowly backed out of the room and walked down to the common room.

"Finally up?" Hermione said by way of greeting.

"I had a late night," Harry defended himself.

"Come on," Hermione said, grabbing Harry by the hand. "I wanna show you something."

"Ok," Harry agreed, allowing himself to be dragged out of the room.
"Do you know why everyone's been smirking at me today?"

"They think we're dating," Hermione explained. "It was that or tell them what we're really doing..."

Ron decided not to come?"

"He didn't want to study," Harry replied. "I think."

"Honestly," Hermione growled. "When's he going to grow up?"

"Couldn't say."

"Over here," Hermione pulled him into an empty classroom.

"What is it you wanted to show me?"

"This," Hermione replied, pulling her robes off.

"Wha... that looks just like the silk suit I got from my parents," Harry said in shock.

"I had my parents get me one," Hermione explained. "My Mum's good with a needle."

"Do they know what you're intending to do with it?"

"Ignorance is bliss," Hermione replied with a shrug.

"Hmmm," Harry couldn't recall seeing this side of his friend before.
"Any other plans?"

"Why don't you put your suit on?" Hermione suggested.

"I didn't..." Harry cut off when Hermione pulled his clothing out of her ever-present book bag. "Ok," Harry agreed. "Turn around."

"Why?" Hermione asked, "It's nothing I haven't seen before."

"What?" Harry's eyebrows shot up in surprise.

"I've read several books on the subject," Hermione explained primly.
"Some of them had pictures."

"Oh," Harry said, heart still racing. "Well I'm not in any of those books,
turn around."

"Fine," Hermione agreed in a huff. "I still don't understand why you're so uptight about this."

"When you let me watch you undress I'll reciprocate," Harry said with a smirk. "Until then, no."

Hermione was uncharacteristically silent as Harry changed his clothes. "Well?" she demanded, "Are you finished yet?"

"Almost," Harry replied. "I just have to... finished."

"Ok," Hermione spun around. "You look good."

"So do you," Harry replied. "Now what?"

"We could... someone's coming," Hermione whispered.

"Let's get out of here," Harry whispered back. They grabbed their clothes and rushed out of the room and up the hall.

"They're getting closer," Hermione said quietly.

"We can't let them catch us in these clothes," Harry hissed. "We've got to get out of here."

"Quick," Hermione whispered back. "Into the broom closet, we can change there."

"Right," Harry agreed.

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"I'll check the broom closet," McGonagall volunteered. The old woman opened the door to find a half-dressed Harry and Hermione frozen inside. "Just like Lily and James," McGonagall said to herself with a smile.

"Uh..." Harry glanced at Hermione.

"This isn't what it looks like," Hermione offered.

"Then what is it?" Minerva asked with a suppressed smile.

"Um..." Harry glanced over at his friend; on the one hand, they couldn't admit what they were actually doing. On the other... "This is exactly what it looks like." Harry replied.

"You two have fun," McGonagall said impishly.

"Huh?" Hermione asked in shock.

"I was young once, too, you know," McGonagall explained. "And you just won me the pool."

"Pool?" Harry repeated dumbly.

"Nothing here," McGonagall called out over her shoulder and closed the door.

"That was surreal," Hermione said after her brain rebooted.

"Wasn't it?" Harry agreed. "What should we do now?"

"I think we should stay here for a while," Hermione replied. "And then we should hit the library."

"Why the library?"

"You have access to your family books all summer," Hermione explained. "We can only use the Hogwarts library for a little while till we go home."

"Makes sense... now what?"

"I think I know what those hooks your parents left you are," Hermione said.

"Oh?"

"I think they're custom ward picks," Hermione explained. "And some of them might be lock picks."

"Ward picks? Why not just use a wand like we've been doing?"

"Blame your great-great-granduncle," Hermione replied. "I might have missed a great or two."

"What'd he do?"

"He developed a modification to the standard ward that allowed the detection of specific magical signatures," Hermione lectured. "For example, if this type of ward was cast over Hogwarts then the Headmaster could detect when a specific student used magic... or he could set it so anyone but a few specific people would trip the wards and sound the alarm."

"Is this related to the way they detect underage magic?" Harry asked after a moment of thought.

Hermione blinked... and blinked again, "I don't know. I don't think it'd be very effective if it was, you'd have to... damn them."

"What is it?"

"If the wards worked like that then they wouldn't be able to detect magic use in heavily magical environments," Hermione spoke rapidly. "But... that makes sense; they don't have to ignore magic use by students that choose to stay at Hogwarts because they don't detect it."

"Then how do they detect it when the purebloods use magic in their family homes?" Harry asked.

"If we've got things right," Hermione took a deep breath, "they don't."

"But that's..."

"Unfair?" Hermione offered. "Yes, it is."

“So how do we get around this?”

“I suspect that a quick ward around your wand would obscure your magical signature enough to avoid tripping the ward,” Hermione said slowly. “But that’s just a theory.”

“Would that mean we could use magic inside someone’s house?”

“No,” Hermione replied quickly. “The underage ward would be set to find magic use by several people, all you’d need to do to fool it is to obscure your magical signature enough so it didn’t look like Harry, wouldn’t matter what it looked like. To fool a ward around one of the family houses you’d have to make your magic look like someone the ward was set to allow.”

“Huh?”

“You’d have to make your magic look like it belonged to a Malfoy to use magic in the Malfoy house,” Hermione translated. “You need to make your magic look like it’s not yours to spoof the underage magic wards... if I’m right.”

“I think I’ve got that,” Harry said slowly. “How do we test this?”

“We put wards on our wands and use magic after we get home,” Hermione replied. “If we get warnings then we need to try something else.”

“I don’t think I could get another warning,” Harry said slowly. “Not after what’s happened in the past.”

“I’ll do it,” Hermione offered. “My record’s clean.”

“You sure?” Harry asked, “They might go after you because you’re my friend.”

“It’ll be fine,” Hermione ended the conversation. “Do you think it’s safe to go out yet?”

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"Pay up," Minerva said smugly.

"I still think there could have been a perfectly innocent explanation," Professor Sprout said with a frown.

"Like what?" Minerva challenged, "I wouldn't have thought you'd resort to something like this to avoid paying a bet."

"They're always off doing wacky things," Sprout replied. "It could have been another of their little adventures."

"Wacky?"

"Ignore the word 'wacky' and answer the question," Sprout demanded through clenched teeth.

"Without Mr. Weasley?" Minerva said with a grin. "Besides, the students have been talking. The two of them are trying to keep things quiet but it's obvious to everyone that they've entered a relationship."

"Obvious to who?"

"They're spending a lot of time together..."

"They always do that," Sprout interrupted.

"Without Mr. Weasley," Minerva continued. "If it were just study, then Ms. Granger would have badgered him into joining like she has in the past. I caught them together in a state of undress in a broom closet, and the final piece of evidence..."

"What?"

"Ms. Granger skipped an extra credit assignment," Minerva finished smugly. "She said that she was working on something with Harry and couldn't spare the time."

"She said that?" Sprout said in shock.

"Yup," Minerva agreed. "Pay up."

"Fine," Sprout carefully counted out three galleons, "but this is under protest."

"Don't be such a sore loser," Minerva said, pocketing the coins. "You might still win one of the other pools."

"Hah," Sprout groused.

"Come on," Minerva said with a smile. "Let's go to town, I'll buy you a drink."

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"Hello, Alastor," Dumbledore said through the fireplace.

"Albus," Moody replied calmly. "What can I do for you?"

"I understand that you gave Harry some books on breaking wards along with his family magic," Dumbledore said serenely.

"Good," Moody said. "Anything else you wanted?"

"What?" Dumbledore lost his composure.

"You said you understood," Moody said with a grin. "So we need not say anymore about it."

"Why did you give him those books?" Dumbledore said flatly, dropping the act.

"Because they'll help him in his studies," Moody explained. "Even the Ministry knows that he'll be able to develop and construct better wards if he knows how to take them apart."

"I'm just worried that..."

"Let him grow into his own person," Moody interrupted. "He doesn't need you to hold his hand. You and I both know that... hell, listen or don't. You'll do whatever you want regardless."

Albus blinked in surprise as Moody abruptly ended the call. "Well," he mused. "That certainly didn't go the way I expected it to. Perhaps it would be best if... yes, I think that might work." Dumbledore rose from his desk and checked a few of the instruments on his shelf. "The library hmm," Albus said aloud. "Under the advisement of Ms. Granger, no doubt."

The Headmaster left his office and made his way to the school library in search of his favourite student.

"Hello sir," Harry said in greeting when he noticed Dumbledore's approach

"Headmaster," Hermione said calmly.

"Not studying too hard, I trust," Dumbledore said with twinkling eyes.

"Hermione mentioned that I'd be able to look through my family magic over the summer," Harry said quickly. "So long as I don't practice anything, I won't get in trouble... and it'll give me something to do."

"Good thinking, Ms. Granger," Dumbledore said in approval. "Unfortunately, many of the better books on wards reside in the restricted section."

"Is there anything outside the restricted section that you could recommend?" Harry asked quickly.

"A few," Dumbledore allowed, "most of which are sitting on the table in front of you." Dumbledore seemed to loose himself in thought. "On the other hand." His voice firmed. "On the other hand, I think that the two of you can be trusted with this." Dumbledore pulled out two passes to the restricted section, "I believe that the two of you are responsible enough to posses these."

"Thank you, sir," Harry said with a grateful smile.

"Yes," Hermione agreed. "Thank you, Headmaster."

"I am always happy to assist industrious students such as yourselves," Dumbledore said in reply. "Now, if you will excuse me, I must be getting back to my duties."

"That was convenient," Harry whispered after Dumbledore had left the library.

"Very," Hermione agreed dryly. "But it's also an opportunity to expand our reading list... have you figured out a way to get past the copyright wards?"

"Easy," Harry replied. "Have you figured out a way to copy the books into a blank book?"

"Child's play," Hermione said with a giggle. "I even figured out a way to expand the inside of the book and shrink the outside. They'll be about the size of a large paperback when I finish the spell work."

"About that," Harry said nervously. "You know that my eyesight isn't very good, don't you?"

"I also included a self expanding charm," Hermione said gently. "And, as for your bad eyes... well... I think I may have an idea on how to fix that."

AN: I've seen a lot of fics that had Purebloods practicing magic whenever the hell they wanted and the underage magic restrictions used to keep muggle born students from being able to practice. I decided to use this. What the hell, it seemed to fit.

The Not So Great Escape

Harry and Hermione spent most of the next week copying the Hogwarts library into a more portable form. "That's the last of them," Hermione said with a smile. "Now all we have to do is take care of your eyes."

"You sure this will work?" Harry asked mildly.

"The theory is good," Hermione replied, "but I don't know about the practice."

"It sounds good to me," Harry said with a sigh. "If it works... if it works, do you think that it'll trip the wards?"

"Shouldn't," Hermione said slowly. "I guess it's something to investigate."

"No sense delaying," Harry spoke suddenly. "Wish me luck."

"You'll do fine," Hermione said with a smile.

"See you in a few," Harry muttered as he walked off. It took Harry several minutes to reach McGonagall's office. Taking a deep breath, Harry raised his hand and knocked on the door.

"Come in," McGonagall called through the door.

"Professor McGonagall," Harry said as he entered. "May I have a moment?"

"Harry," the Professor greeted him with a smile. "Come in, I've been expecting you."

"You have?"

"Yes, I have," Minerva agreed. "Now the first thing I want you to know is that there's no shame in having to ask for help with this."

"There isn't?" Harry asked in confusion.

"No there isn't," McGonagall said firmly. "The first thing you need to know is that every girl is different, no one likes all the same things. This means that you'll have to be sure to communicate, ask Ms. Granger what she likes and encourage her to ask you the same."

"Uh... thanks," Harry stammered. "But that wasn't what I wanted to speak with you about."

"Then what can I do for you?" Minerva asked with a raised eyebrow.

"I had a question about becoming an Animagus," Harry replied. "And I figured that you could answer it better than anyone else."

"So long as you promise me that you are not planning on becoming an illegal Animagus," McGonagall agreed with a sharp look.

"Nothing like that," Harry said hastily. "It's just... well, I was wondering if it would be possible to partially transform?"

"For what purpose?"

"My eyes," Harry replied with a frown. "Are not very good, I was thinking that if I became... say, a Hawk Animagus then maybe I could improve my eyesight."

"I see," the old woman said simply. "You realise that you could not use this during a Quidditch match?"

"I don't care about that," Harry said quickly. "I'd just like to be able to take my glasses off once in a while and see the world the way it really is."

"I understand," McGonagall replied. "It's not easy to look at the world through a dirty piece of glass, is it Mr. Potter. It is indeed possible to stop yourself during a stage of the Animagus transformation, for example your godfather may wish partially transform to add a touch of sensitivity to his nose or ears."

“Thank you Professor,” Harry said with a smile. “Could you tell me the best way to get started?”

“I’ll do more than that, I would be happy to teach you the first few exercises myself if you’d like,” McGonagall replied. “I don’t believe that it will take you long to master enough for your purposes.”

“Thank you, Professor,” Harry all but shouted.

“Do you have any idea what kind of animal you’d like to be?” McGonagall questioned.

“Some sort of feline I think,” Harry said nervously.

“Oh?” McGonagall’s eyes widened in surprise. “Any particular reason for that?”

“Several,” Harry agreed. “It’d be nice to be able to see in the dark, I’d love to have better balance, and...” Harry broke off.

“And?” Minerva prompted.

“And there is a person that I have a great deal of respect for that has a feline form,” said Harry as he stared down at his hands.

“I... I shall begin instructing you immediately then,” Minerva did her best to hide her shock at Harry’s statement. “See me after class tomorrow.”

“Yes, Professor,” Harry agreed. “And thank you again.”

“I am always happy to help one of my students, Harry,” Minerva said fondly.

“Would I be able to practice during the summer?” Harry paused to ask on his way out, “I wouldn’t want to break the law by mistake.”

“It won’t be a problem,” Minerva said quickly. “The Ministry is unable to monitor internal magic such as self-transfiguration.”

"Thank you, Professor."

"Though I do imagine that you could make quite a bit of money if you managed to create a ward that did," Minerva mused.

"I'll keep that in mind," Harry said with a grin. "See you tomorrow, Professor."

"Till then, Mr. Potter," Minerva replied. Minerva waited until her student was gone before she began to giggle. "I knew it, wants to look his best. Didn't care about his glasses until he had someone to look good for; ah, to be young again."

Harry walked out of McGonagall office to find Hermione waiting for him. "Well?" She asked impatiently.

"Should work," Harry replied.

"Good," Hermione whispered. "Cause we don't have a lot of time before classes end."

The days passed and almost before they realised it, the students were taking the train ride home.

"Well," Harry began. "I've got your number."

"Call me in a few hours," Hermione suggested, "and I'll let you know if our theory on underage magic detection is correct."

"Take care of yourself," Harry muttered back.

"Ok," Hermione said as the train pulled into the station. "Time to go."

"Hey guys," Ron met them at the door. "Saying your goodbyes?"

"Yeah," Harry agreed. "Why'd you leave us alone?"

"Didn't want to get in the way of the more... personal goodbyes, Mate," Ron explained with a blush. "But that's not important now, either of you want anything from Romania?"

“Personal goodbyes?” Harry whispered to Hermione.

“I’ll explain later,” Hermione whispered back.

“Anything’s fine,” Harry spoke up.

“Especially books,” Hermione agreed. “Onwards if you can find them.”

“Sure thing, Hermione,” Ron replied. “Well... I guess I’ll see you two next year.”

“Take care of yourself, Ron,” Harry said thickly.

“And don’t forget to write,” Hermione added. “Especially if you get into trouble; the second something seems odd to you, I want you to call us for help.”

“I’ll be fine, Hermione,” Ron said to his friend. “It’s not the first trip I’ve made out of the country and I shouldn’t get into any trouble without Harry to attract it.”

“Hey,” Harry yelled.

“True,” Hermione agreed. “Well... no sense delaying things, let’s go.”

Upon leaving the train, the three friends were enveloped by the arms of an excited Molly Weasley.

“Mum,” Ron’s muffled voice protested.

“Yes Ron?” Molly asked with a smile.

“Never mind,” Ron said in defeat. Nothing he’d ever done in the past had managed to restrain his mother’s shows affection.

“Did you understand your talk with Arthur, Harry?” Molly asked with a smile.

"Yes, Mrs. Weasley," Harry said quickly.

"Good," Molly said firmly. "I want you to know that we're both here for you if you ever have any questions."

"Ok," Harry managed to say.

"Now, if you boys will excuse me," Molly began, "there's something I want to speak with Hermione about."

The boys watched as Molly took Hermione by the arm and led her off to a secluded corner.

"What do ya think they're talking about, Harry?" Ron asked with a frown.

"I'm not sure we want to know," Harry replied watching the rapidly blushing Hermione. "Say hi to Norbert while you're in Romania, would you mate?"

"Sure thing, Harry," Ron agreed. "So what do you think of the Cannons this year?"

"Same as every year," Harry said neutrally.

"Just a bit of luck and they'll take it all," Ron said proudly. "I'm thinking of going to the tryouts if we get back in time."

"Good for you, Ron," Harry said with a grin.

"Not that I think I'll make it," Ron added quickly, "but it'll give me an idea of what I've got to do after I graduate."

"Looks like your mum is coming back," Harry said.

"Come along, Ron," Molly said. "Let's go collect your siblings."

"Bye Harry, Hermione," Ron called out over his shoulder.

"Later, Ron."

"Bye, Ron."

"So what was that all about?" Harry asked.

"She just wanted to give me some advice," Hermione said with a blush. "About... well, that's not important."

"Ok," Harry agreed with a shrug.

"I'll call you after I get home," Hermione said suddenly. "Even if our theory is wrong and the Ministry can detect our magic, I think it might be a good idea for you to find another place to spend the summer."

"We'll work something out," Harry muttered. "That's my uncle, I'd better go."

"Bye Harry," Hermione hugged her friend.

"Bye Hermione," Harry said with a forced smile. "I'll see you soon." Harry walked away from his friend and towards his 'family'.

"Hurry up, boy," Vernon growled. "Don't think I didn't see you dawdling with that tart of yours."

"Don't call her that again," Harry said in a low dangerous voice, "or I might forget I'm not supposed to use magic outside of Hogwarts."

"You'll get expelled," Vernon said quickly.

"But I'd have a few hours alone with you before they could do anything to stop me," Harry said with a sick grin. "It'd almost be worth it."

"Just know that you're on your own if you get her in trouble," Vernon said quickly. "Now get in the car."

"Yes, Uncle," Harry agreed.

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"Was that Harry?" Hermione's mother asked as she watched the young boy leave the station.

"It was, Mum," Hermione replied.

"That man he went off with didn't seem happy to see him," Hermione's mother continued. "And the look he gave you."

"That's his uncle, Mum," Hermione explained. "He's not a very nice man."

"I should say not," Hermione's mother agreed. "Ready to go?"

"Yes, mum," Hermione agreed.

"Any plans for the summer?" Hermione's mother asked as they walked towards the car.

"A couple," Hermione admitted.

"Oh? What kind of plans?"

"I don't think you'll be happy when you hear them," Hermione said with a frown.

"Try me."

"I was hoping to do a few things with Harry this summer," Hermione said with a nervous smile.

"Maybe a trip around England."

"That sounds like a wonderful idea, dear," Hermione's mother said. "Just be careful."

"What?" Hermione was shocked. "You're not going to forbid me from doing it?"

"I did something similar when I was your age," Hermione's mother said with a grin. "It was a most enjoyable summer."

"Thanks, mum," Hermione said quickly, hoping to be spared the details.

"Just don't... just be careful," Hermione's mother said. "You've always been a very responsible child; don't change just because you're on your own."

"I won't, mum," Hermione agreed.

"Good, now how are we going to break this to your father?"

"It won't be a problem," Hermione said confidently. "He can never say no to me."

"That's because you're his little girl," Hermione's mother said. "I don't know how he's going to take you growing up."

"Oh... could you tell him."

"I could but I wouldn't want to deprive you of such a great character building experience."

"It's no trouble," Hermione said quickly.

"Tell him yourself."

"Damn."

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"I'm expecting a call," Harry announced. "If I don't get it, then I'm liable to do something... freakish."

"We'll call you if it comes in," Vernon assured his nephew.

"I'll be in the second bedroom," Harry said mildly. "Don't bother calling me for dinner."

"Why are you letting him give you so much backtalk," Petunia hissed.

"Boy said something to me," Vernon began. "He said that while he might get expelled, he'd still have a few hours with us before the rest of the freaks got here."

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Harry was in his room flipping through one of his family books when his uncle called him down.

"What is it?" Harry replied.

"Your tar... girl is on the phone for you," Vernon replied hoping that his nephew hadn't his slip.

"I'll be right down then." Harry walked down the stairs and put the headset to his ear. "Thank you, uncle, I won't be needing anything else."

"Harry?" Hermione's voice sounded tinny over the phone. "Are you there?"

"I'm here, Hermione," Harry said with a grin.

"It worked," Hermione shouted. "They didn't detect anything."

"That's great," Harry said quickly.

"Can you get over here later tonight?" Hermione asked, "I need your help to get a few things done before we get started."

"Sure," Harry agreed. "What time did you have in mind?"

"Any time after the next few minutes," Hermione replied. "I have to take care of something before you get here."

"I'll be there soon," Harry agreed. "Bye Hermione."

“Good bye, Harry.”

“Going out then?” Petunia’s voice startled Harry.

“Yes I am,” Harry replied with a frown.

“You know what time you’re coming back?” Petunia demanded.

“No,” Harry said with a frown. “I don’t.”

“I see,” Harry’s aunt seemed to be thinking about something. “See me before you go.”

“Why?” Harry demanded.

“Just do it,” Petunia commanded.

“Fine,” Harry agreed.

“Fine,” Petunia sighed as she watched her nephew storm up the stairs.

His good mood spoiled, Harry returned to his room to pack.

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“Daddy,” Hermione said, sounding as child like as possible. “Can I talk to you?”

“What do you need, Hun?” Her father asked with a raised eyebrow.

“I’m just worried about all the things that are happening in the magical world,” Hermione replied.

“That Volde fellow?” he asked. “The one that doesn’t like people that weren’t born magical?”

“Yes,” Hermione agreed.

“Don’t think we’re safe?”

"No, I don't," Hermione said with a sigh. "I..."

"Why don't you drop the act and just tell me what you want," he said with a grin.

"How'd you know?" Hermione demanded.

"You've been shooting me looks since you got home and your mother looks like she's ready to burst into laughter," Hermione's father explained.

"I want to have a friend put some wards up around the house," Hermione said slowly. "And I was planning to spend some time with him after he gets done."

"How much time?"

"Most of the summer," Hermione said reluctantly.

"Does this friend of yours have a name?"

"It's Harry," Hermione said.

"Well... I guess you're old enough to make your own decisions," he said reluctantly. "Just so long as you don't do anything that makes me regret allowing you to do this."

"It's not like that," Hermione said quickly. "We're just going to do some studying."

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"Well?" Harry said with a frown. "I'm on my way out, what did you want."

"Here," Petunia thrust a small card into Harry's hands. "My parents would never forgive me if I didn't give this to you before you go."

"What is it?"

"Just go there," Petunia ordered. "And forget I gave it to you, we're respectable people here and we want nothing to do with... with all that. Since you have it, there's no need for Dudley to get mixed up in any of it." With that, Petunia turned her back and swept out of the room.

Harry turned the card over and was surprised to find it to be the twin of the one he'd found in his family trunk. "Tell them you're the Fox's son," Harry read aloud. "Strange." Harry stepped outside and performed a quick charm to allow himself to look at Dumbledore's Wards. "Those are what've been protecting me?" Harry said in horror. "Those? What the hell is he thinking?" Still shaking his head in disgust, Harry walked up the street to find a secluded place to summon the Knight bus.

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"And that takes care of that," Moody said as he watched Harry leave his former residence. Waiting till the boy was well out of sight, Moody walked up to the sleeping guard and kicked him in the side. "Get up you."

"Wha... Moody?" the man said nervously, "What're you doing here?"

"Wondering why you're sleeping," Moody replied with a dangerous leer. "Care to explain yourself?"

"I work nights," the man said defensively, "and we had a meeting yesterday so I haven't been able to get much sleep... I was only resting my eyes for a minute."

"Where's Potter," Moody glanced up at the second floor. "I don't see him in the house."

"Must have gone to the market or something," the man said nervously. "He should be back soon."

"I'm going to take a walk around the neighbourhood," Moody announced. "You stay here and stay awake in case he gets back while I'm gone."

"But it's the end of my shift," the man protested.

"And you'll stay here till we find Potter or you'll answer to me," Moody growled. "Understand?"

"Y... yes," the man said quickly.

"Good."

AN: Not gonna do it.

Omake by Lone Wolf

"Hermione, before Harry gets here, I have a question for you," Mrs. Granger said. "What was that black silk suit for that you wanted a few weeks ago?"

"Um, a kinky play acting thing between me and Harry?" Hermione half replied, half asked nervously.

"Oh, is that all?" Mrs. Granger asked in reply. "You know, making that thing brought back a lot of memories from dental school."

"Oh?"

"Your father and I married right out of high school. While we were able to get a scholarship to pay for some of our education, we had to resort to other means to pay the rest and to live on."

"What kind of other means?"

"We robbed the rich and arrogant of their cash and small jewellery. We considered ourselves pretty good, until we got caught."

"How did you get out of it?" Hermione asked.

"We got out of it because of who caught us," Mrs Granger replied. "We got caught by this couple that were also breaking into the house to rob it. We agreed to split the take from the job, and then they would teach us all they knew. Your father and I spent two years learning from them, becoming amongst the best thieves in England."

"How did you explain where you got the money from?" Hermione asked, curious.

"We told anyone who was curious that we spent weekends making adult movies for an American company that had a studio in London."

"Just out of curiosity, who caught you?"

"Their names were Rose and Edward Evans," Mrs. Granger replied. "They had two daughters named Lily and Petunia."

A Meeting With Destiny

Harry got off the knight bus to find himself in a moderately affluent neighbourhood. "Harry," Hermione squealed from across the street. "You came."

"I..."

Hermione interrupted with a hug. "Let me do the talking," she whispered.

"Alright," Harry agreed.

"Mum, Dad," Hermione called out. "You both know Harry."

"Good to see you again, Harry," Hermione's mother said with a smile.

"Hermione tells us that you're planning on putting a few wards around the place," her father asked.

"Yes, sir."

"Don't think I don't appreciate it," her father began. "But could you recommend a business in the wizarding world that could do it for a fee? I'm sure you're good but I don't want to take any chances."

"I understand," Harry said slowly. "Gringotts might be able to do something for you."

"Thank you, son," her father said with a grin. "Now what's this about...?"

"Harry'll do it," Hermione said firmly. "He's the best."

"I'm sure he's good," Mr. Granger began. "But..."

"But he's a Potter," Hermione interjected. "And as such has access to the best wards in the wizarding world."

"More of that family thing you tried to explain?"

"Yes, Dad," Hermione agreed.

"Well, I won't pretend to understand then," he said reluctantly. "Get on with it then."

Harry hesitated for a split second before pulling out his wand. "Stand back."

"Don't you have to hide that?" Ms. Granger asked suddenly.

"I put a spell up to keep anybody from noticing anything," Hermione said helpfully.

Harry took a deep breath and then began casting.

"Looks like he's conducting an invisible orchestra," Hermione's mother commented on Harry's casting.

"What's that he's muttering under his breath?" Her father asked.

"I can't tell you, Dad," Hermione said out of the corner of her mouth. "Family secrets."

"If you say so." The Granger family silently watched as Harry finished his casting.

"Catch him," Hermione yelled as Harry pitched over. "Are you ok Harry?"

"I'm fine," Harry gasped. "Took a little more out of me than I thought it would... thanks for not letting me hit the ground."

"What're friends for," Hermione whispered back.

"Do you need to go to the hospital?" Hermione's mother asked bluntly.

"I'm ok now," Harry got to his feet, "just got a bit dizzy at the end."

"Let's get you into the house," Hermione's mother suggested.

"I'd rather not," Harry said quickly. "I'd like to stay in the fresh air for a few minutes."

"Then I can at least get you something to drink," she continued.
"Come on Hermione, you can tell me what he likes."

"But..."

"Go on, Hermione," her father suggested. "I'll keep him company."

Giving one last look at her friend, Hermione turned and accompanied her mother into the house.

"I want to thank you for looking after my daughter at school. She isn't aware, but your head of house has kept us apprised of all the... accidents."

"No problem, Mr. Granger," Harry replied. "But..."

"Call me Phil," Mr. Granger said quickly.

"Ok... Phil," Harry agreed, "but it was my fault she was got caught up in everything."

"Maybe," Phil said with a shrug. "Or maybe not, all I know is that things turned out fine the way they are. God knows what would happen if... I guess it doesn't matter. So where are you planning on taking her?"

"I'm not sure," Harry replied nervously. "Where ever we end up going I guess."

"Just going where your feet take you huh?" Phil said in approval.
"Good."

"Looks like they're coming out of the house," Harry said with thinly disguised relief.

"Here," Phil thrust a small package into Harry's hands. "Use them."

"Uh," Harry's face reddened after he'd examined it "We uh... I... I'm not going to need these."

"Got a magical way of doing things huh?" Phil said with a nod. "Keep em' anyway just in case.

Remember son, you always want to have a back up and if possible a back up to your back up."

"Uh... right," Harry said quickly hoping to end the conversation.

"What's that in your hand, Harry?" Hermione asked by way of greeting.

"Nothing," Harry said quickly and shoved the package into his pocket.
"What'd you end up getting?"

"Nothing," Hermione said with a blush. "Come on Harry, tell me. It can't be worse then what I got."

"I think it was probably the same thing then," Harry mused.

"Oh," Hermione replied. "Uh... shall we be going then?"

"Don't you want to spend some more time with your parents?"

"After the talk I just had with my mum?" Hermione asked incredulously. "I want to get as far away from them as possible."

"Knight bus?"

"I don't know," Hermione said after a moment of thought. "It'd be leaving a trail for your watchers."

"Coming here did the same thing," Harry replied.

"True," Hermione agreed. "Why don't we take it somewhere that we can catch another mode of transportation?"

"Might as well just take the bus from here," Harry said. "Or ask your parents for a ride."

"NO," Hermione shouted. "I mean, there's a bus stop up the street."

"Got your stuff?"

"Packed and shrunk," Hermione patted her pocket for emphasis.

"Got any pounds?" Harry asked suddenly. "All I've got is Galleons."

"I've got us covered," Hermione said with a smirk. "After all, it's every wife's duty to look after her husband."

"You know," Harry said conversationally. "We could always go back and get a ride from your parents, wouldn't be any trouble at all."

"Truce?" Hermione proposed.

"Sure," Harry agreed. "So where's this bus stop of yours?"

"This way." Side by side, the two friends walked off to meet their destiny.

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Moody spent a good portion of the afternoon enjoying an extended lunch at a small restaurant near the Dursley house. After his meal, he enjoyed a nice leisurely stroll through the neighbourhood, eventually making his way back to his unhappy underling.

"Well?" Moody growled as he walked up to the man he'd caught sleeping.

"He hasn't come back," the man said nervously. "You didn't see him did you?"

"I want you to listen very closely," Moody began. "You are going to Hogwarts, you are going to find Albus, you are going to explain to him what happened, and you are going to come back with him. You will

not make any stops, you will not tell anyone else what happened, and you may not live if I find out you've done differently..."

"R... right," the man said quickly.

"You tell Albus that I might be scouting around the area and to wait for my return if he can't see me," Moody said harshly. "And you had better hope to god that nothing has happened to the Potter boy."

Choosing not to say anything more, the man disappeared with a pop.

"Always loved doing that," Moody mused to himself. "Now, about those Dursleys."

Moody walked up to the door and rapped on it until it was answered.

"What do you want?" Petunia hissed through the door.

"Just giving you a friendly warning," Moody replied. "You might want to eat out tonight, see a show, come back late."

Petunia glared at the scarred man for a few moments before giving a short nod of agreement, "Just see to it that my roses are put back to rights."

"No problem," Moody said to the closing door.

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"What are you doing, Phil?" Hermione's mother asked.

"Looking for a contact number for Gringotts," Phil replied. "I know I have it here somewhere."

"And why exactly are you doing that?"

"As talented as Harry might be, he's still not old enough to be one of the best," Phil replied. "We'll have a professional come in and put some wards in around what Harry did and if Hermione says anything

we can just act dumb and say that it's always better to have more wards right?"

"Our daughter wouldn't fall for something that obvious."

"She's managed to convince herself that we don't know anything of the magical world beyond what she tells us," he said with a grin. "Never managed to figure out that we can do research as well as she can."

"You may have a point there," she conceded.

"I'm not saying she can't figure it out," Phil went on to say. "I'm saying that she doesn't want to. Our little girl just wants us to stay mummy and daddy, she doesn't want to see us as people."

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"What's this about Harry being missing?" Dumbledore demanded as soon as he arrived.

"Ask wonder boy over there," Moody growled. Inwardly, he was quite impressed. He hadn't expected the man to find Albus for another hour yet.

"I'm asking you," Dumbledore said quickly.

"Guard fell asleep and it looks like Potter decided to leave," Moody replied. "No sign of force and the fact that the guard is still alive means this looks like he left of his own free will."

"What about his family?"

"Out for the night," Moody replied. "Watched them leave."

"Why did you leave Harry," Dumbledore said sadly.

"Think a Potter would stay under those wards of yours after they had a chance to look at them?" Moody shouted. "Hah, you really should have known better, Albus."

"I'd hoped that Harry would have trusted me enough to stay here," Albus replied thickly.

"Trust you?" Moody asked incredulously, "After he got a look at those wards? My guess is that from his point of view, you may as well have tied him up and had your pet death eater deliver him to ol' Tom."

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"So where are we going?" Hermione asked as the bus pulled away from the curb.

"Funny thing happened before I left the Dursley house," Harry said. "My aunt handed me this," Harry gave the card to Hermione.

"This looks just like the one you found with your family spells," Hermione said. "Think it has something to do with your mother?"

"It'd make sense," Harry agreed. "She did say it was her family business."

"Wanna go there then?"

"If you don't mind," Harry agreed.

"Let's go then," Hermione said firmly.

"Think we should pick up any money first?" Harry asked. "I've got a few Galleons but..."

"I've got enough to get us to there and back," Hermione offered. "Might be a good idea to visit Gringotts before the Order has a chance to post a watcher... or it might also be a good idea to wait until the heat goes down before either of us show our faces."

"It's too bad we can't just exchange these in a normal bank," Harry mused.

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“Mr. Granger?” the strange man asked.

“Yes?” Phil confirmed cautiously.

“My name it Patrick O'Reilly, I'm a spell breaker for Gringotts.”

“Here about the wards then?” Phil said.

“Yes, I am,” Patrick agreed. “What do you want me to do?”

“Ward the house,” Phil said simply. “If possible I'd like the existing wards to stay up, but not if it means compromising our safety.”

“Shouldn't be a problem,” the spellbreaker said confidently. “I'm often asked to incorporate existing wards into any new work.”

“Good.”

“Now let's have a look at what you've already got,” Patrick said with a grin. “My god...”

“What?” Phil demanded. “What's wrong?”

“Potter wards?” The spellbreaker asked with a look of awe. “How did you manage to get these placed around your house.”

“They're good then?”

“The best,” the spellbreaker said quickly. “I can make a few additions but...”

“Do it,” Mr. Granger agreed.

“Still,” Patrick said as he cast. “How did you manage to get the most extensive Potter wards I've ever seen, here?”

“My daughter asked the Potter boy to cast them,” Phil admitted reluctantly.

“How long did it take him?”

“Few minutes,” Phil said. “Why?”

“A few minutes?” Patrick said in shock, “I guess blood will tell.”

“What do you mean?”

“It would have taken me days to get something this complex,” Patrick said with a grin. “And that’s assuming I had access to Potter spells. This is amazing.”

“You know where I could get a way out?” Phil asked.

“Easiest thing to do would be to buy a couple of vanishing cabinets,” Patrick said. “Put one in a safe place and keep the other here.”

“Thanks,” Phil said. “I’ll be sure to look into that. How much do I owe you?”

“Pass a message along to the Potter boy and it’s on the house.”

“What message?”

“To get in contact with Gringotts,” Patrick said. “We’d love to have him do a bit of contract work for us.”

“I’ll pass the message along,” Phil agreed. “Don’t know how long it’ll take to get in contact with him though.”

“Whenever you get the chance,” the spellbreaker said.

AN: I’m willing to admit that this was a cheesy line; ‘Side by side, the two friends walked off to meet their destiny.’ I just don’t care, I couldn’t resist adding it.

The Fox and The Hound

Hermione leaned on Harry and fell asleep a ten minutes after they got on the bus. A few minutes later, she began to drool on her long-suffering friend. “I’m going to tease you unmercifully about this later,” Harry whispered to his sleeping friend. “I’m never going to let you forget this.”

“Oh leave your girlfriend alone,” the old woman in the seat behind them whispered to Harry. “The fact that she feels safe enough to do that says a lot about your relationship.”

“Oh?”

“Yes,” the old woman said. “You don’t think she’d do that to anyone do you? Just pull her close and enjoy it, you’ve got to treasure moments like this.”

“Thanks,” Harry whispered.

“Don’t mention it,” the old woman said wistfully. “It did me good to see something like this again.”

Harry nudged Hermione awake when the bus came to a stop. “Hwa?” Hermione groaned.

“We’ve just pulled into the station,” Harry said. “It’s time to get up.”

“Ok,” Hermione agreed. “Help me up,” the girl demanded with an outstretched hand.

“Come on you lazy witch,” Harry said as he pulled his friend to her feet. “It’s time to go.”

“Find a payphone,” Hermione muttered. “I need to call my parents and tell them that we got here safely.”

“Let’s go.” Harry half carried his fatigued friend out of the bus. “There’s a phone over there.”

"Mmoky," Hermione muttered. With Harry's help, Hermione stumbled to the phone and dialled her parent's number. "Mum?"

"Hermione," her mother's voice replied. "Is everything ok?"

"I'm just calling to let you know that we got to London," Hermione replied. "Everything is fine."

"Good," her mother replied. "Could you pass a message along to Harry?"

"What message?"

"Tell him that Gringotts wants to get into contact with him."

"Why?" Hermione asked quickly.

"Something to do with his wards," her mother replied. "Do you still have the contact number?"

"No," Hermione replied. "Just a sec. Do you have a pen Harry?"

"Here." Harry handed Hermione a pen.

"Ok mum." Harry watched as Hermione wrote a number on the palm of her hand. "Thanks mum, I'll talk to you later. Bye."

"Ready to go?" Harry asked.

"Gringotts wants you to contact them," Hermione said. "Mum gave me their number."

"What do they want?"

"They want to talk with you about your wards," Hermione replied. "Do you want to call them?"

"Sure," Harry agreed. "What should I say?"

"Just ask what they want," Hermione said. "And don't agree to anything; we can do that at a face to face meeting... sound good?"

"Sounds good," Harry agreed.

"Well... are you going to call them or not?"

"Got another coin?" Harry asked sheepishly.

"Oh... right," Hermione said with a blush. "I forgot about that part, here."

"Thanks." Harry dialled the number and whispered into the phone for several seconds.

"Well?" Hermione demanded.

"There's a bank a few blocks up," Harry said. "They've requested that we meet them there."

"Let's go then," Hermione said quickly. "Sooner we find out what they want, the sooner we can be on our way."

"Right, come on."

Harry and Hermione stopped when the bank came into view. "It looks normal," Hermione offered.

"Nothing magic about it."

"Few wards where I think the vault would be," Harry commented, "but I guess that's to be expected."

"Yeah," Hermione agreed.

"No sense waiting around," Harry said after a moment of deliberation. The two friends walked through the front door of the bank and were immediately met by a well-dressed man.

"May I help you with something?" He asked neutrally.

"We're here for a meeting," Hermione replied.

"Right," the man said. "I hadn't heard that there would be two of you. This way please." The man led the two friends through the bank to the vault. "Mr. Lin is inside waiting for you."

"Come on, Harry." Hermione dragged Harry into the vault.

"Thank you for agreeing to meet with me," the goblin was sitting at a table in the middle of the vault,

"What's this about?" Harry asked.

"One moment, Mr. Potter." The goblin turned to glare at Hermione. "This is a private meeting between Mr. Potter and the goblin nation you'll have to wait," the goblin stopped suddenly and squinted at Hermione. "Forgive me, Mrs. Potter, I hadn't heard. Congratulations on your match, may it be long and profitable."

"Thanks," Harry said stiffly. "What did you want to meet with me about?"

"Gringotts has always had an... understanding with the Potter family," the goblin began. "Potter wards overlap goblin wards to make the bank as secure as possible. And of course to prevent any... thefts."

"What sort of deal?" Harry asked with a raised eyebrow.

"A bit of profit sharing, a bit of information exchange," the goblin said with a shrug. "Nothing incriminating on the surface."

"Incriminating?" Hermione said innocently.

"What happens in the bank is of interest to the goblin nation," the goblin said with a feral grin. "What happens outside... well, that's different."

"I think we understand each other," Harry said with a nod.

"Then let's leave things as they are for now," the goblin suggested. "We can hammer out the details the next time you have a chance to visit Gringotts."

"Alright," Harry agreed.

"The important matter out of the way," the goblin said with a smile, "we were hoping that you'd be willing to do something else for us?"

"What's that?"

"Would you be willing to allow the public to contract through you to put up a few wards on private residences?" The goblin asked hopefully, "I was thinking that Gringotts could take ten percent as a finder's fee."

"But how could you make any money by taking so little?" Hermione asked.

"Because the rates we'd demand would be astronomical," the goblin replied. "Well... what do you say?"

"I want to have the right to refuse any contracts," Harry said.

"Not a problem," the goblin agreed. "Might be an idea to demand a non-refundable deposit from the outset... anything else?"

"Not at the moment," Harry said. "Hermione?"

"Maybe later."

"Excellent," the goblin enthused.

"Harry." Hermione motioned toward the clock.

"Right," Harry said quickly.

"Need to be somewhere?" The goblin asked.

"Unfortunately," Harry agreed.

"Then I won't detain you any longer." The goblin stood up and walked to the door of the vault. "If you need to contact us, you can do so by way of most bank managers. Just look for the wards."

"Is it possible to do currency exchanges at those banks," Hermione asked quickly.

"I'll have something set up for you," the goblin said quickly. "Goodbye Potters, I wish you both all the best."

"We wish the same for you," Harry muttered as he walked out of the vault.

"So, whadda ya think?" Hermione whispered out of the corner of her mouth as they walked out.

"I think they know more than I'd like them to," Harry admitted. "I also think that any plans I might have had to empty Gringotts are going to have to be put on hold."

"I wouldn't say that," Hermione mused. "We just can't do anything to harm the bank's reputation."

"Think they'll see things that way?"

"I think I could persuade them to if it were to their advantage," Hermione replied.

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"So that's the situation," Dumbledore said with a frown. "Harry is missing and we must find him before he manages to get himself into any trouble, any ideas where he might be?"

"Did you check with the Weasleys?" Tonks asked quickly.

"They're out of the country," Dumbledore replied. "But Harry might go to their house, good thinking."

Any other ideas?"

"Diagon Alley?"

"Hogwarts?"

"He's travelling the world I tells ya," one of the newer members screamed. "Using the alias Mr. Black and we shall all tremble at his passing."

"Be serious," Dumbledore snapped. "I didn't invite you to join the Order so that you could make stupid jokes."

"Ok... uh... anyone think to check Azkaban?"

"You're all a bunch of fools," Moody said with a laugh. "A Potter would never go anywhere you'd think to look; when they go to ground, they disappear."

"You seem to know a lot about the Potter family, Moody?" Tonks said slyly.

"You think so huh?" Moody eyed the young Auror.

"So where do you think Harry'll go?" Tonks persisted.

"Well." Moody looked around. "I think..."

"Yes"

"IT'S A SECRET," Moody yelled. "God I love doing that to people."

"What'd you do that for Mad Eye?" Tonks whined.

"Because the boy deserves his privacy," Moody replied. "'Sides, watching you lot run around is more entertaining than anything else I've seen this year."

"Alastor please," Albus re-entered the conversation. "If you know something..."

“I’ll keep it to myself,” Moody growled.

“But why?”

“Cause Potter’s been more damaging to Volde and the death wankers than anyone here ‘sides myself,” Moody said with a smirk. “I won’t lift a finger to help you bring him in; conversely I won’t lift a finger to help him stay away from all of you. If the boy gets caught, then it’s his fault for not watching his ass.

... or for getting the Granger girl or one of the Weasleys to watch it for ‘im.”

“At least give us something,” McGonagall begged.

“Something, eh?” Moody leered at the other woman. “What’s in it for me?”

“The satisfaction of knowing that you helped us?” McGonagall asked hopefully.

“How bout I do something similar for the Potter boy if he asks it,” Moody suggested. “Just to keep the scales even.”

“Done,” Albus said quickly. “Well?”

“Hmmmm.” Moody scratched his chin. “I already told you not to bother looking in Diagon...”

“Yeah,” Tonks agreed. “So you gotta tell us something else, too.”

“I do ‘eh? How bout if I tell you something that’ll save you a bit more time?”

“Proceed,” Albus sighed.

“There are wards to detect underage magic use, don’t bother checking them.”

"What do you mean by that?" Tonks asked.

"What'd ya got in trade?" Moody retorted.

"Moving right along," Dumbledore interrupted. "Does anyone else have any ideas?"

"We could call Molly back," McGonagall said, "and ask her and the children, I suppose I should ask Ms. Granger as well."

"Let's avoid interrupting the Weasley family vacation," Dumbledore said after a moment of thought. "Take young Nymphadora with you."

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"This the place?" Hermione asked.

"I think so," Harry replied. The two of them were standing in front of a small pub. "How many pubs in England are called 'The Fox and The Hound'?"

"Several," Hermione said with a wince, "but this should be the right place."

"Let's go then," Harry said with a sigh. "Worst we can do is make fools of ourselves."

"Best to get it out of the way early then," Hermione agreed, "before the place fills up."

"Come on," Harry said as he walked through the door. The two friends walked into the dark pub and sat down at the bar.

"Aren't you two a little young to be in here?" the old bartender asked with a frown.

"We're just here to pick up a few things," Hermione said quickly.

"What?"

“Mr. Hound’s bag,” Harry said quietly.

“What did you say?” The bartender demanded.

“We’re here to pick up Mr. Hound’s bag,” Harry said firmly.

“And who’re you to be asking about that?”

“Ms. Fox’s son,” Harry said quietly.

“Glad to meet you then, Mr. Hound,” the bartender said with smile.
“It’s been too long since you and Ms. Fox have visited.”

“Thank you,” Harry replied.

“You two left a couple bags behind on your last visit.” The bartender reached under the bar and pulled out two large leather bags. “I’ve been saving them for your return.”

“I appreciate that,” Harry said as he took one of the bags.

“Good day, Mr. Hound,” the bartender said as he turned away. “Ms. Fox.”

“Good day,” Hermione replied. “Come on, Harry, we’ve got to be somewhere else.”

“Good day,” Harry called over his shoulder as he walked away.

“Was beginning to worry they’d never show,” the bartender whispered to himself. “Good to know that the Fox and the Hound are back in the world.”

AN: A bit waffy but that’s what decided to be written. This fic isn’t going the way I’d half planned it but I suppose that’s ok, I don’t really have an outline for this and I’m just writing what wants to be written.

Dragons HO

"So this is the Granger house?" Tonks asked as she walked up to the front door.

"Yes it is," McGonagall agreed. "Though they've gotten new wards since the last time I was here."

"Good," Tonks said quickly. "You can never be too careful."

"Though I do wonder how a muggle family was able to arrange to have such extensive wards put in?" Minerva mused.

"The Ministry does them sometimes," Tonks said. "And I think you can arrange them through Gringotts if you're willing to pay enough."

"I see," Minerva said thoughtfully. "They're a bit more... extensive than I would have thought, given their origins."

"Really?" Tonks squinted at the house for several seconds before giving up.

"Don't they teach about wards in the Academy?"

"For an afternoon," Tonks agreed. "And I slept through it. They didn't test on it."

"Rather different from my day," Minerva said with a shrug. "But I don't suppose that matters."

"I didn't know you were an Auror?" Tonks said in shock.

"I wasn't," McGonagall replied with a grin. "But I dated a few."

"Do you want to do the talking then?"

"Is it so hard to believe that I used to have a love life?"

"Not hard per say," Tonks hemmed. "Painful is a better word."

"The two of us are going to have a long talk later." McGonagall promised with a smirk. "Now straighten up and be on your best behaviour."

"Yes, Professor," Tonks said before she could catch herself. Minerva lifted her hand and gave three short knocks on the door.

"Yes?" A woman answered after a few minutes. "May I help you?"

"Do you remember me, Mrs. Granger?"

"Professor McGonagall?" the woman asked, "Come in. Hermione talks about you all the time."

"She does?" The old woman asked with a pleased smile.

"I think you're her favourite teacher," Hermione's mother added with a smile. "Care for some tea?"

"I'm afraid we're in a hurry," Minerva said regretfully. "Perhaps I could stop by again to socialise."

"Please do, I'd love a chance to have a talk with Hermione's favourite Professor."

"Is Hermione here?" Tonks interrupted, "Can we see her?"

"She's out at the moment."

"When will she return?" Tonks persisted.

"I'm not sure," Ms. Granger said with a shrug. "She was planning to spend the summer with a friend and they weren't sure of when they might be back in the area."

"May I ask who her friend is?" Minerva asked quickly.

"You know him, it's her friend Harry from Hogwarts."

"Thank you for your time, Ms. Granger." Minerva all but dragged the young Auror out of the house.

"What'd you do that for?" Tonks demanded. "I didn't even have a chance to get any information."

"We got enough for now," Minerva replied. "Mad Eye is going to be hard to live with for a while."

"Why?" Tonks asked, "Because we didn't even notice that Hermione had gone?"

"No," Minerva said with a sigh. "Because Harry was smart enough to get help."

"What kind of help could she be?" Tonks asked with a smile.

"Ms. Granger is familiar with both the Muggle and Magical worlds," McGonagall lectured. "And I understand that she's travelled extensively around Europe and she is utterly loyal to Harry. Mr. Potter has led a rather sheltered life, without a guide he'd be lost. It would be difficult to find a better companion."

"Oh," Tonks said. "Not to mention that she's a pretty young witch and he's a teenage boy."

"Yes," Minerva sighed. "Not to mention that."

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"What do you think are in the bags?" Harry asked.

"I don't know," Hermione replied. "Do you think we should look now or wait?"

"We should probably find a hotel first," Harry said. "Do we have enough for a room?"

"No," Hermione replied immediately. "We don't, and even if the goblins have set up something."

"There isn't a bank in this town," Harry finished.

"Right," Hermione agreed. "I suppose I could call my parents..."

"I think I know something we could try," Harry muttered.

"What?" Hermione asked quickly.

"I haven't tried it yet."

"Just tell me what it is," Hermione sighed.

"Pick pockets," Harry muttered. "Spell... well, it's kinda like apparition."

"I think I understand how that could work," Hermione said slowly.
"Who would we go after."

"I don't know, someone who has money?"

"Let's find an isolated place to talk about this," Hermione suggested.

"Right," Harry said with signs of obvious relief. The two friends walked out of town and up the road until they found a likely looking spot.

"This looks good," Hermione remarked.

"What if someone finds us?"

"A boy and a girl alone?" Hermione said with a smile, "what do you think they'll assume?"

"Good point," Harry agreed. "Let's have a look then... what's this?"

"What'd you find?" Hermione demanded.

"An envelope taped to the side of the bag," Harry said.

"Well?"

"Dear Mr. Hound, or Ms. Fox." Harry began. "Below is a list of local places with absent owners..."

"Let me see that," Hermione demanded. "This doesn't look like the hand writing in the other note, I don't think your parents wrote this."

"That's my opinion, too," Harry said with a smirk. "The date at the top was my first clue."

"Oh... this says it was amended a week ago."

"Yup," Harry agreed. "And I think they mean that place over there."

"Yeah," Hermione agreed. "Shall we?"

"We shall," Harry said with a smile. "After you."

"Age before beauty," Hermione giggled.

"You're older than I am," Harry retorted.

"Why don't we go together then," Hermione suggested.

"My arm," Harry offered.

"Why thank you," Hermione said as she took Harry's arm. "Let's go."

"Round the back I think," Harry suggested. "Don't want to get careless."

"Constant vigilance," Hermione agreed with what was supposed to be a serious look.

"Never know what could be waiting round the next corner," Harry said with a mock scowl.

"Right," Hermione agreed seriously. Her resolve lasted about three seconds and then she started giggling. "We really should be quiet."

"Nah," Harry said with a grin. "At the moment, we're just two kids out on a romantic walk, nothing to pay attention to. If we're sneaking around, well..."

"Good point." The two friends reached the back of the house and Harry peeked into one of the windows.

"Looks like the information was right," Harry muttered. "There are sheets on a lot of the furniture."

"Could do with a bit of cleaning, too," Hermione agreed. "Looks safe enough."

"Yeah," Harry reached for his wand. "You unlock it, I'll cover you."

"Al..." Hermione stopped and looked down at a small flowerpot next to the door. "I wonder if..." Hermione tipped over the flowerpot and found a key. "Bingo, found a key."

"Who'd hide a key in such a obvious place?" Harry asked in shock.

"Lots of people," Hermione replied. "Shall I see if it works?"

"Yeah," Harry agreed. "Why do things the hard way if we can do it the easy way?"

"Exactly." Hermione opened the door. "Ta da." Harry and Hermione crept into the house and quietly explored. "What now?" Hermione asked.

"Now?" Harry said. "Now, I think we should find a room without any windows so we can have a bit of light while we go through the stuff we got."

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"I told you," Moody crowed. "I told you, hah. You lot didn't think ol' Moody knew what he was talking 'bout, you thought you'd have Potter back in his cage without much effort. Hah, boy was smart

enough to take someone with him, too; don't expect to find him anytime soon."

"Calm yourself, Alastor," Dumbledore said sharply. "Minerva, continue."

"That's it Headmaster," McGonagall said with a sigh. "I thought it best to end the meeting before her parents got suspicious."

"Does anyone have any ideas on where they could be?" Dumbledore asked. "Put yourself in Harry's place, where would you be?" The silence was broken by Tonks breaking into a fit of giggles. "Did you have something to add Nymphadora?"

"Sorry Headmaster," Tonks said with a blush. "I was trying to put myself in Hermione's shoes and I thought of something funny."

"What was it?" Dumbledore said quickly, "Anything could help at this point."

"Well..." the young Auror began with obvious reluctance. "I was thinking that if I were Hermione then at this moment I'd be on my back with my ankles crossed behind my head while Harry..."

"That's quite enough," McGonagall snapped.

"Sorry Professor," Tonks replied. "But he asked."

"You think that Mr. Potter and Ms. Granger are..." Dumbledore paused to find the right words.

"I think everyone's over thinking it," Tonks said quickly. "Why does a young wizard usually run off with a witch his age? To get a bit of freedom, or to get the freedom to... get to know each other."

"Yes well." Dumbledore was at a loss for words. "Minerva?"

"I did see them getting... comfortable with each other at Hogwarts," Minerva mused. "But I still have a hard time believing that Ms. Granger would be so irresponsible."

"It's always the quiet ones," Tonks snickered. "Bet Harry's thanking his stars that he had the good sense to find a girl with an imagination."

"God, I'm glad Molly isn't here," Remus said to himself as the meeting erupted into chaos. "I don't even want to think about her reaction to this."

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"Shall I get a bit of light?" Hermione asked.

"Just let me stuff the crack under the door with a few more towels," Harry replied. "You can never be too careful." The two friends had found a windowless bathroom on the third floor and were in the process of light proofing the place to avoid detection. "There," Harry said with satisfaction. "That should do it."

"Great," Hermione said. "Let's see what he gave us." Hermione eyes bugged out after she'd opened the bag. "Harry," she gasped. "Do you know what these are?"

"Uh... leather bags?"

"Impossible," Hermione said in awe. "I can't detect any magic from them." Hermione said in shock.

"So?"

"Open yours up."

"I... see," Harry peered into his bag. "How deep do you suppose they are?"

"I can't see a bottom," Hermione replied absently. The girl stuck her arm into the bag and sunk to the shoulder. "Or feel anything."

"These will be useful," Harry mused.

"If we can figure out how to use them," Hermione said quickly.

"There is that," Harry agreed. "So now what?"

"We've got a place to stay and I saw some canned food in the pantry," Hermione said with a shrug. "Stay for a day or two then loot the place on the way out?"

"Sounds good," Harry agreed. "Lunch?"

"Ok," Hermione agreed.

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"Send in Severus," Lucius said to his assistant. "He should be waiting outside the door."

"Right."

"And give us a bit of privacy."

"What's the mission?" Snape asked bluntly.

"Something I thought you'd like," Lucius replied. He waited until his assistant left the room before continuing. "Potions ingredients."

"Why are so many men coming with me then?"

"Our Lord wishes you to harvest them from the dragon sanctuary," Lucius explained. "He wishes you to procure several gallons of blood and enough skins to make a new set of robes, everything else is a bonus to you."

"I see," Snape said thoughtfully. "Anything else?"

"I'm told that the Weasley family is on holiday somewhere in the area. Kill the blood traitors if you have the time." Lucius said. "But the priority has to be the dragons."

"Excellent," Snape said gleefully.

"I thought you'd like that part," Lucius said with a smile.

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"Wonder what Harry's doing right now?" Ron muttered to himself. "Hope it's better than this anyway." The family had been in Romania for the past couple of days and Ron had quickly run out of things to do, his mother's suggestion of homework hadn't even merited a snort of derision. "Just wish something would happen." As Ron turned the corner, he quickly came to regret that declaration; fate has a way of accommodating those that tempt her.

"Bloody hell," Ron cursed. "Death eaters, bastards had to spoil my vacation didn't they?" Ron looked at the strike team and gulped, one he could handle, two maybe, three would be worth trying, but ten? "I'm scre... hmmmm." Ron's frown turned into a sadistic smile when he noticed the corral full of dragons behind the death eaters... frisky male dragons.

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"Stop looking at me, you bloody bastard," Alecto growled.

"Excuse me?" Snape said coldly.

"Not talking to you, talking to the bloody drake," Alecto explained. "I don't like the way the bastard's eyeing me."

"Ignore it," Snape said with a frown. "Even if it was something to worry about, it and all the others are locked up behind that fence."

"Uh..."

"What is it?" Snape snapped.

"The gate just swung open."

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Ron laughed as he cast another lust spell on one of the drakes, wouldn't want it to loose its motivation in mid... well, I think you can guess. "Who'd have thought I'd have found a use for Weasley spells in a duel?" he asked himself. "Wait till I tell Dad and the rest... well, maybe not mum... or Ginny."

Ron watched for several minutes as the dragons... assaulted the death eaters, casting more lust and endurance charms as needed. "And that takes care of that," Ron said in satisfaction. "Better go get some help, not sure it'd be a good idea to capture them all myself."

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"How'd the raid go?" Lucius asked the waddling death eaters. "And where are the others?"

"We had to leave them behind," Snape gasped and several of the surviving strike team winced at the unfortunate pun. "Sacrificing them so that we could get away."

"Was it an ambush?" Lucius pressed.

"Yes," Snape agreed quickly. "An ambush."

"What happened?" Lucius demanded. "I want every little detail." One of the death eaters burst into tears.

"It's... it's too soon," Snape sobbed. "Right now I just want to go back to my chambers and take a bath."

"A bath?" Lucius asked dumbly.

"Yes, take a bath while I brew up as much topical pain relief potion as I can."

"Could you brew some up for me, too, Severus?" Jugson asked quickly.

"If I have any to spare," Snape agreed. Lucius watched the remainder of the team waddle off and he couldn't help but wonder how he was going to report this to the dark lord.

"Perhaps it's time Draco took a hand in helping me manage the reports?" Lucius mused to himself.

AN: Several chapters posted, several more to go. I called the male dragons

Terribly Mysterious Magic

“Harry?” Hermione began.

“Yeah?”

“Where are we going to sleep?” Hermione said nervously. “We can’t go into one of the rooms with windows because we might get seen.”

“Guess... guess we’ll just have to stay here,” Harry said. “If you don’t mind having to share close quarters with me anyway.”

“No... don’t you mind?”

“No.”

“So...”

“Yeah...”

“I’ll see if I can find some blankets then,” Hermione suggested quickly.

“I’ll try to get something for us to eat,” Harry volunteered.

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“You did what now?” Arthur regarded his youngest son with an odd look.

“Used the family spells to defeat a group of death eaters,” Ron said proudly. “I didn’t think I could take ten on at first but... well, not to brag...”

“I think I understand,” Arthur said faintly. “Just remember that you did what you had to do, there’s no shame in it.”

“Why would there be any shame in it, Dad?” Ron asked with a frown. “I won and they won’t be messing with any Weasleys for quite some time.”

"Yes... well." Arthur was at a loss for words. "Just remember that no matter what, you will always be my son and I'm proud of you the way you are. No need to change who you are to try to make me happy."

"Thanks dad," Ron said with a smile. "That means a lot to me."

"Uh... any plans now?"

"Wanted to talk with Fred and George about something," Ron replied. "I'll show you if I manage to figure it out."

"That's... nice son."

"Later dad," Ron called over his shoulder as he walked away.

"Good bye...son."

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"Stop digging your feet into my back," Harry growled. "They're cold."

"Yes they are," Hermione agreed. "And your back is warm, I have to heat them some how and since you're here..."

"I could use my wand to warm them up," Harry offered.

"Don't you dare," Hermione growled. "It's not the same that way."

"Then at least stop stealing all the blankets," Harry sighed.

"I'm just taking my fair share," Hermione protested. "I wouldn't need so many if you'd stop trying to move away from me."

"So this is what married life is like," Harry groaned. "Cold feet in the back, stolen blankets, and not being able to have my own space."

"Harry," Hermione tried to sound stern but soon broke into a fit of giggles.

"Good night, Hermione."

“Good night, Harry,” she replied.

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“Fred, George.” Ron began. “I need to have a serious talk with you two.”

“What do you need Ron?”

“What can we do for you?”

“I... I ran into a group of death eaters today,” Ron said slowly. “Ten of them.”

“How’d you get away?” Fred demanded.

“You weren’t hurt?”

“I used an unlocking charm on a dragon pen,” Ron said. “And...”

“Let the dragons have them,” Fred said in approval. “Good work.”

“Sort of,” Ron agreed slowly. “I kinda... cast a few... spells on the dragons.”

“Not many charms work on dragons,” George said with a frown.
“What’d you use?”

“Uh... the family ones.”

“So the dragons...”

“Uh huh,” Ron confirmed.

“To the death eaters?”

“Yeah.”

“Bloody brilliant,” the twins chorused. “We’re proud of you, Ron.”

"Thanks guys," Ron said. "But I still need your help."

"What did you want?"

"I want to create a new spell," Ron said. "One that conjures a stream of a liquid that can be directed into someone's face."

"Sorry Ron..."

"But I don't think we'd be able to help you with that sort of thing."

"Why not?" Ron demanded.

"We're good with pranks and potions..."

"... that sort of thing, might be able to help if you wanted an item done."

"But not something like this, you might want to talk with Bill."

"Right up his alley."

"Glad you felt you could come to us for help though."

"We may prank you but we're also your brothers."

"Do show us your new spell when you've got it done..."

"If we could modify it then there are all sorts of things we could use it for."

"Terrible things," George agreed. Ron left the twins and went off to speak with Bill.

"Hey Bill," Ron began. "Can I speak with you about something important?"

"Sure, what did you need?" Bill asked with a sly grin. "Girl problems maybe?"

“No, it’s not that,” Ron protested.

“Who is it?” Bill demanded. “Hermione maybe?”

“I told you it’s not that,” Ron said in exasperation. “Besides, she’s going with Harry.”

“Things change,” Bill said with a shrug. “Unless he’s done something stupid like teach her the family spells.”

“Harry isn’t that dumb,” Ron said with a laugh. “And even if he was, Hermione would know better.”

“I suppose,” Bill demurred. “So if it isn’t girls, what do you want to ask me about?”

“I need to make a new spell and the twins said that you might be able to help,” Ron replied.

“Maybe,” Bill said slowly. “I know the principals anyway. What kind of spell?”

“Ever heard of an animal called a skunk?” Ron asked.

“So you want a spell to...”

“Thought it might be useful,” Ron agreed. “Better then a stunner anyway.”

“So why do you want to create this spell?” Bill asked. “It isn’t just for yourself is it? I mean, you know more effective spells then that don’t you?”

“It’s for Ginny,” Ron replied. “And all the other kids that have been caught up in this war. I know more effective spells but they don’t. I figured if there was an easy spell like that then...”

“I see,” Bill said. “What brought this on?”

"The Ministry," Ron said quietly. "I want a spell that can be used to put death eaters down for a long time that isn't lethal."

"Why not a stunner?"

"It's simple to reverse a stunner," Ron said. "This would be a lot harder on the other side."

"Good thinking," Bill agreed. "Buy why not something lethal?"

"Like I said," Ron's voice tightened. "For Ginny, she didn't have any really useful spells and I'd rather not see her resort to using..."

"I get the picture," Bill said.

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"You really think they'll be back?"

"The scion of the Potter family has gotten his birthright," Moody replied. "Of course their rivals will send their own children to challenge him."

"Thank you for informing me of this Mad Eye," Madame Bones sighed. "Did you have any way to get in contact with young Potter?"

"Not at the moment," Moody replied. "I might be able to get a message to him if I had to."

"I thought your little club had a tight watch over him?"

"Slipped his leash and disappeared," Moody explained. "Though I've heard rumours that Gringotts might be offering Potter wards in the future so you might want to talk with them."

"Damn... if you see him, tell him that I'd like him to get into contact with my office."

"I'll pass that along if I have a chance," Moody agreed. "How are things on your side?"

“Couldn’t be worse,” Bones said tightly. “On the one hand I have to deal with the idiot in the Minister’s office and on the other you say that the bloody Fox and the bloody Hound are back.”

“Glad I retired when I had the chance,” Moody said smugly.

“Which reminds me,” Bones began. “How would you like to come back?”

“No.”

“Glad to have you back, Mad Eye,” Bones said with a smile.”

“I said no.”

“I was planning on putting you in charge of the Death Eater problem,” Bones mused. “But I can’t help but wonder if it might be better to have you go after the Fox and the Hound...”

“What part of ‘no’ don’t you understand?” Moody growled. “The ‘n’ or the ‘o’ hmmm?”

“Nah,” Bones continued. “Fox and the Hound never killed anyone, I’ll put Shack on them. You’re in charge of the Death Eaters.”

“I won’t do it.”

“Welcome back Mad Eye,” Bones said with a smile. “I can’t tell you how relieved I am to see you back in this office.”

“I said no damn it.”

“And I ignored you,” Bones retorted. “Here’s your badge.”

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“So I was thinking,” Hermione began. “We should start with something easy.”

“Go back to sleep,” Harry groaned.

“Maybe a shop in Knockturn Alley?” Hermione mused.

“Could work,” Harry agreed. “Now go back to sleep.”

“Harry...”

“Yeah.”

“Do you regret taking me along?”

“Why would I do that?” Harry asked without opening his eyes.

“Well... I’m not very athletic,” Hermione offered.

“Hermione,” Harry began. “You’re my friend, you’re smart, you’re... do I need to continue?”

“Thanks,” Hermione said with a smile.

“There isn’t anyone I’d rather have with me,” Harry said. “So stop worrying about it.”

“I will,” Hermione agreed.

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“Still no sign of Harry?” Dumbledore asked the assembled Order. “Then does anyone have any ideas of what our missing students might be doing?” Upon hearing his question, Tonks began giggling.

“Anyone besides Tonks?” Minerva added.

“Then...” Dumbledore broke off when the door opened to admit Snape who walked stiffly towards his chair. “Welcome Severus... is something wrong?”

“No nothing wrong,” Snape said quickly. “Everything fine.”

"Good... you look sore, did something happen?"

"Can't think of anything," Snape said nervously. "Not a thing."

"Fine then," Dumbledore agreed. "Take a seat."

"I'd rather stand," Snape replied. "Thanks just the same."

"Riiiiight," Dumbledore said oddly. "Did you have any news to share with us?"

"The Dark Lord send a group of death eaters to Romania to collect dragon parts," Snape said. "The strike team was ambushed by... uh... fifty... men. Yes, fifty MEN and defeated."

"How were they defeated?" Moody asked.

"Why?"

"Because it might be useful to study the tactics used," Moody growled.
"Have you gone daft?"

"I... uh... with magic."

"Magic?"

"Romanian magic," Snape agreed. "Terribly mysterious."

"Mysterious, eh?"

"Terribly mysterious," Snape corrected.

"I'll look into it then," Moody persisted.

"No need to do that," Snape all but shouted. "I'll do all the research for you, wouldn't want your valuable time to be wasted by something so unimportant."

"If you're sure." Inwardly, Moody smirked. He was going to have to speak with a few friends from the old days and find out just what happened to the greasy potions master.

"Right then," Dumbledore called out. "Does anyone else have any new business?"

"Madame Bones put everyone on high alert earlier today," Tonks volunteered. "She said something to a few of the senior Aurors and it looked like it worried them."

"Very good Nym... Tonks," Dumbledore said. "Can you tell us any more details?"

"I overheard someone saying that it was time to retire now that they were back," Tonks said slowly. "But it didn't sound like she was talking about death eaters."

"Interesting," Dumbledore mused. "This bears further investigation. Try to see if you can pick up anything else," Dumbledore ordered. "Anyone else have anything to add?"

"Arthur called earlier today," Hestia said slowly. "Said his youngest boy was involved in a death eater attack. Seemed rather... confused, kept muttering something about family spells and something else I couldn't quite catch. I'm not sure what that means and I thought it best not to push him."

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"Come in," the Dark Lord purred. The room chilled as Azkaban's guards glided into the room and Voldemort smiled at how cool this moment was... that smile soon vanished when several death eaters fell to the ground clutching their posters and screaming something about drakes. Looked like another of those moments where the Crucio wouldn't be enough to express his displeasure... maybe he should have the minions start research into creating something more potent... well, after he stopped torturing them of course.

AN: You'd like that wouldn't you?

Not really an Omake, more a reference to something I doubt most people will get. The following omake shouldn't be read by anyone, reader discretion is advised.

The Death Eater trials were underway and the Judge was trying valiantly to silence the crowd, angry at Lucius' proclamation of innocence.

"Order," the Judge shouted. "I will have order in this court. Bailiff..." The Judge trailed off and the room went silent as Harry walked into the room. Harry's gaze swept the crowd like some fierce bird of prey and everyone focused their attention on him, waiting to hear his first words.

"I wanna dip my balls in it," Harry said loudly and the people erupted into cheers.

"It's Harry," everyone yelled together.

"My gavel?" The Judge asked.

"Wanna dip my balls in it," Harry agreed.

"My lunch?" The Bailiff offered eagerly.

"Wanna dip my balls in it."

"Hair gel?" Lucius said quickly.

"Ah... you know what I'm gonna say," Harry said with a frown.

"No we don't."

"Come on."

"No we don't."

"I wanna dip my balls in it." The crowd erupted into new cheers as Harry wandered off. For a few seconds they had had the privilege of basking in the presence of a comic god.

AN: This old skit jumped into my mind, blame television.

The Hedgehog

Harry and Hermione spent the day happily stripping the house of everything of value. "Should we take the paintings?" Harry asked his friend.

"Might be worth something," Hermione agreed.

"You know," Harry began. "I seem to remember that we started doing this sort of thing to defeat Voldemort, not to enrich ourselves."

"We need the practice first," Hermione replied. "And I read more of that note we found. The people who own this house are bastards."

"Oh?" Harry said with a frown. "Why do you say that?"

"They made their money as owners of a telemarketing firm," Hermione growled. "They get no sympathy from me."

"You wanna set it on fire?" Harry asked.

"Nah," Hermione answered after a few seconds of thought. "Then we couldn't come back here and rob it again."

"Right... shall we go then?"

"Ok Harry," Hermione agreed. "Get down," the girl suddenly snapped as they walked out the door.

"What is it?" Harry whispered.

"I just saw bloody Malfoy fly by," Hermione whispered back. "Bloody idiot should know better then to fly a broom around muggles without a concealing charm of some sort."

"Which way did he go?"

"North," Hermione replied. "Should we follow him?"

"May as well see what he was doing," Harry agreed. "Let's go." The two of them spent several minutes following the school bully's flight path until he descended into a warded area.

"Think it's the Malfoy home?"

"Could be," Harry agreed. "Let's get closer."

"Alright." The two friends crept up to the wards and Harry began examining the wards.

"What the hell?"

"What is it Harry?" Hermione asked.

"There's a bloody big hole in the wards," Harry replied with a frown. "And it... this has to be a trap."

"Let me look." Hermione cast the spell on herself and gave a low whistle. "Well... I never saw a receipt from the Malfoy family in your family books. Maybe they've always been bastards?"

"Maybe... wanna check it out?"

"I guess," Hermione agreed. "But I still think it's strange that there is a big arrow pointing to the 'secret' entrance and a sign that says enter here to rob the Malfoy family."

"Especially since it's got the same design on it that the tools my parents left me have," Harry agreed. "Very strange."

"Is this what I think it is?" Hermione indicated a portion of the wards.

"Looks like we're going to have to stop using magic," Harry said quietly. "Family wards coming up. How are we going to see the wards when we get past that?"

"I found some crystal goggles in here," Hermione whispered back. "Completely non-magic but they can be used to see magic."

“How does that work.”

“Do you really want me to give a lecture on refraction right now?” Hermione whispered back with a smile. “Or would you rather get with the business of robbing the Malfoy family blind?”

“The latter,” Harry replied. “And speaking of blind, how am I supposed to put these on over my glasses?”

“Uh... oh, guess we’ll have to come back later.”

“Guess so,” Harry agreed.

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Back in Romania, Ron was having to explain his actions to the Law...

“And that’s what happened,” Ron said. “Do you want me to go over the story again?”

“Five times is enough,” the Romanian Auror said. “For now.”

“Can I go now?” Ron demanded.

“You may go,” the Auror agreed. “But it may be a good idea to lay low for a time to avoid reprisal.”

“Lay low?”

“Use an alias,” the Auror explained. “Keep the first name and change your last name. If anyone questions the fact that you don’t respond to Mr. Whatever. Just tell them that you always think someone is looking for your father and ask them to call you by your first name.”

“Ok,” Ron agreed. “Let’s see a new last name... Jackson? Nah, uh... Jameson... Jerkwad...Jeremy, Ron Jeremy. I like the sound of that.”

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“What can we do for you, Madame Bones?” the goblin asked.

"I need to arrange a meeting with two of your employees," Amelia replied.

"Oh? And which employees would that be?"

"Potter and his girl," Bones said.

"I'm afraid that Mr. And Mrs. Potter don't work for Gringotts Bank," the goblin sighed. "But I may be able to pass on a message... for a fee of course."

"Of course," Amelia groaned for the moment ignoring the terms that the Goblin had used. "Just tell them that I want to meet with them, or better yet that I want one of my people to meet with them. On neutral ground if they demand it."

"I shall see what I can do."

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"Are you sure of this?" Snape demanded.

"That's what they said," the other Death Eater agreed. "Ron Jeremy was the man responsible for... what happened to us."

"Then Ron Jeremy must die," Snape growled. "Summon the others."

"Uh... most of the others are unavailable."

"What?" Snape screamed. "What are they doing?"

"Most of them are taking showers and crying," the other death eater said with a shrug.

"Still? Oh... alright then, uh... have them meet me when they've finished with all that."

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"We can always go back," Hermione tried to console her friend as they walked to the bus station. "Go back and loot the place to the bedrock."

"I know," Harry agreed. "It's not that..."

"What is it then?" She persisted. "You've been depressed for the last few minutes. Don't even try to deny it, I know you."

"I was just wondering how we were supposed to get enough to take the bus," Harry explained. "We have a lot of things in these bags of ours but no money."

"Is that all?" Hermione asked in shock. "You really should have spent more time studying your family spells."

"Why?" Harry demanded.

"I learned that pick pocket charm," Hermione replied. "The one you told me about that's similar to apparition. Uh... you see that mime over there?"

"Yeah," Harry agreed.

"He's got a sack full of coins in his back pocket," Hermione said. "Watch." The mime lifted up his leg and even as far as he was, Harry could hear a distinctive 'braaat' from the poor mime's posterior.

"Don't tell me you just..."

"Yup," Hermione interrupted. "And the good news is that it looks like this is more than enough to get us back to London."

"But..."

"And trust me," Hermione continued. "There is nothing more evil than a mime, all silent and everything."

"Right then," Harry said to cover his friend's muttering. "Shall we go catch the bus then?"

“Ok,” she agreed brightly.

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“You wanted to see me boss?” Tonks asked nervously as she walked into Madame Bones’ office.

“Have a seat, Auror Tonks,” Amelia said. “I want to talk with you about something.”

“I’m sorry,” Tonks said quickly. “I know it seemed funny at the time but it was wrong to smuggle Moody’s eye into the women’s locker room.”

“I...”

“And it was definitely wrong to take candid pictures of my co-workers naked so that I could market the ‘Aurors Gone Wild’ calendar,” Tonks continued. “Even if the sales of that calendar are still going strong.”

“But...”

“Um... I realise that morphing myself to look like the Minister and then hitting on Lucius Malfoy may seem funny but it isn’t, even if everyone agrees that it is.”

“Be that as it may...”

“And I’m really sorry about the way...”

“As I was saying,” Amelia interrupted. “That’s not why I asked you to speak with me.”

“It isn’t?”

“No it isn’t,” Amelia agreed. “I wanted to speak with you about Harry Potter and that girl of his.”

“Hermione?”

"Yes Hermione," Bones agreed. "I'm told that they've gone missing. What can you tell me about that?"

"Um... I think it's just a case of two young people going out on their own to... uh... experiment with each other."

"Controlled by their hormones?"

"No... uh, they've been friends for a long time." Tonks tried to explain. "So it's not like they're jumping into this without looking. They're just..."

"Young?" Amelia suggested.

"Yeah," Tonks said quickly. "They're basically good kids. To be honest, I never expected Hermione to run off with Harry like this. From what I understand, she's always been the one restraining Harry and Ron's uh... impulses."

"Stickler for the rules?"

"No, just trying to protect her friends."

"You know anything about his home life?"

"Harry's relatives aren't going to win any prizes," Tonks said immediately. "They kept him locked up in his room when they could and made him do all the work around the house. Nasty people."

"I see."

"Can't blame Harry for leaving," Tonks continued. "I would have found a way to escape, too, if I were him."

"Let me make sure I've got everything straight," Bones said tightly. "One of my Aurors was party to a scheme that kept a young boy locked up in an... unpleasant environment."

"I..."

"Be silent Auror Tonks," Bones snapped. "As I was saying, you kept him locked up in his home. Did you see any signs of abuse?"

"I wouldn't have let them do anything to him," Tonks said with her eyes on the ground.

"Answer the question," Bones demanded.

"I... I would have had Harry out of there in a minute if it weren't for Dumbledore's orders," Tonks said. "Yes, I saw signs that led me to believe that he had been abused."

"So I have one of my Aurors keeping a young boy in an abusive situation," Bones said tightly. "And you're surprised that this girl ran off with him?"

"No." Tonks slumped. "I'm not. I just wish I'd have helped them get away."

"Why exactly did you listen to Albus Dumbledore?"

"He's... he's Dumbledore," Tonks said in shock.

"Of course he is," Amelia sighed. "What legal reason does Dumbledore have? By what right does he direct this young wizard's life?"

"I think he's Harry's guardian," Tonks said uncertainly. "I... he always gave that impression anyway."

"Thank you, Auror Tonks," Amelia said wearily. "I think you've just come to the heart of the matter."

"I don't understand."

"What happens when a wizard marries?" Amelia asked. "More specifically, what happens when a wizard that is a year or two younger than the age of majority marries?"

“You don’t think?”

“I think young Ms. Granger may have found a way to protect her friend,” Amelia replied. “You did say that she was loyal to young Mr. Potter didn’t you?”

“Hermione would do anything for him,” Tonks agreed. “Anything.”

“Thank you, Auror Tonks. You may go.”

“Yes, ma’am.”

“One more thing,” Amelia said before the young Auror had a chance to leave the room. “I want you to report to Shacklebolt’s team.”

“Yes, boss.”

“And not a word of this conversation need reach that little club of yours,” Amelia’s voice hardened. “Understand?”

“I understand, boss.”

AN: Had to make an effort at first to write Ron into the story, things kinda got out of control after that as you'll soon see.

Right and Correct

"You know," Harry began, "the last time we were on a bus as it rolled into this station, you were drooling on my shoulder."

"I'm sure I wasn't," Hermione said primly. "Perhaps it was the other way around?"

"You're going to have to stop editing history to suit yourself like this," Harry mock growled. "If you're ever going to make the jump from reading to writing."

"It hasn't been written down yet," Hermione replied. "And when I get around to it, I'll make sure it's recorded correctly."

"Good."

"With you drooling on my shoulder," Hermione said quickly.

"You said correctly," Harry accused.

"And that would be correct," Hermione agreed. "Not necessarily how it happened, but correct."

"Let's go see if we can get some money from the bank," Harry suggested suddenly. "I'd rather not spend another night on a cramped floor in a windowless room."

"I was quite comfortable."

"That's because you stole the blankets and pushed your cold feet into my back," Harry retorted. "But that's not important right now. What's important is that we try to find something more permanent."

"And secure," Hermione added. "We'll have to decide whether we want anonymity or heavy wards. I wouldn't put it past Dumbledore to be able to track you by your wards."

"We could put up a lot of wards," Harry suggested. "Let him run around trying to figure out which one is the right one."

"In the meantime, dozens of muggles are under some of the most expensive wards in the wizarding world," Hermione added. "It's something to think about."

"Here's the bank," Harry announced. "Shall we?" He asked as he held open the door for her.

"We shall," Hermione agreed. "Thank you."

"Ah Mr. Harry and Ms. Hermione," the bank manager greeted them as they walked in. "I was wondering when you'd decide to stop by."

"I need to withdraw a bit of money," Harry said with a smile.

"We need to find a place to live," Hermione added. "And I'd like to see about getting Harry some contacts."

"Of course," the manager agreed. "Mark, see to it."

"Yes sir."

"I also have a message for you from... uh."

"My other bank?" Harry asked with a smile.

"Yes," the manager agreed. "Would you like to use my office?"

"Thank you," Hermione replied. "We'd love to." They walked into the office and closed the door.

"Now what?" Harry asked.

"Now I suggest that the two of you have a seat so we can conduct our business." The chair turned to reveal a goblin sitting in it.

"Ak, you startled me."

"Yeah, I love doing that." The goblin said smugly. "We've got several requests for information on what it would take to have you put up

wards. At the moment, we've rejected all offers and you'll be happy to hear that this hasn't diminished the demand. Rather, it seems that the more the price goes up, the more people want them."

"Great," Harry said.

"Where are my manners," the goblin said suddenly. "Please have a seat."

"Was there something else?" Harry asked.

"Another bit of business has presented itself," the goblin agreed. "One that we can discuss while the bank takes care of the errands you mentioned."

"What errands?"

"Your new living quarters and contact lenses for young Harry," the goblin replied.

"I wasn't aware that Banks would do that for their customers," Hermione mused.

"I think you'll find that the rules are different when you have a larger account," the goblin explained. "And that the rules are much different when you are involved in a profitable partnership with the bank."

"So what's this new business opportunity?"

"Madame Bones has contacted the bank," the goblin began. "She would like to set up a meeting between you and one of her representatives."

"Is she offering any guarantees?" Hermione asked. "I don't want to go into a meeting where we'll just get taken."

"For our own good of course," Harry added.

"She suggested having it on neutral ground," the goblin replied. "We can have it here if you're willing to wait."

"It would also make it difficult for them to prepare something," Hermione whispered to her friend.

"Alright," Harry agreed. "We'll meet with them. Just... just don't tell them where they're going first."

"I'll inform them," the goblin agreed. "And I'll be sure to pass along your concerns to Madame Bones. I might also mention how... displeased the bank would be if we were used to ambush one of our partners."

"Thank you."

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"Something wrong Tonks?" Kingsley asked his young partner. "You've been looking as white as a sheet."

"I'm fine Shack."

"And you've hardly touched your lunch," he persisted.

"I said that I was fine, Shack," Tonks said. "But... did you ever wonder if we were doing the right thing?"

"I'm afraid you're going to have to narrow it down a bit."

"With Harry," Tonks explained. "Keeping him locked up like that."

"I'm sure that Dumbledore knows best," Kingsley said with a smile.

"But what if he doesn't?" Tonks looked like she was close to tears. "What would you have done if it were any other child in that situation?"

"I..."

"Or if someone was keeping you locked up like that," Tonks said quickly. "How would you take it?"

"We did what we thought was best at the time," Kingsley finally said. "And we're going to have to accept that we may have made a mistake."

"But..."

"For my part," the senior Auror interrupted, "I generally tell myself that the higher ups have access to more information than I do. What may seem wrong to us would seem different if we had all the facts."

"The boss wants to see you Shack," one of the other Aurors called across the bullpen. "I wouldn't keep her waiting if I were you."

"Just think about it before you decide to do anything," Shacklebolt suggested as he got up. With any luck that would keep the girl from running off to tell anyone for the time being, a more permanent solution would have to wait. "You sent for me, boss?" Shacklebolt asked as he walked into Madame Bones' office.

"Sit down," the woman ordered without looking up.

"Yes, ma'am," Kingsley agreed. Looked like it was going to be another one of those meetings.

"I see here that you partnered with the Potters to catch the Fox and the Hound the last time they were active?"

"I wouldn't say partnered," Kingsley demurred. "I was rather junior at the time."

"But you did work with them did you not?"

"I did."

"How important were they to the investigation?"

"Vital," Kingsley admitted. "Without them we would never have gotten as close as we did, with them we nearly caught them."

“I see,” Bones said as she read a notation. “Did Lily Potter really get into a fist fight with the Fox?”

“The Fox... uh, threatened to take James and... uh... show him what a real woman could do.” Kingsley said with a blush, “a real woman rather than ‘a stuck up little bitch’ if I remember right.”

“Why didn’t James take the opportunity to capture the Hound while his wife kept the Fox busy?”

“He and the Hound reached in and pulled out their respective partners,” Kingsley said with a smile. “James took an elbow to the face for his troubles. And... ah, Lily was too much of a handful to pursue.”

“Why didn’t the Aurors on scene do anything?” Bones demanded. “It doesn’t say anything here and I don’t remember hearing anything at the time.”

“James had his hands full and we were... indisposed.”

“Define indisposed.”

“The Fox and the Hound had stunned us and shackled us together... naked.”

“Do tell.”

“They were taking pictures when James and Lily arrived,” Kingsley said miserably. “James tried to hide his laugh and Lily growled something about pranks being childish. That’s what set off the whole... uh.”

“Incident?”

“Yes.”

“How would you like another pair of Potters to help you with your current investigation?”

"I'd love them," Kingsley said quickly. "You know where I can find young Harry?"

"I've managed to arrange a meeting through Gringotts," Amelia agreed. "I want you to go and talk with them, mention what his parents did and ask them to meet with me. I'll work out the details."

"I think I know the approach to make," Kingsley said with a laugh. "Done enough interrogations to slip into the 'good cop' easily enough."

"Excellent," Amelia's voice turned cold. "But before you go, I just wanted to make sure of something."

"What's that?" Shacklebolt asked.

"That you won't let your involvement in Dumbledore's little club get in the way of your job," Amelia said coldly. "Am I making myself clear?"

"You are, Madame Bones."

"You will not try to apprehend young Harry or his friend," Bones continued. "You will not give any information to Dumbledore or any of his lackeys about your job. You will not give any information about young Harry. And you most certainly will not try to cover for anyone doing the same."

"Yes, Madame Bones."

"Be sure that Dumbledore knows that he does not want to cross me on this one," Amelia growled. "He does not want to learn what it is to have me as an enemy."

"I understand, Madame Bones."

"I warn you, as much as I'll do to Dumbledore," she said in a low voice, "it pales in comparison to what I would do to an Auror who betrayed me."

"Yes, Madame Bones."

"Go to Gringotts, the goblins will take you to the meeting."

"Yes, Madame Bones." Kingsley repeated himself; it seemed like the safe thing to do. He was also, he reflected to himself as he walked to Gringotts, beginning to regret taking Dumbledore's invitation to join the Order. It was all well and good when the man had been standing against Voldemort, but to make Madame Bones an enemy... he shuddered.

"This way," a goblin said by way of greeting when Kingsley walked through the door. "Take this portkey."

"Right," Shacklebolt agreed. "How do I activate it?"

"It should activate on its own right about... now." Kingsley felt a pull from his torso and appeared in a well-furnished office.

"They're in there," another goblin said as he pushed Kingsley towards the door. "And their time is very valuable so keep it brief."

"I... hello Harry, Hermione." Kingsley plastered on his best smile. "How have the two of you been?"

"Why did you want to meet with us?" Harry demanded as soon as the Auror walked in the door.

"Direct, I like that." Kingsley said with a smile. "I don't know how to start so I'll just lay my cards on the table."

"That would probably be for the best."

"I need your help, Potter," Shacklebolt said by way of greeting. "They're back."

"Who's back?" Harry asked quickly.

"The Fox and the Hound," Shacklebolt replied.

"The Fox and the Hound," Harry repeated. "Is that supposed to mean something to me?"

"Moody tells me that he gave you your family spells but I guess you haven't gotten to that section of your father's notes huh?" Shacklebolt said with a horrifying grin. "Do you know what your father did?"

"No," Harry replied. "What did he do?"

"He helped the Ministry hunt a pair of thieves," Shacklebolt explained. "Man and a woman, the woman called herself the Red Fox or just the Fox and the man called himself the Hound. Your father thought they were siblings and your mother always maintained that they were a couple."

"What?" Harry allowed his eyes to widen in shock. "My mum hunted them, too?"

"Your mother hated the Fox with an intensity that scared me," Shacklebolt agreed. "Something about how the Fox threatened to take James away from her, your mother was not amused."

"So my parents were Aurors?" Harry asked quickly.

"No, they weren't," Shacklebolt replied. "I guess you would call them independent consultants; the Ministry paid them quite a bit of money for their services."

"So what do you want me to do?"

"Same deal as your parents," the Auror replied. "When there's a theft, we'll bring you in to look at the scene to see if you can tell us how they got in. Can't say what your pay will be, but I promise you that it will be worth your time."

"I'll need a special dispensation to use magic outside of school," Harry began. "And probably a few other things."

"Shouldn't be a problem," Kingsley held out his hand. "I think it'll be a pleasure working with you."

"We're not agreeing to anything yet," Hermione interjected. "We'll think about it and get back to you."

"Of course," Shacklebolt agreed. Inwardly he was cursing, damn the girl for spoiling the deal. "I thought that would be your answer. To be honest, I'm just here to feel you out. The real details will have to be worked out between you two and Madame Bones."

"We'll be sure to find a place in our schedule for a meeting with Madame Bones then," Hermione said firmly. "Good day, Mr. Shacklebolt."

"Later," Kingsley said as he walked out the door. One thing was for sure, Moody would be insufferable if he ever learned about this conversation and the way the Granger girl had jumped in when it looked like her friend would fold.

AN: Wrote Shacklebolt as a bit of a bastard in this fic, didn't give him much screen time though.

Cause a Hedgehog can't be . . .

"So what do you think?" Harry asked after he was sure the Auror was long gone.

"Later," Hermione whispered back.

"Right." There was a short knock on the door. "Come in."

"I have spoken with the bank manager and we have managed to find a few properties that you might wish to look at," the goblin announced himself. "Did you have any preference for magical or non?"

"Hermione?"

"Um... I'd like a place that's kinda... in between?"

"Works for me," Harry agreed.

"I happen to know of a small apartment above one of the shops in Diagon," the goblin said thoughtfully. "The building... or rather the apartment has an exit into muggle London as well as an exit to Diagon. I believe that the previous occupants might have also installed electric outlets and charmed the entire place to block out the magical interference."

"Sounds perfect," Hermione said. "Why did they go through so much trouble?"

"I hesitate to speculate," the goblin said with a grin. "But if I were a betting goblin, I would guess that the prior occupants were muggle born... ah, salesmen that did not believe in paying taxes."

"Does the Ministry know about the place?" Harry asked sharply. "Is anyone going to notice new occupants?"

"I don't believe anyone will notice," the goblin replied. "Nor do I believe that your comings or goings will be of interest to anyone."

"What about the people who built the place?" Hermione asked.

“When the prior owners ran afoul of the law, they found that they had to leave in a bit of a hurry,” the goblin said with a shrug. “And they made a deal with Gringotts to sell the place on commission, a deal that included memory charms.”

“How long ago was this?” Hermione persisted.

“Five years, I doubt anyone is still looking for it.”

“Furnished?”

“I can have it furnished and cleaned before you take a look at it,” the goblin agreed. “Only the best for our friends in business.”

“Harry?” Hermione looked at him with pleading eyes.

“We’ll look at it,” Harry broke.

“Excellent, I shall have everything prepared. Care for a bit of tea while you wait?”

“Thank you,” Hermione said primly. “We haven’t had a chance to eat today and a bit of tea and some biscuits will be quite welcome.”

|||||||

“How did the meeting go,” Amelia demanded.

“I think it went well,” Kingsley replied quickly. “Potter seems interested in meeting with you anyway. I might have even gotten him to agree to work for us if it hadn’t been for that girl of his.”

“Explain.”

“He looked ready to volunteer after I’d told him how his parents used to work for us,” Kingsley said. “She jumped in and told me that they’d think about it.”

"Interesting," Amelia mused. It did seem to confirm a few of her suspicions.

"Be hard to live with Moody if he ever hears that," Kingsley laughed.

"Why is that?" Bones asked with a raised eyebrow.

"He said Potter would find someone to watch his back if he was smart," Kingsley explained. "And mentioned that it would be either the Granger girl or one of the Weasleys. He was insufferably smug when he found out that the Granger girl had run off with him, it's going to be even worse if he finds out how protective she is."

"I'm told that they always looked out for each other," Amelia added with a wistful smile. "You may go."

|||||||||

Luna's eyes shot open and a smile graced her face, this could be... fun. She spent the next few hours writing several notes and transcribing a few spells.

"What are you doing, Ragweed?" her father asked as she walked into his office.

"I'm putting things in the safe so they'll get stolen," Luna replied. "It's just like how you met mummy."

"Be sure to knock on the door three times before you open it to scare off the screwgaws," he suggested as she began opening the door.

"Did you forget, Father?" Luna asked in alarm. "We managed to attract a slopgots, if we knock on the door it might leave."

"I did forget; sorry, Cucumber."

"It's ok, Father."

|||||||||

"Here is the cash you requested when you came in," the manager handed Harry a large envelope. "Just stop by any one of our branches if you would like more or if you'd like an account statement."

"Thanks, we will."

"Mr. Goblin also asked me to inform you that the properties you were considering will be ready for your inspection tomorrow. Just come here sometime in the next week if that's convenient to you."

"We'll see you then," Harry said. "Come on Hermione."

"Now what?" Hermione asked as they walked out.

"We find a hotel," Harry replied. "And you mentioned something about contact lenses?"

"Just until you manage to transform your eyes enough to fix your vision," Hermione explained.

|||||||

Elizabeth hadn't been a Death Eater for long, just since she'd graduated Durmstrang. And so far, things were not going the way she'd thought they would. For one thing, they hadn't even allowed her to go with the group sent out to kill the wizard Jeremy for his crimes against the Dark Lord and his Death Eaters. She was a bit hazy about what crime he'd committed, every time she asked the older Death Eaters they just closed their eyes and squealed something about an ambush.

"They're back," one of the other new recruits shouted. "And it doesn't smell good."

"Don't you mean doesn't look good?"

"No... they're saying that the wizard Jeremy cast some sort of blinding spell that conjured a potion to fly into their eyes."

"He defeated the entire group?" She asked in shock.

“That’s what it looks like.”

“None of that defeatist talk,” Malfoy snarled as he walked into the room. “You two, join the next group. The wizard Jeremy will die on this day.”

||||||||||

Ron was not having a good day; first a group of death eaters had just popped into his room looking to kill his alter ego. While it had given him a chance to use his new spell, and to good effect, he was still a bit nervous about the next attack. That was the one thing everyone said about Death Eaters, if at first they didn’t succeed, they’d ‘try, try again’ until they killed you.

“Just gonna have to hope that some of Harry’s luck rubbed off on me,” Ron mumbled as he threw things into his trunk. Several pops announced the arrival of the next team. “Guess not, glad I convinced mum to let me go off on my own.”

“Prepare to die, Ron Jeremy,” Elizabeth screamed as she ran through the door. This was her moment; this is what she’d been waiting for.

“Shit,” Ron cursed. “Cunnus Instigo,” he incanted quickly.

“Oh... OH... EEEEEEEEEEK,” Elizabeth screamed.

“He was waiting for us,” one of the other Death Eaters yelled as Elisabeth collapsed. “Let’s get out of here.”

“Uh.” Ron looked at the fallen Death Eater. What now? “Don’t make me do that again.”

“Oh that was good,” she groaned. “I’ll do anything if you promise to do that again.”

“Sure,” Ron agreed.

“Then what is thy bidding, my Master?”

“Master?”

“You have taken me from the Dark Lord and made me your own,” the girl agreed. “What is your wish?”

“I want you to help me pack,” Ron suggested. “I guess.”

“Yes Master,” the girl agreed. “When will you give me your mark?”

“My mark?”

“Your dark mark,” the girl clarified.

“Don’t think I have one of those,” Ron said.

“What kind of Dark Lord doesn’t have a dark mark?” The girl muttered sullenly.

“Why don’t we deal with that issue later,” Ron suggested. “Now let’s get out of here.”

|||||||

“And here is your room sir,” the bellhop said. “Have a good stay.”

“There’s only one bed,” Harry said as the door closed. “Do you want me to sleep on the floor?”

“I trust you,” Hermione replied with an unconcerned shrug.

“So what do you think of the Ministry’s offer?”

“It sounds good,” Hermione said slowly. “But it might be a good idea to get more details.”

“That was my thought as well,” Harry agreed. “What now?”

“We could study,” Hermione offered hopefully.

“Alright,” Harry agreed. “For a little while.”

“But...”

“All things in moderation,” Harry preached. “Including moderation.”

“When did you read that,” Hermione asked in delight.

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“From your quick return, I take it that your mission was... less than successful.” Lucius sighed as the team returned. “What happened?”

“He was waiting for us,” the Death Eater said slowly. “Hit one of the newbies with some sort of pain curse as soon as she got through the door.”

“Any idea which one?” Lucius asked.

“No, but it was a bad one if the scream she let out was any judge.” The Death Eater shuddered. “She didn’t make that much noise when the Dark Lord hit her with a Crucio during the initiation ceremony.”

“Interesting,” Lucius purred. The new recruit was no big loss, but the prospect of a pain charm more powerful than the unforgivable was... interesting. “Return to your post. We’re going to have to accept the fact that the wizard Jeremy will live... for now.”

|||||||||

“Auror Tonks,” Amelia shouted. “With me.”

“Yes, Madame Bones,” Tonks agreed quickly. “Where are we going?”

“For a walk,” Amelia replied. “How well do you know Harry Potter?”

“Not that well,” Tonks replied. “Well enough to know that he’s a good kid though. He’s... he’s not in any trouble is he?”

“Would you help him if he was?”

"I'd have to," Tonks said simply. "He's family."

"Yes, I understand that his grandmother was one of the Blacks."

"And his godfather is... was my cousin," Tonks agreed. "One of the few members of the family that I liked."

"Who was... wait, wasn't it Sirius Black?" Amelia demanded.

"Uh... it was?"

"Don't play dumb and don't make any excuses," Amelia ordered.
"Just answer the question."

"Yes," Tonks agreed. "It was. But he was innocent, he wasn't the secret keeper."

"I suppose that you can prove that?"

"Harry can," Tonks said confidently.

"We shall see," Amelia mused. "How well do you know the muggle world?"

"Better then average," Tonks replied. "My dad was one of them."

"Good," Amelia said with a nod. "We are going to be moving in the muggle world for a bit and I want you to check my appearance to make sure that I won't draw undue attention."

"You look ok," Tonks said. "Better then most purebloods anyway. You'd be surprised at some of the crazy things they put on. I saw one of the instructors at the academy in a lime green suit with pink buttons." Tonks giggled. "What do they think muggles are, colour-blind?"

"I try," Amelia said modestly. She did not mention that she had planned to change into her lime green suit before going into muggle

London. "You have to know these things if you're going to head the DMLE."

"I'll remember that," Tonks agreed.

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"Can I take your mark now, master?" Ron's follower asked again.

"I don't have a mark," Ron sighed. The poor boy was ready to cry.
"I've told you that a thousand times."

"I understand master," the girl agreed.

"You do?" Ron asked hopefully.

"You haven't designed it yet," the girl said firmly. "Snakes and skulls are popular... perhaps a bit too popular. You're going to want something original, something that tells the world that there's a new kind of Dark Lord. One that's not afraid to try new things."

"I... fine," Ron groaned in defeat.

"I'll get right on it," the girl announced.

"You do that."

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"I still say..." Hermione cut off when there was a knock on their door.
"I'll get the door, you wait over there."

"Why?"

"In case it's the Order," Hermione whispered back. "With any luck, I'll be able to talk them into leaving. If I can't..."

"Then I'm in a good spot to get the jump on them," Harry finished. "Be careful, Hermione."

"It's probably nothing," Hermione said with false confidence as she walked to the door. "Madame Bones," she said loudly. "What can I do for you?"

"You could invite me in," the older woman suggested. "And tell Harry to stop hiding in the closet, that's the worst hiding place in the world."

"Come in," Hermione said dully. "Why are you here?"

"I wanted to meet with the two of you about going to work for my office," Amelia replied as she walked in. "Auror Tonks, not a word of this meeting will get back to that club of yours."

"Yes, ma'am."

"Dumbledore can read minds," Harry said in a low voice. "It won't do any good."

"Every Auror gets a bit of rudimentary training to prevent that," Amelia said. "Auror Tonks would not have been cleared for field work if she could not at least recognise attempts to read her thoughts."

Hermione just shrugged at Harry's glance. "So what were you planning to offer?"

"Aside from my protection?" Amelia asked with a smile.

"Your protection?"

"Albus would be a fool to abduct either of you while you're working for me," Amelia explained. "For that matter, your deal with the goblins may also prevent any foolishness on his part."

"So what are you offering?" Hermione demanded.

"The same pay as a senior Auror with twenty years for both of you plus expenses," Amelia began. "Along with the power to make arrests."

"Hermione?"

“It sounds like a good deal,” Hermione admitted. “Depending on what she means by expenses.”

“Anything,” Amelia said. “The purebloods are terrified by the Fox and the Hound and I have been given a very large budget to deal with them.”

“Could... could some of that be used to deal with Voldemort?” Harry ventured.

“Only if you think that it might be possible that he’s working with the Fox and the Hound,” Amelia said neutrally. “If you have any indication that they might be working together then yes, I could shuffle some things around.”

“It could be possible,” Harry said slowly.

“It’s certainly something you should pursue,” Hermione agreed.

“Good enough,” Amelia said with a smile. “If my two experts think that they could be working together then I doubt the Minister can object, eh Tonks.”

“Yes ma’am,” Tonks said quickly.

“Then if you’ll excuse me, I have to get back to the Ministry. Auror Tonks.”

“Yes ma’am?”

“You stay here and answer any questions our new associates might have,” Bones ordered. “Goodbye Harry, Hermione.”

“Goodbye, Madame Bones,” Hermione replied.

“Bye, Ms. Bones.”

“Any questions?” Tonks asked the two nervously.

"None here," Harry said.

"Nope," Hermione agreed. "Would you like to stay and chat?"

"I'd like that," Tonks said in relief.

"Could you order some snacks, Harry?"

"Sure," Harry agreed. "I'll be right back."

"Can I talk to you for a moment, Hermione," Tonks asked the other girl.

"What do you need, Tonks?"

"Harry's home life was really bad huh?"

"I'm not going to talk about it," Hermione replied. "Besides, you should know first hand."

"Yeah," Tonks agreed glumly. "I do... I... I wish you'd... I'm sorry. I should have helped Harry; you shouldn't have had to marry him to save him. I'm an Auror and... I'm just sorry. If you need any help, just tell me."

"Sure, Tonks," the stunned Hermione agreed. "Whatever you say."

"Thanks, Hermione," Tonks said in relief. "It means a lot to hear you say that."

AN: If you're wondering what Ron's spell did, watch the movie Orgasmo.

That is not a Broomstick

"Mum..." Ron said into the fire. "Would you still love me if I accidentally became a dark lord?"

"How can you accidentally become a dark lord?" Molly asked oddly.
"Is this why you felt the need to floo us in the middle of the night?"

"Never mind, mum; could you put dad on?"

"Fine," Molly agreed.

"What did you need son?" Arthur asked with a yawn.

"I accidentally acquired a Death Eater," Ron said slowly. "And I'm not sure what to do about it."

"Used the family spells again?" Arthur sighed.

"Yeah, Dad," Ron agreed. "I don't know what to do."

"Tell him... tell him that you don't need a dark follower."

"I've tried telling her that, Dad, but..."

"Wait... her?" Arthur interrupted. "It's a girl?"

"Yeah, Dad," Ron confirmed. "Pretty one, too."

"Then forget what I told you earlier, I'm proud of you, Son."

"But..."

"Just keep attracting girls and everything will be fine," Arthur said loudly. "Not that I wouldn't still be proud of you otherwise but... well, not that there's anything wrong with that, but it was worrying me a bit. Just a phase you were going through and now you're getting girls."

"Uh..."

"Just keep up what you're doing right now, Son," Arthur ignored his son's attempts to speak. "Goodbye, Son."

"Bye, Dad," Ron said to the suddenly empty fireplace. "What now... sleep, everything will be better in the morning."

Ron woke up a few hours later with a weight on his chest.

"Wake up, Master."

"What is it?" Ron groaned.

"I've got the perfect Dark Mark for you, Master," Elizabeth woke Ron up with her happy shout.

"Let me see it," Ron said with a sleep-laden voice. "A hedgehog riding a large thick broomstick?"

"That's not a broomstick master," Elizabeth said slyly.

"Then what... oh."

"Now we just have to decide where to put it," the girl continued happily. "The arm is traditional, but you're not exactly a traditional kind of dark lord so I was thinking my inner thigh."

"Your inner thigh," Ron said dully.

"Yup, I shaved this morning so the mark could go on easier," the girl agreed. "See... uh... Master?"

"Did you just say something?" Ron asked, his gaze unblinking and unmoving.

"Nope," the girl replied. Her mother would be so proud, her second day on the job and she was already a frontrunner for a position in the dark harem.

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"Does the Ministry have any information on young Harry?" Dumbledore asked the assembled Order.

"I can't talk about it," Tonks said simply.

"Neither can I," Shacklebolt agreed.

"Surely you can give us some information," Dumbledore prompted.

"Madame Bones has made it quite clear what will happen if we give you anything," Kingsley replied.

"And I'm not sure we should tell you anything anyway," Tonks said with a hint of anger.

"Show more respect to the Headmaster," one of the members snapped.

"After what he put Harry through?" Tonks asked coldly. "And we're all guilty of allowing him to do it."

"What I did was for the best," Dumbledore said calmly.

"What you did is a violation of several laws," Tonks spat. "What you did should see you in Azkaban, how dare you try to defend yourself."

"Sit down, Tonks," Minerva said firmly.

"Thank you, Minerva," Dumbledore said. "Now I..."

"Be silent," Minerva snapped. "She's right and you know it as well as I do. I warned you about those people and you refused to listen."

"Why don't we switch to another subject," one of the other members suggested quickly. "Are the rumours that the Fox and the Hound have returned true?"

"Possibly," Kingsley said. "Madame Bones thinks that it's a credible enough threat that she's formed a task force to look into it."

"While interesting, I fail to see the importance to the Order," Albus said. "The Fox and the Hound have always left us alone in the past and I presume that they will continue to do so in the future."

"Then you're a bigger fool then I thought you were," Moody interjected with a rasping laugh. "They didn't leave you alone in the past, you had something that keeps them away."

"And what pray tell is that?" Hestia demanded.

"Potter wards," Moody replied. "And as the only Potter is none too pleased with you lot. I wouldn't count on being able to hide behind them. Mark my words, keep annoying Potter and you'll all end up in potter's field."

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"You don't know how to put a dark mark on your loyal followers?" Elizabeth asked in shock.

"They didn't cover that subject in class," Ron said dryly.

"Poor Master," the girl pulled Ron close. "What a terrible thing they've done to you, how will I ever get my dark mark now?"

"You'll just have to wait a bit," Ron's replied. "Why a hedgehog anyway?"

"Cause a hedgehog can't be..."

"Got it," Ron said quickly. "Why don't you go find something to occupy yourself while I try to figure out how to make a dark mark hmmm?"

"Ok Master," the girl agreed quickly. "I'll be back soon."

"Take your time," Ron called after the girl as she ran out of the room. "Now's my chance." Ron ran over to the fireplace and tossed in a handful of floo powder. "I gotta get out of here before she comes back."

“Ron?” Arthur said in shock as his youngest son tumbled into the room.

“You gotta help me, Dad,” Ron said frantically.

“What’s the problem, Son?” Arthur asked. “Something to do with that dark follower of yours? How is she doing?”

“She’s out at the moment,” Ron said, “so I took my chance.”

“What’s wrong?”

“It’s horrible, Dad,” Ron said quickly. “She shaved cause she wants to have a dark mark put on her inner thigh and she showed me and I told her I didn’t know how to do a dark mark and so she’s off doing something else and I knew you’d know what to do so I came here.”

“Slow down Son,” Arthur said with a laugh. “I’ll help you.”

“Thanks, Dad,” Ron said with a grateful smile.

“That’s what fathers are for,” Arthur said proudly. “Come on, I’ll show you exactly what to do.”

“Great,” Ron said. Things were looking up; he felt a brief pang as he remembered how the girl had shown him her shaved... personal area but quickly squashed it. She was evil and not the sort of girl his mother would approve of.

“Now the first thing you have to do is hold your wand firmly,” Arthur said. “No son, like this.”

“Uh huh,” Ron agreed.

“Just put the image of the mark in your mind and put the tip of your wand on the area to be marked,” Arthur explained. “The incantation is Cauterius now go back there and make me proud, Son.”

“But...”

"I said, make me proud, Son." Arthur said firmly. "Or else."

"Yes Dad."

|||||||

Tonks went straight to Harry and Hermione's hotel room after the Order meeting and knocked on the door.

"Yes?" Hermione asked. "What can I do for you, Tonks?"

"I just came to tell you what happened in the Order meeting," Tonks replied. "Specifically that Dumbledore hasn't given up on finding Harry."

"Oh..." Hermione said. "Thank you, Tonks."

"And I wanted to ask you a favour."

"What is it?"

"Could you stay in your room for the next couple of hours?" Tonks begged.

"Sure, why?"

"So I can use your appearance without worrying that I might run into you," Tonks replied.

"What do you need to use my appearance for?" Hermione demanded.

"A quick escape."

"From what?"

"I was going to make myself look like my Aunt Narcissa's husband and... uh... offer to buy young boys from people."

"Come back and tell me when you're done with my face,' Hermione said with a nod. "Slip a note under the door if we don't answer it."

"Why wouldn't you... oh," Tonks shot Hermione a sly grin. "Way to go."

"Uh... right."

"Thanks, Hermione."

"Bye, Tonks," Hermione said as she closed the door. "Did you get your contacts in yet, Harry?" she called out to her friend.

"Yeah," Harry's voice replied from the bathroom.

"Then let me see you."

"So, how do I look?" Harry asked nervously.

"Good," Hermione complimented her friend. "Makes it so your eyes are more visible and that's a good thing. I love that shade of green," Hermione got a wicked smile on her face. "Like freshly pi..."

"Say it and die."

"icked peppers," Hermione finished innocently. "What's wrong with peppers? I've always liked them."

"Hmmm."

"So Harry, what do you wanna do tonight?"

"Same thing we do every night, Hermione," Harry said evilly. "Rob from the rich and give to ourselves."

"Malfoy house?"

"Malfoy house," Harry confirmed. "Get your costume together."

"How did you plan on getting us there?"

"Broomstick?"

“And an invisibility cloak,” Hermione agreed. “Damn it.”

“You’re competent on a broom and I’ll be flying it anyway.”

“It’s not that.”

“Then what?”

“I just got out of the shower,” Hermione explained. “This flight is going to mess up my hair.”

“Since when have you cared about things like that?” Harry asked in shock.

“Since always,” Hermione replied. “You just never chose to notice.”

“Let’s go,” Harry suggested. “Make sure the invisibility cloak is around both of us.”

“We’re going to have to get closer together,” Hermione said. “We’ve grown a bit since the last time we had to go under this thing.”

“Ready?”

“Yeah.”

“Then let’s go.”

|||||||||

Lucius walked through Diagon Alley with his usual look of arrogance. That look turned into a delighted grin for a second as he noticed a large wizard walking towards him.

“Watch your hands,” the wizard growled.

“Or what?” Lucius challenged. “You’ll give me a sound thrashing? I’d like to see that.”

"I'm warning you buddy..."

"And I'm warning you," Lucius replied. "I can take you with both hands tied to the frame of a bed and a ball gag in my mouth. In fact... I challenge you to a duel with the above terms, both of us will be without clothing of course in the manner of Greek wrestlers."

"You know what," the wizard said as he backed off. "Forget it."

"Come back here," Lucius yelled after the retreating wizard. "And I'll give you a sound licking."

"Mommy," one of the children said to their parent. "Why is everyone looking at the blond man?"

"Just come on, Dear," the woman said as she pulled her child into a shop.

"You, Madame," Lucius called after another woman. "How much for your son? I could use a strapping young houseboy."

"Get away from me you bastard."

"I promise you that I will be most generous in my offer," Lucius called out after the woman.

"One more word and I'll call the Aurors on you."

"Fine, I know when I'm beat," Lucius said. "So I'll just come to your house later in my Death Eater robes. Could I trouble you for an address?"

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"I still can't believe how easy this is," Harry whispered to his friend. "It's like the wards were put up by retarded monkeys. Even if there's a ward to detect non-Malfoy magic, it's nothing special. We could probably use as much magic if we wanted if we were careful."

"It's gotta be a trap," Hermione whispered back. "Nothing is this easy."

"Kinda weird the way there are little signs saying that 'the safe is this way' and such," Harry mused.

"They are part of the wards," Hermione pointed out. "Not something the average person would notice."

"Still strange," Harry persisted. "I say we empty the safe and get out of here, make it obvious, too."

"Why?"

"Malfoy reports the robbery and we just happen to notice something illegal when we're here to investigate," Harry explained. "He's in jail for a couple days and we loot the place to the bedrock."

"Sounds like a plan," Hermione agreed. "What do you think the combination is?"

"Who cares," Harry said as he pulled out a small glass vial. "I've got acid."

"Where did you get that?" Hermione demanded. "It's not safe to play with acid."

"Found it," Harry said absently.

"You found it?" Hermione said incredulously.

"Maybe a swallow carried it in from somewhere or something," Harry said with a shrug. "We should probably get back now." They watched as the acid ate through the exposed hinges and the door fell to the ground. "Not a very good design."

"I'll make a note to avoid that manufacturer," Hermione said. "What's in it?"

"Gold and jewels," Harry said in disappointment. "Not a trace of the family magic."

"Cheer up Harry," Hermione said as she patted her friend on the back. "I've already taken every book in the place that I could find, maybe the family spells are in one of them."

"Not even a Malfoy is that dumb," Harry said in disappointment. "Guess we'll just have to find them when Lucy is in jail."

"That's the spirit."

"Now let's get out of here before they get back."

"Right," Hermione agreed. "Let's go Harry." The two friends left the Malfoy residence and arrived in their hotel room just in time to hear a knock on the door. "One minute," Hermione called out. "Quick Harry, we've got to change back into our normal clothes."

"We gotta hide the loot, too," Harry said as he pulled off his thief outfit.

"Pull up the covers on the bed and hide them under them," Hermione suggested.

"Good thinking."

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Diagon Alley, a few minutes earlier...

"There he is," a woman at the head of a pack of Aurors screamed. "That's the man that tried to buy my son and then threatened to kidnap him when I wouldn't sell him."

"I assure you that this is all a misunderstanding," Lucius tried to defend himself.

"That's the pervert that groped me, too," a wizard called out. "Let's get him."

"While I'd like to stay and entertain you all," Lucius said as he ran away from the angry mob. "I fear that I am not as young as I once was." Ducking around a corner, Lucius' features twisted into the familiar face of Hermione Granger. Throwing herself on the ground, Tonks waited for the angry mob to catch up.

"Are you alright young lady?" One of the Aurors asked as they rounded the corner.

"I think so," Hermione agreed. "I think that blond guy that looked exactly like Lucius Malfoy tried to steal my purse when he pushed me."

"I'll add that charge to the list," the Auror growled. "Did you see which way he went?"

"No," Hermione replied. "I'm sorry... it all happened so fast."

"Do you feel up to making a statement?" He asked sympathetically.

"Not right now." A couple of fat tears rolled down Hermione's face. "I just want to go back and have my boyfriend hold me right now."

"It's ok." The Auror patted the young girl on the back. "Just come in and give your statement when you think you're ready."

"Can I give it to my friend Auror Tonks?" Hermione asked.

"Of course you can," the Auror agreed. "Just tell her to give it to me."

"Alright," Hermione said as she turned to leave. Hermione's shoulders were shaking as she walked off.

"Must have been rough on the poor thing," the Auror said as the girl walked off.

"Not as rough as it's going to be on Lucius Malfoy," one of his colleagues said. "You know who that girl is? That's Hermione Granger, rumour has it that she's Harry Potter's girlfriend."

"I almost feel sorry for ol' Lucy... almost."

'Hermione's' shoulders continued to shake as she walked around another convent corner and morphed back into her normal form. Tonks burst into full-blown laughter when she was sure that she was far enough away from her colleagues to keep from being heard. "Just a bit more payback, uncle," Tonks said to herself as she walked up to Harry and Hermione's hotel room. Still giggling, she raised her hand and knocked on the door.

"One minute," Hermione's voice replied. A grin grew on Tonks' face as she listened to the sounds of activity in the room. "Yes?"

"You got your buttons wrong," Tonks said with a cheerful grin.

"Thanks," Hermione said as she fixed her shirt.

"And Harry has his pants on backwards."

"He likes it like that."

"Your hair is messed up," Tonks continued.

"It's a new style."

"Looks like you messed up your bed since I was here last," Tonks observed.

"Uh... "

"Just came to tell you that I was done with your face." Tonks decided to let the girl off the hook. "Thanks."

"Anytime, Tonks."

AN: Any time I can do Lucy a bad turn is a good time indeed.

Proper Purebloods

“Elizabeth?” The girls squealed. “How do you like serving the Dark Lord?”

“We heard you got captured?” another asked.

“Oh I did,” Elizabeth agreed. “By the Dark Wizard Jeremy.”

There was a sharp intake of breath. “They say that he’s the darkest of the dark wizard.”

“They say he defeated a Death Eater strike team of one hundred men,” another added. “And that he knows pain curses one thousand times worse than the Crucio.”

“All true,” Elizabeth said proudly. “And it looks like I’m going to be the first member of his harem.”

“You lucky witch,” her best friend screamed. “How’d you score that?”

“The dark wizard Jeremy recognises talent,” Elizabeth said smugly. “I might be able to put in a good word for you guys... if you’re interested in becoming the dark wizard Jeremy’s devoted servants that is.”

“Dental plan?”

“We haven’t set it up yet,” Elizabeth confessed. “But that doesn’t matter. The important thing is that he doesn’t punish you when you make a mistake.”

“Then what does he do?”

“He’s got a wonderful charm he uses as a reward,” Elizabeth said with a dreamy smile. “Such a wonderful charm... oh dark wizard Jeremy.”

The other girls watched as their friend began giggling insanely and hugging herself. “I don’t know what he did to her but I gotta get me some of that,” one of them said finally.

"We'll give her a list of names," another suggested. In a short time, Ron would be the recipient of a list of young witches willing to do anything to please him... anything.

|||||||||

"Auror Tonks," Amelia greeted the woman as she walked towards her desk. "Just the girl I wanted to see."

"Oh?" Tonks said nervously. "Does this have to do with what happened in Diagon Alley?"

"Not as such no," Amelia replied. "But I may as well take your report now, what did the Granger girl have to say?"

"Not much," Tonks said quickly. "She was really shook up, I think it was mostly because she didn't stop the bastard when she had the chance."

"Understandable, go on."

"He pushed her down and tried to steal her purse," Tonks continued. "She didn't even realise it was Lucius Malfoy till after it happened, just thought it was a look-alike."

"And then?"

"Then she spent a few hours... uh... getting comforted." Tonks said with a blush, one of the many advantages of her ability was blushing on command.

"I see... also understandable."

"Right now I think she just wants to put the whole thing behind her, I wouldn't bring it up unless she brings it up first. Even then, I'd be cautious about what I said."

"I'll make sure the ranks get the word," Amelia agreed. "Good work, Auror Tonks."

“Thank you, ma’am.”

“But I’m going to need you to keep working,” Amelia said. “Go back to the Potters and tell them that the Malfoy home was broken into, ask for their help.”

“Yes, ma’am.”

“Be sure to let Hermione know that the invitation includes her,” Amelia said sharply. “In a tactful manner, and make sure she knows that I will be along personally to guarantee her safety.”

“Understood, ma’am.”

“Move.” Amelia watched the young Auror leave at a dead run with a fond smile, kids.

Tonks was in front of Harry and Hermione’s hotel room and pounding on the door in a matter of minutes. “It’s me, Tonks.”

“What can I do for you, Tonks?”

“The Fox and the Hound have hit their first house,” Tonks replied. “The Malfoy’s are a bit less rich than they were yesterday.”

“Couldn’t have happened to a better family.”

“And I need to make sure that Hermione knows that she was assaulted by Lucius Malfoy in Diagon Alley,” Tonks continued.

“I was? What now?” Hermione asked as she walked up.

“Bastard knocked you down as he made his escape,” Tonks explained. “You’re kind of shook up and a bit ashamed that you didn’t stop him, you don’t want to talk about it and you think that he might have tried to steal your purse. I took your statement and you’ve been spending the last few hours being ‘comforted’ by Harry.”

“This happen when you borrowed my face?”

“Yup,” Tonks said proudly. “Got another charge added to the list, too.”

“Right, shall we go then?” Hermione sighed.

“Yeah,” Tonks agreed. “Only...”

“What is it, Tonks?” The girl asked in resignation.

“Harry, put your arm around her shoulders. She’s had a rough day and you need to be a bit overprotective. Don’t let her out of your sight and don’t let another wizard come near her.”

“I...”

“And Hermione.” Tonks turned to the girl. “Snuggle into Harry’s chest, you just got attacked and it left you in tears, damn it.”

“Fine.”

“Let’s get our game faces on,” Tonks commanded. “Let’s go.”

“I don’t think I’m going to let Tonks borrow my face again without assuring myself that I know what she’s intending to do with it,” Hermione said thoughtfully.

“Good plan.”

“Hurry up,” Tonks demanded. “We don’t want to keep Madame Bones waiting.”

“Don’t think I don’t appreciate this Auror Tonks.” Amelia appeared suddenly. “But I think you should go a bit easier on them.”

“Ahhh,” Tonks squeaked. “Madame Bones... how’d you sneak up on me?”

“I’ve been an Auror as long as you’ve been alive,” Amelia said dryly. “In that time, I’ve picked up a couple of tricks.”

"Yeah, I guess so."

"So, are you ready, Mr. Potter?" Amelia turned to Harry. "Ms. Uh... Granger?"

"We're ready," Harry agreed.

"Grab my robes," Amelia ordered. "I'll have you there before you can count to three."

"One, two..."

"You weren't supposed to count Auror Tonks," Amelia said as she appeared in the Malfoy living room.

"So what'd they take?" Hermione asked.

"Nothing," Amelia replied. "According to Lucius, they melted the door off of a safe and departed."

"Maybe something he couldn't report?" Hermione mused.

"That was my thought as well," Amelia agreed.

"Nothing of the sort, I assure you," Lucius said as he swept into the room.

"Then what?" Harry demanded. "You say they didn't take anything?"

"There are a few things missing," Lucius said in an oily voice. "But nothing of consequence... are you still unwilling to put up a new set of wards? I promise to generously compensate you for your time."

"Finding anything, Shack?" Harry ignored the Malfoy.

"Not a thing, Harry," the Auror replied.

"This is too easy," Harry muttered to himself. "I'm going to take a look at the wards, there's gotta be something we're missing."

“Bout the only thing we can do,” Shacklebolt agreed.

“I’m not... I’ve got something.” Harry said quickly. “It’s brilliant, they warded another area inside the house. My guess is that they’ve got their loot stored there.”

“Open it up, Harry,” Shacklebolt said with a smile.

“One moment,” Lucius shouted. “I’ll have you know that they had nothing to do with that hidden area.”

“Open it up anyway, Harry,” the Auror commanded.

“Just about... got it,” Harry said in triumph. “Wow... will you look at all those illegal and dark objects.”

“It’s obvious that those were planted there to frame me,” Lucius managed to say.

“Thought you said that this had nothing to do with the thieves?” Shacklebolt muttered. “No matter, arrest him. We’ll sort everything out at the station.”

“You can’t do this,” Lucius yelled at they dragged him out of the room.

“Will you be able to make it stick?” Harry asked.

“Doubt it,” the Auror replied. “But it gets these objects out of his hands and the thought of him spending a few nights in a cell makes me all warm and tingly.”

Narcissa watched as they dragged off her husband. She had to admit that she was impressed by Potter’s performance, not at all the sort of thing one would think he’d do after listening to her son’s rants. Perhaps... perhaps it was time to reassess things. It was evident to her that someone or some group was intent on destroying the Malfoy family: first the little performance in Diagon Alley and now this. No, it couldn’t be a coincidence, Lucius couldn’t buy his way out of trouble forever and she had no intention of allowing him to drag her down with him.

"Draco, pack your things. We're leaving."

"Yes, mother," Draco agreed.

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"Get in, you sick bastard," the guards said as they threw him into the cell. "Just so everyone knows, it's one of those prisoners... up for a break, Frank?"

"Three hours should do it," Frank agreed. "Don't like to leave the place without guards for so long though."

"It'll be alright," the first guard said. "What could happen in three hours, it's not like they know we're leaving, is it?"

"Course not," Lucius' new cellmate agreed. "I wouldn't have the slightest clue."

"Thanks mate," Frank said. "Try not to escape; we'll see you in three."

"Make it five."

"My name is Lucius Malfoy," Lucius said as he rose to his feet. "I expect you to stay on your side of the cell and I shall stay on mine."

"They call me Uncle Bubba," the large man replied. "And you don't tell me what ta do, Fish."

Something told Lucius, that this stay in prison wouldn't be quite as comfortable as the last one had been.

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"What?" Ron asked dully.

"I recruited several more pretty young witches to be your devoted servants, Master," Elizabeth said happily. "Will you reward me? Please, will you use THAT charm, master?"

“Fine,” Ron agreed with a sigh. “Cunnus Instigo.”

“EEEEEEEEEEk,” Elizabeth screamed. “OH Dark Wizard Jeremy.”

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Harry and Hermione were walking out of the Department of Magical Law Enforcement when they were confronted by a goblin.

“I am sorry to disturb you and your wife, Mr. Potter,” the goblin began. “But we’ve had a request that I believe you should know about.”

“What is it?” Harry asked.

“Narcissa Malfoy would like to meet with you,” the goblin explained. “I think it would be worth your while to attend.”

“Any idea what she wants?” Hermione asked.

“I believe that she wants to make a deal,” the goblin replied.

“Well?”

“Couldn’t hurt to see what she wants,” Harry said.

“I agree,” Hermione said with a nod.

“Let’s go,” Harry said to the goblin.

“Right this way, Mr. Potter,” the goblin said. They followed the goblin into Gringotts and past the tellers. “She’s right through this door.”

“Thank you.”

“Yes, thank you.”

“Hermione?”

"Ready," the girl confirmed. With a deep breath, the two friends opened the door and walked in.

"Thank you for meeting with me, Lord Black," Narcissa said in as humble a tone as she could manage.

"Lord?"

"Father used to collect muggle titles," Narcissa admitted with a frown. "I believe that you are a Lord three times and possibly a Baron or something similar. I never kept up with it and calling him Lord always put him in a good mood for when I wanted something."

"What is it you want then?" Harry asked neutrally.

"Well." Narcissa winced. She should not have said that last part.

"Out with it."

"I want to divorce Lucius and return to the Black family," Narcissa blurted. "Without your permission I'll be left without a name, no better than a muggleborn."

"What's in it for us?" Hermione demanded before Harry could speak, she'd make the woman pay for that muggleborn comment.

"The Malfoy family spells and family fortune," Narcissa replied. "While I still have access to the accounts."

"It'll also make it more difficult for him to buy his way out of trouble this time," Hermione whispered to her friend.

"What's in it for you?" Harry asked bluntly.

"A small stipend to keep me living in the style of which I am accustomed to," Narcissa said with a smile. "Everyone wins."

"You don't join Voldemort, you keep Draco under control and you behave yourself." Harry demanded. "And you get to live comfortably, otherwise..."

“Deal,” Narcissa agreed quickly. “I’d also like to add one thing.”

“What is it?”

“In the old days, families had a way of dealing with... wilful daughters.” Narcissa began. “It almost happened to my sister Andy. They would keep them locked up in an isolated and comfortable area where they couldn’t embarrass the family or be a danger to anyone.”

“So?”

“So I’d like to take my sister Bellatrix with me,” Narcissa said slowly.

“No.”

“Would you rather she be locked away where she couldn’t hurt herself and others or would you rather she was on the loose?” Narcissa sneered.

“Bellatrix can come in, her husband and brother in law...”

“I understand,” Narcissa agreed. “I never liked them anyway. I presume you want me to add their family wealth... such as it is?”

“Yes.”

“Then it looks like we have a deal, Mr. Potter.”

“Yes it does, Ms. Malfoy,” Harry agreed.

“What now?”

“Could you prepare the contract, Hermione?” Harry asked with a fond smile.

“Of course, Harry,” Hermione agreed with a smile of her own.

Narcissa bit her tongue to avoid saying something unpleasant. After a few minutes of watching the girl work, she was impressed. "Where did you find those spells? I've never seen them before."

"You wouldn't have," Hermione replied. "I created them myself."

"I see." Narcissa gave Harry a measured look. "I'm afraid I misjudged you, Potter, I apologize for that. It seems you are proper pureblood after all."

"Is it finished yet, Hermione?" Harry asked, ignoring the older woman.

"It's ready for your signatures, Harry," Hermione agreed.

AN: Narcissa is a fun character to write about, just have to give her a little intelligence.

And Twins

"Hey Angelina," Fred said as the girl walked into his shop. "Come over here a moment."

"You prank me and I'll cut off your bullocks," the girl said as she walked over to her friend and former team mate.

"What?"

"I've known you for a long time and I'm not in the mood today," Angelina explained. "Now what did you want."

"Uh... I was just wondering if you wanted to go see a play on the muggle side," Fred said quickly. Unnoticed, his left hand dropped one of the newest pranks into his pocket. "I've known you long enough to judge your moods," Fred continued in a hurt tone. "And I'd never prank you at a time like this."

"Thanks Fred," Angelina said as she hugged him. "You're a good friend."

"I try," Fred said modestly.

"I'm gonna go get ready," Angelina announced. "I'll be back soon, if we're early then you can just take me out for something to eat first."

"Right," Fred agreed. "What?" he asked his twin after the girl had left the shop.

"Just wondering what she'll do to you after she finds out there isn't a play," George replied. "Not to mention the Gargalizing Hag you just dropped into your pocket."

"Harry was raised as a muggle, wasn't he?" Fred mused.

"And so was Hermione," George agreed. "Good luck finding either of them."

"Tonks owes us a favour, doesn't she?" Fred mused.

"For that time we did that thing at that place," George agreed. "So what?"

"She knows where they've shacked up," Fred explained.

"Then good luck separating them long enough to get them to help you," George laughed. "You know what they say about the quiet ones."

"And remember that time we gave Harry the talk," Fred agreed. "Thought the poor boy would die."

"Didn't even have to embellish it," George sighed. "Pity, we spent so much time thinking things up."

"Still maintain that no one would believe that thing about the teeth," Fred mused. "Or that thing about being sideways."

"Percy did."

"Percy will believe anything you tell him with a straight face," Fred retorted. "You know that."

"Oh... yeah."

"Now that I think of it Penelope did walk around with a smile on her face for the next three weeks after we convinced him it was the way things were done."

"You don't think..."

"Not if I can avoid it O' brother mine, but do you recall that huge book we picked up in that rather dodgy book store?"

"The one with the positions that you'd have to banish a couple of ribs to get into? Kama something."

"That's the one. It could have been in there. It had things in there that no sane man'd try."

“What’d we do with that book anyway?”

“Made Ron memorize it. Convincing him that THAT was the basic primer for Sex Ed took up about an hour.”

“Where was I?”

“Convincing Percy that house elves couldn’t see nude couples so the castle kitchen was the perfect place to have a meeting of the naked kind with a girl.”

“I remember now. The food was rather random for most of that year. The elves were too polite to say anything and did most of their cooking with their eyes closed.”

“Now let’s go find our multi-faced friend,” Fred continued. “If we don’t find Harry and Hermione to get that information, then I’m toast.”

“No need to use up that favour of ours twin of mine,” George said with a grin.

“Why not?”

“Just look who’s coming up the street towards our humble little shop.”

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“Come here, Draco,” Narcissa said loudly. “I need to speak with you about something.”

“What is it, Mother?”

“We’re leaving your father,” Narcissa replied. “He’s been arrested again and with those rumours about him going around...”

“But Mother,” Draco protested. “I...”

“Be silent, Draco,” Narcissa snapped. “I have worked out a deal with the new head of House Black. He has agreed to welcome us back to the family and maintain us in the style of a pureblood.”

“Yes, Mother.”

“You will treat him with respect and you will do nothing to anger him or his wife,” Narcissa continued. “Is that understood?”

“Of course, Mother,” Draco agreed. “One must always show proper respect to the head of one of the families.”

“Even if his name is Harry Potter?”

“Potter?” Draco shouted in shock.

“Yes, Harry Potter. His wife is Hermione Granger.”

“The mudblood?” Draco asked in disgust.

“The girl that developed several security charms that I’ve never seen before,” Narcissa corrected. “Including one that allows her to put on more charms after it has been signed.”

“But...”

“It’s unbecoming to be jealous of Harry Potter because he recognized an opportunity to enrich his house that you passed up,” Narcissa said sharply. “Is that understood?”

“Yes, Mother.”

“Imagine the wealth he’ll be able to build after I give them the Malfoy family spells,” Narcissa said with a smile. “Imagine the wealth you could have brought the Malfoy family if you had allowed yourself to get past the ideas your father put into your head.”

“Yes, Mother,” Draco said in defeat.

"Maybe if you'd have done that then we could weather this latest difficulty your father's brought us," Narcissa mused. "No matter, pack your things."

"Yes, Mother."

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"Come on," Hermione said suddenly. "Let's take a walk around Diagon Alley while we're waiting for Narcissa to return."

"Sure that's a good idea?"

"I'm sure Dumbledore won't try anything in public if he doesn't want to Bones to do something unpleasant to him," Hermione said. "We can't live our lives cooped up forever."

"Let's go."

"And I'm running out of books to read," Hermione continued. "And as your wife, I command you to use the Potter fortune to keep me reading in the style to which I have become accustomed."

"I just happened to have found a bag full of gold last night," Harry said with a grin. "Wouldn't want it to go to waste."

"Statements like that are what made me marry you," Hermione said with a giggle.

"I thought your ignorance of pureblood customs is what made you marry me," Harry retorted.

"Talk like that will have you sleeping on the couch."

"We don't have a couch."

"Then I'll make you buy me a couch so you can sleep on it," Hermione said stubbornly. "The correct response is, 'Yes, Dear'."

"Yes, Dear." They both maintained their expressions for about five seconds before dissolving into laughter.

"Let's go," Hermione said as she forced Harry to his feet. "Wouldn't want to waste the day here."

"No matter how fun it is," Harry agreed.

"Wonder what Ron's up to right now," Hermione mused.

"Probably just having a quiet vacation with the rest of the family," Harry replied. "Lucky bastard."

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"Master?"

"What is it?" Ron groaned.

"You don't have a dark uniform for me and the other followers yet do you?"

"I don't even have a dark uniform for myself," Ron said. "Why?"

"I wanted to be a fashion designer if I didn't become a dark follower, Master," the girl explained.

"Feel free to design the costumes then," Ron said magnanimously.

"Oh, thank you, Master," the girl said quickly. "I just happened to have made a few drawings."

"A cape and a pair of boots?" Ron asked in shock. "That's my dark uniform?"

"Yes master," Elizabeth agreed.

"But... I need a mask too," Ron said with a sudden burst of inspiration. "Can't have anyone know who I am."

"Good point, Master," Elizabeth agreed. "Here's a big yellow mask with a smiley face on it."

"A big yellow circular mask with a smiley face on it?" Ron said dully.
"Well... no one will recognise me with that on."

"And this was what I was thinking of for the dark followers," the girl continued as she showed Ron another picture.

"What's this?"

"That's a domino mask master," the girl said. "And this is a skull bra, a bra made out of skulls."

"With itty bitty skulls on the belt?"

"Uh huh." She agreed. "But that's just for now, I think it would be better to change things around every now and again."

"Why do you get to cover up?"

"Did you want a skull bikini like us master?" the girl asked.

"Never mind," Ron said in defeat. "Good work, Elizabeth."

"Thank you, Master," the girl said modestly. "Will you use THAT charm now?"

"Fine."

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"Books, books, bookies, books," Hermione chanted as they walked down the alley.

"Really excited about that, huh?"

"Yeah," Hermione agreed.

"What about the books we picked up last night?"

"Those were mostly on cosmetic charms," Hermione replied. "For men."

"Cosmetic charms?"

"Things like how to make your blond hair sparkle like honey," Hermione agreed. "A book on potions for hairstyling. It was kinda creepy."

"Huh... guess that isn't so much of a surprise."

"Yeah."

"Harry, Hermione," Fred greeted the pair. "Just the people we wanted to see."

"Weren't you supposed to be in Romania?" Harry demanded.

"Only stayed for a bit," George explained.

"We have a shop to run."

"Couldn't stay away."

"Not with all that money to make."

"What do you take us for?"

"Rich people that can just sit around all day."

"Fine," Harry said loudly. "What do you need?"

"A play," Fred said. "I need to know about a play in muggle London to take Angelina to."

"And a nice place to get some food," George put in his own two cents. "She wanted that, too."

"Hermione?" Harry turned to his friend.

"Take her to Adam Street," Hermione said firmly. "It's near here and it's British, you can get adventurous on the next date."

"You sure she'll like that?" Fred asked. "I really think I should get a feminine perspective."

"I'm a girl," Hermione growled.

"Who spends all her time around two blokes," George said.

"One of whom is a clueless moron."

"And the other of which is our brother."

"If you don't want our help," Hermione said as she started to turn away.

"Didn't say that," Fred said quickly.

"We were just commenting on something else."

"Nothing to do with you."

"Take her to see 'The Music Man,'" Hermione said after a moment of thought. "It's not a play it's a musical, just tell her you didn't know the difference. Mum saw it and liked it."

"Could you write that down?" Fred asked.

"Here." Hermione jotted out some quick directions on a pad of paper.
"Do you have any pounds?"

"Uh... no."

"Harry, give him two hundred pounds." Hermione ordered. "You can pay us back later."

"Thanks, Mate," Fred said.

“No problem, Fred,” Harry replied.

“Now let’s go get some books,” Hermione demanded.

“Bye guys,” Harry said as he was dragged off.

“Sad to see what she did to him,” George said to his brother.

“His sacrifice was not in vain,” Fred said solemnly.

“Got her to help us with Angelina.”

“Help ‘me’, you mean.”

“Don’t think she would have just hurt you, Mate.”

“Would have pretended not to know the difference and killed us both,” Fred agreed.

“Ready Fred?” Angelina called out as she came towards the shop.

“Just have to take these robes off,” Fred replied.

“Just a second,” George agreed.

“So what play are we seeing.”

“The Music Man,” Fred said.

“It’s not a play,” George whispered to the girl. “It’s a musical, moron didn’t know the difference.”

“He is a boy,” Angelina whispered back. “How’d you know the difference.”

“I’m all cultured and stuff,” George replied proudly.

“Really?”

“Yup.”

"Oh... I thought it was because you were gay."

"I'm not gay," George said firmly.

"Then why haven't you made a move on Katie?" Angelina demanded. "And don't say it's because you're immature. Fred is twice as immature as you are and he set up what promises to be a wonderful date."

"I... was planning on it," George said slowly. "But I thought I'd help my twin first... you know how immature he is."

"I thought it was something like that," Angelina said thoughtfully. "I'll tell Katie."

"You do that," George said glumly.

"I will," Angelina said happily. The day was looking up, first she had a date, then she got the better of George in a debate, and finally she'd arranged another date for her best friend. Who said the twins couldn't be trained?

"Ready to go?" Fred asked as he walked up.

"Yeah," Angelina agreed.

AN: Angelina is fun to write too. I put her in because she doesn't get much time in the majority of stories I've read, making an effort to give some time to characters I don't normally write.

Loving Lovegood

"Get your dark costumes on," Elizabeth said. "Everyone shave? We want to make sure our nether regions are bare to accept our Lord's mark... and anything else he might want them to accept."

"Anyone need a last minute depilatory charm?" One of the other girls asked.

"We're all ready, Master," Elizabeth yelled out. After a few seconds of waiting she called again. "Master?"

"You really expect me to come out like this?" Ron demanded.

"Of course we do, Master," the girl agreed.

Hesitantly, Ron slowly walked out into the room with his hands over his... todger. "Ok?"

"What's wrong, Master?" Elizabeth looked close to tears.

"I think I know," another girl said slowly.

"What is it, Gretchen?"

"It's cold in here," Gretchen said. "And while you did a good job, Master's uniform lacks a certain... something."

"What do you suggest?"

"We add a posing pouch," Gretchen said with a nod. "That will be perfect."

"Black leather?"

"Too traditional," Gretchen mused. "What are those little pastel candies called?"

"That way we can eat it during the post raid orgy," Elizabeth said in delight. "Gretchen, you're the greatest."

"I try," the other girl said modestly.

"We're ready to take your mark now, Master," they said to Ron.

"Hmwa?" Ron began drooling when he saw all the girls bare themselves.

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"Well?" Harry asked as Narcissa walked into the room.

"It's done," she said. "I had the goblins put the Malfoy fortune into your vaults and I also had them transfer the Malfoy properties to you for the sum of two knuts." The woman smirked. "Never let it be said that I left him without two knuts to rub together."

"And the Lestranges?"

"Fell into a vat of acid," Narcissa said as she examined her fingernails.
"Tragic."

"Which leaves the family magic," Harry said with a satisfied nod.

"Here's the Lestrange book of family magic," Narcissa said as she tossed it on the counter. "I couldn't open it and neither could my sister, and here is the Malfoy book. It's all on breaking the sort of charms you had your wife put on the contract. I have no doubt that with this your house will be as famous for them as it now is for wards."

"Good work, Narcissa," Harry said with a satisfied smile. "Here."

"What's this?" She asked.

"It's a moderate sized house on the coast," Harry explained. "Moderate compared to the Malfoy home anyway. It includes a large room with a private balcony warded to keep in a person set by the owner. I expect that you understand."

"I do... thank you."

“Is there anything else you wanted to discuss?”

“Not at this time,” Narcissa said. “Perhaps later.”

“You can contact me through the goblins.”

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“I had a great time, Fred,” Angelina said with a smile. “We should do this again sometime.”

“How about tomorrow?” Fred said with a smile.

“I’d like that,” Angelina agreed. That said, she leaned in and gave the boy a kiss. “Later.”

“Later,” Fred agreed with a dazed look on his face.

“So how was it?” George asked when he saw his brother wander in.

“She kissed me.”

“I’m fairly sure that was a good sign,” George replied. “Unless it was the kiss of death.”

“Not sure it was... could have been.”

“Something to look into anyway.”

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“And this is the apartment,” the goblin said.

“I love the windows,” Hermione said with a smile.

“One way,” the goblin said proudly. “Would you rather it had vaulted ceilings?”

“You can do that?” She asked eagerly.

“Watch,” the goblin said with a smile. They watched as he made a strange hand gesture.

“Ohhh,” Hermione squealed as the ceilings became vaulted. “I like this very much.”

“How much?” Harry asked bluntly.

“To rent or to buy?” The goblin asked.

“To buy,” Harry said.

“Would you rather money or jobs?”

“What do you mean?”

“Work three jobs for us without pay and it’s yours,” the goblin said. “That’s giving you a break, in cash it would be the same amount as five.”

“Why so generous?” Hermione asked.

“As we’ve said before,” the goblin explained. “We want to keep you happy and we really want to keep you from going on your own and severing your relationship with Gringotts.”

“Deal,” Harry said as he held out his hand. “Send over the paperwork.”

“We will, Mr. Potter,” the goblin said as he shook Harry’s hand. “May your dealings stay profitable.”

“May gold fly away from your foes,” Harry said. “And if it doesn’t, tell me. I might be able to arrange something.”

“You’ve been reading your father’s notes I see,” the goblin said savagely. “You’ve already destroyed two families, what are you going to do as an encore?”

"Ask me tomorrow," Harry said with a grin.

"Hah," the goblin barked. "Mrs. Potter, would you grant me a boon?"

"What is it?"

"Do me the favour of warning me if I should ever anger your husband," the goblin said. "So I might put my affairs into order and visit one of the security dragons."

"Visit one of the security dragons?"

"I'm sure that it would be quicker and considerably less painful," the goblin explained. "Not to mention giving me the fleeting satisfaction of depriving him of the pleasure of doing the deed himself."

"I will," Hermione said with a laugh. "But remember that you owe me one."

"I shall never forget such a thing, dear lady."

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Ron lay on his back with his eyes wide open, the girls had just finished showing him how grateful they were at getting their new dark marks and one thought kept running through his head. That was what they wanted to do, he thought to himself. What in the hell had kept him from doing that before? Gods, if he had known that this is what Dark Lords did then he would have turned evil long ago.

"Master," his first follower groaned.

"Yes?"

"What's your grand mission?"

"Yeah Master," Gretchen agreed. "Do you want us to keep attacking muggles and muggleborns?"

“No! Absolutely not! Voldemort is going to be killed soon because he believes that nonsense.”

“Then, what is our purpose? Who should we kill?”

Ron desperately tried to think of an answer that his mother would approve of. If he suggested that they kill Death Eaters, his mother would freak about him putting himself in such danger; if he suggested killing anyone else, she’d freak out for another reason. “Um... Make love, not war?” he offered tentatively?

“Hmm, maybe we could create a wide area spell to lower inhibitions, and make people unafraid of rejection, but how could we make people feel amorous?”

Without thinking, Ron slipped back into the habits gained by spending time with Hermione in research mode, and offered an answer without thinking about what he was getting into, “Oh, I can do that easily.”

Thus the “First Monthly Diagon Alley ‘Snugglebunnyfest’ was planned.

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“What are you reading?” Harry asked, his friend was reading a worn-looking, leather-bound book.

“Your mother’s diary,” Hermione replied. “I finally figured out how to get things out of our leather bags, just reach your hand in and think of getting an inventory. Everything else is taken out the same way.”

“Why are you reading my mother’s diary?”

“It told me to on the first page,” Hermione said absently.

“Give it here when you’re done,” Harry said after a moment of thought.

“It told me not to on the first page,” Hermione replied. “And I don’t think you’d want to read it... unless of course you want to read your mother’s tips on how I should make your toes curl and on what your father used to like.”

"Right then," Harry said quickly. "Who do you think we should go after next?"

"Some place easy," Hermione mused. "How about the Lovegood house?"

"I thought we weren't going to go after light families?" Harry asked.

"We'll return anything we take," Hermione said firmly. "Hell, we can even leave a copy of the Malfoy family spells if you like."

"I don't know..."

"Harry." Hermione hit him with the puppy dog eyes.

"Fine." Harry broke. "Let's get changed."

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"Time to go to bed, Father," Luna said firmly.

"Isn't it a bit early my little dwarf pine?"

"It's 'that' night, Father," Luna said even more firmly, "and I don't want you to do anything to scare them away."

"Alright, foxglove," he agreed. "Did you brush your teeth?"

"Yes, Father."

"Well then did I brush my teeth?"

"Yes, Father."

"Don't forget the skimpy underwear sloth."

"I'm not going to be wearing any skimpy underwear, Father," Luna said after a moment of thought.

"How are you going to attract them if you don't wear skimpy underwear?" He asked in exasperation.

"I've decided to go skyclad, father," Luna replied.

"Just like your mother," he said with a tear in his eye. "Did I tell you about how we used to play Death Eater and helpless victim?"

"Many times, Father," Luna agreed. "It was my bedtime story, remember?"

"Oh, yeah."

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"There it is," Hermione said. "Doesn't look like anyone's awake."

"Still don't feel right about knocking over the Lovegood house," Harry said with a frown.

"We need the practice. Besides, rumour has it that they have spells that allow them to get glimpses of the future," Hermione whispered back. "Besides, I'm curious to know why it has the word 'avoid' underlined five times in the book your parents left you."

"Fine, let's go." They crept towards the house and Harry quickly disarmed the spells holding the door closed. "We're in."

"You check the upstairs," Hermione said quietly. "I'm going to check out this safe."

Harry ghosted up the stairs without making a sound. Coming to an open door, he tip toed in and froze when he realised he wasn't alone.

"I know why you're here," Luna's voice whispered. The lights went on to reveal Luna reclining in her bed, Luna pulled off her covers to reveal that she wasn't wearing a stitch of clothing. "Go ahead, do your worst."

"Murgle," Harry's eyes widened in shock and he slowly backed out of the room.

"Hey," Luna called after him. "Where are you going?"

Harry had to force himself not to run as he darted down the stairs to meet his partner. "We have to get out of here."

"Why?" Hermione whispered back.

"There you are," Luna said in delight. "And you brought a friend."

"Oh." Hermione looked up at Luna in all her glory.

"So," Luna began. "Are you going to take turns or are you going to ravish me together?"

"Run," Harry screamed and the two friends bolted out the house with Luna in hot pursuit.

"Come back here and ravish me," Luna demanded.

"Run faster, Hound," Hermione yelled.

"I'm going as fast as I can, Fox," Harry yelled back.

"Grab my hand," Hermione ordered. "I'm going to try something reckless and dangerous."

"Right," Harry agreed as she took his hand.

"Oh darn," Luna said as the pair disappeared with a loud pop. "They are as prudish as I thought they'd be, I guess we'll just have to rely on the plan then."

Harry and Hermione reappeared in their new apartment and Harry caught his friend before she could fall to the ground. "Are you ok Hermione?"

"Just give me a second to catch my breath," she replied.

"Let's never try to rob a light family ever again," Harry suggested.

"I agree. Hold me?"

"Only if you'll hold me," Harry said as he pulled his friend tight.
"Who'd have thought we'd get that reaction."

"It is Luna," Hermione pointed out. "About the take, I'm not sure we got their spells."

"Why don't you take a look," Harry said. "After checking to make sure the security charms are disabled of course. You wouldn't want to get married to Luna's father would you?"

"There aren't any security charms on it," Hermione said. "Hmmm."

"What is it?" Harry demanded. "Did you get them?"

"Uh... these aren't family spells"

"So what are they?"

"Stories," Hermione said absently. "Erotic stories... in Luna's handwriting."

"What are they about?"

"This one is about you and me," Hermione replied. "This one is about you and Luna... uh..."

"What is it?" Harry demanded.

"This next one..." Hermione took a deep breath to steady her nerves.
"This next one is about Luna and me. Uh... this one is about you me and Luna."

"What?"

“This next one is about Luna polyjuiced into You, You polyjuiced into me, and me polyjuiced into Luna...”

“Hermione...”

“Yes Harry?”

“Didn’t you say that the Lovegoods could see the future?”

“Uh... can’t be,” Hermione said finally. “This one has the Fox ambushing me and tying me to the frame of my bed and then going out on a job with you.” Hermione giggled. “Then she petrifies you and ravishes me... and then ravishes you.”

“Oh good,” Harry said in relief. “You’re the Fox so that couldn’t happen... unless.”

“Unless what?”

“Mum used a time turner to give herself a black eye.”

“I’m not going to use a time turner to ravish myself, Harry,” Hermione groaned.

“And I’m sure no one else would put on your costume and pretend to be the Fox,” Harry said confidently.

“Eeep, let’s... let’s find something else to talk about.”

AN: Google Posing Pouch, but first be sure to insure that there are no sharp objects around that you can use to gouge out your eyes so as to avoid any unfortunate . . . accidents.

The Music Man

"Welcome to the service of the most feared Dark Lord in history," Peter announced to the group. Normally Lucius did this job but since he'd been arrested it had been dropped into Wormtail's lap, though it was strange that he hadn't just bought his way out of trouble like he normally did.

"Man this sucks," one of the new recruits whispered to his friend as the rat like man continued to drone.

"Yeah man, like total sausage fest."

"Is there something you'd like to share with the rest of the group?" Wormtail demanded.

"Like... where are the chicks, man?"

"They've all been disappearing lately," Peter admitted with a frown.
"Shall I continue?"

"You mean there aren't any chicks?" the boy demanded.

"No."

"Then screw this noise," the boy said as he began taking off his dark robes. "The only reason I joined is to meet girls."

"Me, too."

"Yeah man."

"Wait, you can't do this." Peter watched in horror as the majority of the recruits took off their dark robes and left. "Well at least you men stayed."

"Just to be clear," one of the few remaining recruits began. "It's nothing but men in the service of the dark lord right?"

"For the most part," Peter said slowly.

“Great,” the boy cheered.

“Uh... as I was saying...”

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“Well?” Harry asked nervously.

“I sent the stories back to Luna using an anonymous owl,” Hermione said quickly. “You?”

“I explained to Hedwig that if we send something by another owl that it’s because the letter or package is something that is unworthy of being carried by the greatest and most intelligent owl in the world,” Harry replied. “And that using her to deliver it would be like using Rembrandt’s paintings as toilet paper. I also added that it was wrong to severely beat other owls and take their mail... I uh... don’t think she listened to that last bit.”

“Good,” Hermione said in relief. “Nothing to do now but forget that last night ever happened.”

“I still think we should have used memory charms,” Harry muttered.

“Drinking until we can’t feel is not a memory charm,” Hermione growled. “I don’t know why you won’t listen.”

“Because neither of us know any memory charms,” Harry said. “Or at least I don’t.”

“I’m not going to use the one I know,” Hermione said. “Side effects may include having your brain leak out your ear and night terrors.”

“Humph.”

“Fine be that way, humph.” Their sulking was interrupted by a knock on the door.

“Who could that be?” Harry asked.

"No one is supposed to know we live here," Hermione agreed.

"Check the charms," Harry suggested.

"It's a goblin."

"Oh... let's see what he wants." Harry walked over and opened the door. "Yes?"

"Auror Tonks is looking for the two of you," the goblin explained. "Would you like me to show her this place or would you rather I set up a meeting somewhere else?"

"I trust Tonks," Harry said.

"Yes, bring her here."

"She's waiting in the shop downstairs," the goblin said. "It won't take but a moment."

"What do you think she wants?" Hermione asked.

"I've already repressed every memory that might help me answer that question," Harry said with his nose in the air.

"Oh... yeah."

"Hey guys," Tonks said as she walked in. "Nice place you have here."

"Thank you, Tonks," Hermione said. "I haven't had the chance to do much decorating... do you think you could stop by later and help me give the place a woman's touch?"

"Of course I could," Tonks agreed. The other girl's hopeful look tugged at her heartstrings. "Bet Harry's no help for that sort of thing."

"Not much," Hermione agreed. "What did you need?"

"Fox and the Hound have struck again." Tonks dropped the smile and turned back into a professional Auror. "This time they tried to hit the Lovegoods, bloody idiots should have known better."

"Why do you say that?" Harry asked.

"Everyone knows that you don't try to rob and or kill any member of the Lovegood family," Tonks said firmly. "If I remember right, Luna's grandmother used to be one of Grindelwald's most feared killers before Luna's grandfather did... something to him."

"Oh?"

"Same thing happened to the previous Fox and Hound," Tonks continued. "Shack tells me that he was there when they tried to arrest them as they came out of the Lovegood house."

"Really."

"Said the Fox knocked over three people on her way out and that the Hound went through a group of Aurors like they were school children. Whatever they saw." Tonks shuddered. "I don't even want to know."

Harry and Hermione shared a glance. "Let's go then."

"Here, take my hand." Tonks held out her hand. "I'll get you there in a jiff."

They arrived at the Lovegood residence with a pop and Harry spent several minutes examining the wards. "These are rather shoddy, let me just put some new ones up and we can be on our way."

"You aren't going to investigate?" Tonks demanded.

"I can't see any signs of entry," Harry replied quickly.

"What did you say they took?" Hermione asked to distract the Auror from her friend.

"That's the strange thing," Tonks began. "Luna tells me that they just took some stories she wrote using the family spells."

"Oh?" Hermione said nervously.

"Yeah," Tonks agreed. "She also said that they were returned this morning. Weird, huh?"

"Very."

"Got it," Harry said. "Shored everything up and filled in the gaps."

"Harry, Hermione." Luna said in delight. "You've come to rescue me."

"Rescue you?"

"I demand that you take my daughter with you when you hunt those thieves down," Luna's father appeared suddenly. "They refused to ravish my daughter and that is an insult that I can never forgive."

"Oh, Father, I'm sure that they were just shy."

"Are you sure, skunk weed?"

"I'm sure, Father," Luna agreed. "Just give me a bit of time to work with them and I'm sure that I'll be properly ravished."

"If you say so, crab apple."

"I say so, Father," Luna said with a dreamy grin.

"Let's get out of here," Harry whispered to his friend.

"You'll be right behind me," Hermione agreed.

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Fred and Angelina re-entered Diagon Alley that afternoon.

"I mean, yes, it was a good musical, but to see it twice in two days? What's up with that?" the tall, athletic Chaser asked.

"I'll show you in a minute."

"And why the memorization charm?"

"Here we are. Step over there and watch." Fred directed Angelina. Fred conjured a small wooden box and stepped on it, facing the newest establishment in the wizarding shopping street, the Diagon Alley Pool Hall and Bar.

"My friends," Fred began.

"Well, either you're closing your eyes...

... To a situation you do now wish to acknowledge...

... And that rhymes with "P" and that stands for pool!"

And in a singsong voice, Fred collected a crowd of people who looked at the Pool Hall in disgust as he finished the song from *The Music Man*.

It was the reaction that he mostly wanted. Fred and George just loved being at the centre of attention. They might have gone into acting had they not been so in love with pranks.

What he didn't expect was the voice that yelled out after he finished (and bowed to his audience):

"Fred for Minister!"

The chant was quickly taken up as the new candidate slowly made his way back to his shop. Angelina, following as well as she could with the crowd, overheard bits and pieces of conversation.

"Yea, that Fred Weasley's got new ideas!"

"He cares for the children."

"He knows how to talk to a crowd. Ain't never heard Fudge so fair spoken."

She shook her head.

The event certainly was good for Weasley Wizarding Wheezes, though. The crowd followed Fred into the store, and a good number picked up something. After a half hour of sales and "You've got my vote, Fred," the store returned to its normal state of business.

At which point Angelina, who had finally reached Fred's side, noticed an Auror enter the shop and make his way towards them.

"What can I do for you, officer," Fred asked.

"Just wanted to say I enjoyed your speech, Mr. Weasley. Good luck on your candidacy. But I just wanted to point out, in case you didn't know, that Fudge owns the pool hall."

"Oh. That fits with the story, so I'm not surprised. Well thank you officer."

"Have a nice day, Mr. Weasley. Oh, and you have my vote."

"Good job, Fred," Angelina whispered. "But I want our next date to be a bit quieter."

"Tomorrow afternoon?" Fred suggested.

"Sure," Angelina agreed. "Just don't take me to the same musical again, twice is enough."

"Right."

"This is where you kiss me goodbye," she demanded.

"Right," he agreed with a smile. "Come over here."

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"Well?" Dumbledore asked.

"Potter has moved to a new and unknown location," Kingsley said. "Before he did, I managed to make an... unofficial survey of his prior residence."

"Did you find anything?" Dumbledore asked eagerly.

"I managed to get into Potter's chest, yes," Kingsley agreed.

"Well?"

"I'd rather not say," the Auror demurred.

"Out with it, man," Snape demanded.

"Potter has... Potter has the largest collection of pornography I've ever seen," he admitted. "Things in his collection go back centuries."

"Harry collects pornography?" Dumbledore asked dully.

"Loads and loads of it," Kingsley agreed. "Things I've never heard of; statues, paintings, drawings, pictures, books, magazines. You name it and he's got it."

"Harry collects pornography?" Dumbledore asked dully.

"I believe he already answered that question Albus," Snape said gently.

"You think you know someone," Dumbledore said slowly.

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"Cissy," Bellatrix squealed. "You've come to visit."

"That I have, Sister," Narcissa agreed. "How are you liking it here?"

"It's great," Bellatrix replied quickly. "I have books to read and a garden and it's so fun."

"I found something to make it even better," Narcissa said with a grin.
"Look who I have?"

"Mister Poki," Bella squealed as she hugged her childhood toy.
"Where did you find him?"

"He was packed up in one of mother's boxes." She didn't bother mentioning that it had taken her several days to find the stuffed thestral. Damn Voldemort and Azkaban for what they had done to her sister.

"Have a seat, Sister," Narcissa suggested. "Is there anything you'd like to do?"

"Read to me," Bellatrix demanded.

"Alright," Narcissa agreed. "Fox in Socks by Doctor Seuss..."

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The people in Diagon Alley began looking around nervously when loud music drowned out all the normal sounds of commerce.

"What's that on the roof of that building?" One of the people screamed.

"It is I," Ron replied. "The Dark Wizard Jeremy..."

"And us, his dark minions the Dark Bunnies."

"Dark Bunnies?" One of the people overcame their fear long enough to ask.

"Silence," Ron screamed. "It is time for you all to taste my wrath."

"NO."

"YES," Ron yelled back as he cast his spell. "Bwahahaha...Evil."

"Yay, Master," the minions cheered.

"Come girls, let us be off."

"What did he do? I don't... I gotta go home."

In ones, twos, and in one case tens. The people of Diagon Alley went off in search of a private place to... relieve some tension.

"Fred," Angelina growled.

"Got just the thing," Fred agreed quickly. "The WWW Patented Prototype Portable Bed."

It was a scene that repeated itself several times throughout the wizarding world. The long-term effects wouldn't be felt for nine months when the wizarding population in the United Kingdom tripled. In the short term, people were already beginning to regret snap decisions made in the heat of the moment...

"See you later, sonny boy," Neville's Gran said as she popped her teeth back into her mouth.

"Oh god," Dean managed to gasp between dry heaves.

AN: Look up 'the Music Man' if you want to know all the song Fred sang, didn't include it to comply with

The Beer Can

Ginny growled as she read the paper. Someone had stolen the family spells, someone was using the family spells to do evil, and someone had to find out who. That someone was her... uh, the last someone not the first two.

"I'm going out, Mum," Ginny called out. "If I don't come back, avenge my death."

"Be back in time for dinner," Molly replied absently. "Wait, what?"

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"Come again?" Fred said with an odd look on his face.

"The Minister challenges you to a debate, outside, right now," the flunky replied pompously, "you gonna throw down? Or are you a jive turkey?"

"Better do it, Fred," Angelina said sympathetically. "You wouldn't want the people to think that you're a jive turkey... whatever that is."

"I'll be right out," Fred agreed. "Just need to jot down a few notes."

"I pity the fool that gots to jot down notes," the man said as he walked out.

"Who was he?" Angelina asked.

"Hmmm?" Fred looked up, "that's just Phil... he had a little accident with a falling brick, don't worry about him."

"Oh."

"Keep these safe for me," Fred said as he handed his girlfriend the notes he'd been working on.

"Jive turkey jammer?" Angelina read.

"New idea for a prank," Fred explained. "Well, can't keep the Minister waiting."

"FRED, FRED, FRED." The crowd cheered as they caught their first glimpse of their newest hero.

"Good people," Fudge screamed. "A bit of silence if you please. The first thing you have to ask yourself, is if you want the Ministry to be run by an incompetent childish moron or someone of experience."

"We tried the first and we're ready for a change," Angelina replied loudly. No one messed with her boyfriend but her.

"I... er... that is," Fudge stammered.

"Now's your chance," Angelina whispered. "Don't let him get his balance back."

Fred looked over the crowd, judging its mood. "My opponent, Cornelius Fudge took fifteen hundred Galleons from Lucius Malfoy for a pardon."

"Uh... I can explain that," Fudge said nervously.

"I'll sell pardons for half that," Fred said loudly. "Vote for me, the economic choice."

"I'll uh... stop the dark thing and his uh... things." Fudge offered weakly.

"I'll publicly execute them," Fred retorted. "And I'll sell tickets to see the executions at a reasonable price, kids get in free and seniors get a fifteen percent discount."

"I'll insure that there are plenty of new jobs for recent graduates," Fudge tried again.

"I'll deport those damned kids if they give me any lip," Fred said quickly. "Few years abroad will do them good and teach them some

respect... might also give them a chance to come home with a bit of treasure."

"I'll keep you safe from the dark wizard Jeremy." Fudge was on his last legs.

"I'll keep your daughters safe from the dark wizard Jeremy," Fred rebutted.

"FRED, FRED, FRED, FRED." The crowd chanted.

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"What's going on out there?" Hermione asked sleepily.

"You wouldn't believe me if I told you," Harry replied with a shocked look on his face. "And I doubt you'd believe it if you saw it. Go back to bed, I'll put up some silencing charms."

"Thanks, Harry." Hermione yawned and stumbled back into the bedroom.

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"I'm told that you can get me an in with the newest dark lord," Ginny whispered to the sleazy looking man in the alley.

"What's in it for me?" the man asked as he leered at the young girl.

"I don't pluck your eyes out and fry them with my eggs," Ginny said with a smile. "Well... unless I get hungry."

"I'll be right back," the man said nervously. "You aren't getting hungry right now are you?"

"Maybe just a bit," Ginny admitted.

"Here's some money." The man handed Ginny a large sack of gold. "Wait in that cafe over there and order something filling."

"Thanks, Mister," Ginny replied. "Just don't take too long, I get crabby if I have to hunt people down."

"I'll be right back," the man promised.

"Wow," Ginny commented to herself. "Being a dark witch is easy."

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"What?" Neville asked in shock.

"I want you to go join that nice Wizard Jeremy," his Gran replied. "Fellow sounded like he had some interesting ideas."

"But... but he's a Dark Wizard," Neville protested.

"Might also be a good place to meet a nice pureblood girl," she mused. "I'm not getting any younger and I want to see my great grandchildren before I'm too old to enjoy playing with them."

"I..."

"I didn't ask for any back talk," she said sharply.

"Yes, Gran," Neville agreed. "I'll go pack."

"No need, I already had a costume made up for me."

"What's this?" Neville asked as he pulled out a small piece of fabric.

"It's a studded black leather posing pouch... it belonged to your father."

"And this?" Neville asked as he pulled out a black leather mask with a zipper on the mouth.

"Gimp mask, it belonged to your grandfather."

"Why are there two belts, Gran?"

"You're supposed to wear them across your chest," the old woman explained. "So they form an X."

"No shoes?"

"I thought you could wear that pair of dragon hide boots you got from your uncle on your last birthday."

"Yes, Gran."

Meanwhile, Dean was curled up in the foetal position on the floor of his shower and crying. The boy's skin was raw from all the scrubbing and bottles of empty mouthwash were scattered around the bathroom like rats in a low rent apartment... but that has nothing to do with the story so we'll be moving along.

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"Master?" Elizabeth called out. "The new recruits are here."

"Excellent," Ron said. "How many do we have?"

"Just three, Master," she replied.

"Send in the first one," Ron commanded.

"Right this way." The girls led the first recruit in and presented him to their master.

"I... Neville?"

"You know me... uh Lord Jeremy?"

"Call me Ron," Ron said. "Uh... what brings you here?"

"Gran wanted me to come here and find a nice pureblood girl," Neville replied with a blush.

"Uh... right, first thing you need is a costume."

"Gran made one up for me," Neville said. "I've just been too embarrassed to put it on."

"Then all you need is an evil name," Ron mused. "Something to strike fear into the hearts of our foes."

"I was hoping I could be named after my grandfather," Neville said with a smile. "Peter."

"Any idea for a last name?"

"Nope," Neville said.

"How about giving him a direction," Elizabeth suggested. "Like Peter West or Peter South."

"Peter North," Gretchen said firmly. "Welcome to the service of the Dark Wizard Jeremy, Peter North."

"Thanks," Neville said. "What do you want me to do?"

"Change into your costume and mingle," Ron said with a shrug. "Tell them that you're my new Dark Enforcer if anyone asks."

"Right..." Neville agreed.

"Here's a pamphlet on what our goals are and a survey we give to all the new recruits,"

"Thanks," Neville said.

"Here's the next one, Master," Gretchen said. "She calls herself, Scarlet."

Ron's eyes bugged out under his big yellow mask with a smiley face when he saw the new girl. "Elizabeth."

"Yes, Master?"

"The other new recruit... that's my sister."

"Oh... Kinky."

"NO IT'S NOT KINKY," Ron screamed. "Tell her that we don't have a place for her in our organization and that we appreciate her interest."

"I understand, Master," the girl agreed meekly.

"Then threaten to tell her mum if she doesn't go home and behave herself," Ron continued. "And get her to put more robes on."

"Yes, Master."

"Make sure she knows we're serious about this," Ron continued. "I don't want her here and I don't want her to come back."

"I understand, Master," Elizabeth said. "It's be awkward to do that sort of thing around your younger sister... this might be the wrong time to mention that my younger sister wants to join and that I promised to put in a good word for her. Please, Master, she's always wanted to be a follower of a dark lord and if you don't take her then she'll be stuck with the other guy."

"Fine," Ron said. "Anything, just get my sister out of here."

"Thank you, Master."

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Neville put on his costume and made a beeline to the punch bowl where he was joined a few minutes later by a blushing girl in a mask.

"Hi," Neville unzipped his mouth and said awkwardly.

"You must be the Dark Enforcer of the North," the girl replied. "The Dark Wizard Jeremy told me about you a few minutes ago when he gave me my mark."

"Yeah," Neville agreed. "I guess so."

"I'm Kitty Smalls," the girl introduced herself. "Mind if I join you?"

"Go ahead," Neville said. "But I'm afraid I won't be much company."

"Sorry," the girl said. "I don't even know why I'm here, I only came because my parents insisted that I join a Dark Wizard and I didn't want to join the one in England."

"Yeah," Neville agreed. "I know how you feel. My Gran wanted me to come here because she said the new Dark Wizard had some great ideas... she also wants me to meet a nice pureblood girl."

"My mum said the same thing when she sent me out the door," the girl agreed. "Say... you want to find somewhere a bit more private so we can talk?"

"Sure," Neville agreed. "It's kinda crowded in here."

The two of them spent the next few hours talking until finally 'Kitty' leaned in for a kiss. "That was nice."

"Yeah," Neville agreed. "But isn't it a bit strange kissing through the masks?"

"Is it ok to take them off?"

"I think so," Neville agreed. The two teens took a deep breath and removed their masks.

"Neville?" The girl gasped. "You're the Dark Enforcer of the North?"

"Daphne?" Neville choked. "You're Kitty Smalls?"

"Well..." the girl began after an awkward pause and a glance at Neville's lap. "You certainly put the 'Long' in Longbottom don't you."

"I..."

"Mum'll be so happy that I found a nice pureblood boyfriend," Daphne continued with a smile. "You... you are my boyfriend aren't you?"

"I don't just go around kissing every girl I meet," Neville agreed stiffly.

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"So I was thinking," Hermione said with a smile. "We should branch out and hit a target in the muggle world."

"Really?" Harry asked with false astonishment. "I was just thinking the same thing."

"But whatever shall we rob?" Hermione asked. "It has to be some place easy to get to."

"Why don't we just rob the first place we come across?" Harry suggested.

"Excellent idea Harry, thinking like that is what made me marry you."

"I thought lack of research is what made you marry me?"

"Whatever," Hermione shrugged it off. "Back to the task at hand." The two teens grinned and turned back to the building in front of them, the building bearing a sign that identified it as the corporate headquarters of the Grunnings Drill Works."

"Shall we?" Harry said offering his arm.

"We shall," Hermione agreed as she took his arm.

AN: More to come, lots of chapters to edit.

Omake by

Here's a scene I hope the story never gets to reach.

"Ronald Weasley, alias Ron Jeremy, for the crime of impelling people to shag thereby increasing the birth rate of our slowly dying world; we find you guilty as charged.

"You will be given a sentence of two years in prison and the order of Merlin, first class.

"And may god have mercy on your soul. And on mine."

Addition by Deric

As he was being led away by the Chief Auror, Kingsley whispered to Ron, "The 'prison' is an island in the Azores. Alicia says to stay there for three years before running amok here again. She and Tonks want to have their children a minimum of three years apart."

Dark Marks be Useful

“Office supplies?” Hermione asked. “You’re stealing office supplies?”

“You said all the computers were too old to bother with,” Harry tried to defend himself. “Besides, we’ve got these bags so we can take whatever we want.”

“You do know that old or not, computers have a lot of gold in them.”

“So you’re telling me that we should steal the computers?”

“Watch,” Hermione huffed. “First we look under the desk and what do we have here? A password and user name.”

“I see.”

“We log on and... wow, Vernon has been a very bad boy. He’s been diverting small amounts of money away from the company and into his account.”

“Really?”

“Yep, fractions of cents from every transaction.” Hermione explained. “And he also made the mistake of leaving his banking information in here.”

“Whatever are we to do?”

“I believe that draining the company accounts into Vernon’s is the only thing to do... and of course the only thing to do then is to drain Vernon’s accounts into that private account in Dubai.”

“Not Lichtenstein?” Harry asked. “I’d really rather it go to Lichtenstein.”

“Fine,” Hermione agreed. “I’ll transfer it out of our account in Dubai later and close it.”

"It's not that I don't like Dubai you understand," Harry defended himself. "It's just... well, it's hot there."

"They do have a thing called Air Conditioning you know," Hermione muttered.

"I don't care."

"Well... I guess the important thing is that we robbed Grunnings and framed Vernon."

"Not to mention robbing Vernon and framing Vernon," Harry pointed out.

"But before we go," Hermione said. "Accio Gold."

"Wonder what they'll make of that?" Harry said with a smile. At their feet was a rather large pile of scrap gold and in front of them were several wrecked computers.

"Who cares," Hermione replied. "Let's get out of here."

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"Have you seen Elizabeth, Gretchen?"

"Not for a while. Is there anything I can do... for you?"

"Well, It's this cape she designed. It feels a bit awkward around the shoulders and neck, and I'm not sure if it doesn't fit quite right, or if I'm wearing it wrong, or if it's just that I'm not used to being without a shirt."

"You could summon her, you know."

"How do you think I should do that?"

"Come here and look closely at my dark mark, my proof of loyalty to you, then picture Elizabeth in your mind and that you want to see her here while you touch the mark on my bare thigh."

Gretchen shivered as she felt her master's touch, she hadn't ruled out the possibility of being number one in the dark harem, or at the very least she was going to make damn sure she didn't slip to number three.

When Ron's magic went into the mark, an interesting thing happened. Something that showed one of the fundamental differences between their styles of evil... uh evilness. When Voldemort used his dark mark to summon someone, he revelled in the idea of them submitting to him and suffering pain just to show that they were still his slaves. When Ron had his nose nearly touching her privates, and thought about Wanting Elizabeth to join them, pain was the last thing on his mind. Scent is an excellent aid in recalling memories, and can be a behavioural modifier at times.

Between the image in front of him and the image in his mind of Elizabeth, the sensation he forced through Gretchen to share with Elizabeth was quite different. Gretchen cried out in pleasure and collapsed onto a convenient fainting couch. "Thank you, Master," the girl moaned.

After a few moments, a blushing Elizabeth walked into the room. "Master, why did you send me that sensation?"

"I was hoping you'd come."

"Oh, yes. I most certainly did."

Ron blushed, and clarified, "I meant I was hoping you'd come here."

Elizabeth reached behind her for the clasp to the skull bra, inadvertently thrusting her chest forward, "Gladly, but please be gentle with me, I'm still quite sensitive after the last one."

"That's not what... to hell with it, we can deal with that later."

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"Evil walks among us," the man began. "Not in the form of Dark Lord what's his name, all he can do is ruin our bodies. The Dark Wizard Jeremy can ruin our purity, he can make us do... things."

"Shut up," one of the crowd yelled back.

"I see that he's gotten to you," the man said sadly. "But he hasn't gotten to the rest of us."

"You say it brother," Dean yelled. "Spread the word so we don't have to spread... oh god." A wide circle opened up around the vomiting boy and everyone did their best to ignore him.

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Ginny growled in frustration, not let her join will they? And what a stupid reason to turn her application down. I mean, it wasn't her fault that her family was friendly with Harry 'I stomp Dark Lords for fun' Potter. And it was possible that Harry would have been good enough to put off defeating the Dark Wizard Jeremy until after she'd had a chance to find out how and where he got the Weasley family spells.

"The Dark Wizard Jeremy will pay," Ginny screamed. "HE WILL PAY."

"Don't scream in the house," Molly yelled up to her.

"Sorry mum," Ginny replied.

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"Look," the man began. "I'm not saying that Albus is a mincing, boy hungry, paedophile, I'm just saying that his interest in Harry Potter goes a bit out of bounds sometimes."

"I guess that makes sense."

"Just think it over."

"Look, we all want Harry to be safe. But... good afternoon, Headmaster."

"Aberforth, Hestia." Dumbledore greeted them. "Could the two of you do me a favour?"

"What is it, Albus?" Aberforth asked his brother.

"Could you go around and collect copies of every picture you could find of Harry?" Albus asked hopefully. "I know it's a long shot but maybe I can find some clue of his current whereabouts by studying them."

"Sure thing, Albus." Aberforth had to pinch himself to keep the grin from forming; his brother couldn't have said a better thing to further the prank if he'd tried. "Won't we, Hestia?"

"Yeah," the dazed woman agreed.

"Thank you both," Albus said with a smile. "Well, I must be off."

"Mincing, boy hungry, paedophile, huh?" Hestia asked after the Headmaster had left the room.

"So it seems," Aberforth agreed solemnly.

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"How was your day, Neville?" Daphne asked as she came in.

"Same ol' same ol,'" Neville replied. "Yours?"

"The Dark Wizard Jeremy sent me back to London to observe Lucius Malfoy's trial," she replied. "Said he wanted to make sure the bastard got what he deserved and he also wanted a copy of my memories."

"Sounds like fun."

"It was," Daphne agreed. "Only..."

“Only what?”

“Only there was something... off about him,” the girl mused. “He’s a associate of my father’s so I’ve had to spend a lot of time around him.”

“Off how?”

“For one thing, he was sitting on a large rubber doughnut and kept wincing every time he had to move around,” Daphne began. “For another... well, there was something strange about his eyes.”

“Oh yeah, that’s because he has no depth perception.” Neville said proudly.

Daphne blinked. “Why does he have no depth perception, he has both... is he missing an eye?”

“That seems to be the common reason for having no depth perception.” Neville agreed, if anything, looked a trifle smug.

“Hang on, how do you know this? Were you there or something?” Daphne demanded. She was coming to care deeply for her new boyfriend, but really, he could be quite vexing at times.

“There? My dear Miss Smalls, It was a week before the end of term, One of his friends, lets just say, one that I would dearly like to crush into a pulp with my bare hands, had just finished putting me under the Cruciatus. I had a broken nose and my wand had been snapped by Goyle Senior. Then I saw Malfoy about to kill a very close friend of mine. Since they thought I was useless, they weren’t paying attention to me. End result, I tackled Malfoy away before he could curse and jammed my broken wand into his right eye. I’d imagine having a wand driven into your eye and some accidental magic channelled down it, would mean he can’t get a proper replacement.”

There was a pause and then Daphne favoured Neville with a soft smile. “I’ve got such a big strong boyfriend”

"That's so cute," Gretchen whispered from the hidden vantage point the other Dark Bunnies used to spy on the young couple.

"I know," Elizabeth agreed. "I wish Master would maim someone for me."

"If you want to show a girl you care, blind someone for her." Gretchen said with a nod. "Diamonds are forever but so is a crippling injury."

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"Mincing, boy hungry, pedophile?"

"So it seems," Hestia agreed.

"I just can't see the Headmaster that way... Snape yes, but not the Headmaster."

"Maybe Snape is using the Headmaster to get Harry," Hestia suggested. "So that he can slake his unnatural lusts."

"Maybe, I still think..." She cut off when she noticed Snape approaching.

"Get those pictures yet?"

"Still working on it, Severus," she replied quickly.

"Well hurry up," Snape growled as he swept out of the room.

"See what I mean?" Her companion asked after Snape was gone.

"Yeah, I think that might be right." Hestia agreed. "Snape is using the Headmaster in his sick games... you don't think?"

"That he might be using the Headmaster in his sick games?"

"He is rather old and senile, he might not even realise what's happening."

"We can't keep this to ourselves."

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"Good of you to come in on a weekend, Vernon."

"You only had to call, Sir," Vernon simpered.

"Seems there's been a break in," the boss continued. "For some reason they concentrated on office supplies... also smashed a lot of the electronic things."

"Dastardly bastards."

"Quite. The other thing the break in showed us was a nasty case of embezzlement."

"Really?" Vernon asked nervously.

"We never would have seen it if they hadn't made a mistake last night," the man continued. "For years, they've been taking little fractions of cents out of transactions and depositing it into their account. Last night they drained the company accounts."

"That's terrible."

"And it would have ruined the company if we hadn't had insurance for this sort of thing." The man waved to the guards. "Return the money and we won't press charges, you have two days."

"But I don't have any money," Vernon whined.

"We were able to track it from here into your personal account in Jersey, from there it went to Dubai... we're not sure what happened to it after that."

"But..."

"Escort him out, don't be gentle."

"Oof," Vernon almost threw up when one of the men punched him in the stomach.

"I don't think it's necessary to mention this but you're fired," the man said as Vernon was dragged out.

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Macnair came in to the small room hefting his huge axe. The little man sitting at the desk looked up with an annoyed expression.

"What the hell is going on around here, Pettigrew?" the former executioner, now Death Eater, bellowed. "What kind of people did you let in from that last bunch of recruits? Do you know what that skinny guy wanted to do to me? And me to do back?"

Wormtail stood up slowly, his eyes simmering in anger as all five feet five inches of him stood behind the cluttered desk. "Do you have any idea what it takes to run a Legion of Doom for a Dark Lord? It's not all torture and mayhem, and here we go collecting heads in May, la-de-daa! It takes organization! It takes money! It takes paperwork!"

"Since Lucius got arrested, Our Lord has assigned me to this job, and do you have any idea what a mess that man left? Sure he's good at smoozing Fudge; but can he file a receipt? I've got Veritaserum receipts in files labelled 'Potions,' 'Truth,' "Embarrassment", and 'Etc.' Those nice shiny dungeons you like so much? We've got contractors whose bills have been ignored so long we've got bill collectors calling! He couldn't be bothered with taking care of the contractors, not Mr. Shiny Hair! Now we have to Obliviate both the contractors and the bill collectors! And do I have any extra resources? No!"

"I just..."

"And this!" He held up a piece of paper, angrily. "Do you know what this is? Do you have any idea what this is?" Macnair backed away as the volume increased. "Why the hell do we have haemorrhoid medicine being delivered by the truck full?"

Macnair, realizing the little man wasn't actually seeing him, slipped out of the room. Fifteen minutes later, while making his way past the door heading to the new dungeons, he could still hear ranting. Behind him he also heard that new recruit, and picked up the pace in case he was spotted.

"And look at this water bill! Ever since that group got back from Romania they've been taking three loosing showers a day, at least! They never showered before!"

Macnair suddenly heard footsteps and the voice of the new recruit. He ran towards the dungeons hoping he wasn't spotted.

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Fudge shuddered as the noise of the crowd came through the open window. "Fred, Fred, he's our man, Fudge belongs in Azkaban."

"Can't you shut them up?" he screamed at Madame Bones.

"Don't have enough men," Bones replied with an unconcerned shrug. "Besides, they're not hurting anyone."

"Fred, Fred, he's no Dope, Fudge belongs on the end of a rope."

"Not hurting anyone?" Fudge asked incredulously. "Listen to what they're saying."

"As long as they're saying it, they aren't doing it."

"But..."

"Of course, if you'd like to double my budget, I might be able to do something."

"Anything," Fudge agreed. "Just do something."

"As soon as the signed paper is on my desk."

"Fine."

"Good day then, Minister," Amelia said as she walked out of the room to tell the off duty Aurors chanting outside that Fudge had approved their bonuses, raises, and as much overtime as they'd like.

AN: The ongoing list of people that contributed to this fic without whom, it would not have been nearly as good... one might go so far as to say it would be quite bad: Ed Becerra, ausfinbar, David Wangen, , dogbertcarroll, hattenjc, the caitiff, AlanP, Lone Wolf, meteoricshipyards, and everyone else on my yahoo group. They gave me scenes, ideas, and all sorts of other things. Tell me if I missed you so I can add to this list.

Omake by hattenjc...

Flash back flash back...

Jidella smiled "Ooo, Grindelwald you are so romantic. Cut of his legs.."

Grindelwald grinned a roguish smile "Of course my dear.. Now sit still Mr Moody..."

Two Omake by Andrew Joshua Talon

Omake 1:

"Gah! You'd think she could have at least given me pants!" Neville, aka "Peter North", groaned as he looked over his costume. Daphne grinned and grabbed one of his exposed cheeks.

"I don't see a problem with it," she purred.

"Pants are for the weak, right Lord Jeremy?" Declared Elizabeth. Ron smirked.

"Damn right!"

Omake 2:

Draco was having a bad day. First, his family gets robbed, then his domineering mother makes him pay respect to Potter and his Mudblood whore, and NOW he couldn't become a Deatheater!

What was the world coming do if a young teenaged wizard couldn't join a genocidal crusade?

Looking through the Daily Prophet, he frowned at the recent exploits of the Dark Lord Jeremy. He rubbed his pointed chin.

'Hm... I could still help the Dark Lord's cause... I know! I can pull a Snape! Join the Dark Lord Jeremy and spy on him for the true Dark Lord! Draco, you're a genius!"

"Of course I am," he said arrogantly outloud, just because he could.

"Mum, Aunt Bella, I'm going to join the Dark Lord Jeremy! If I don't return, avenge my death!" He called as he went out. Narcissa sighed.

"Always knew he'd turn out to be a poofter," Bellatrix giggled, hugging Mr. Poki to her chest.

"Like father, like son I suppose," Narcissa harrumphed.

Disclaimer: Always wear groin protection . . . ALWAYS.

Partners

"Good morning, Gran," Neville said to his oddly smug grandmother.
"How are you doing today?"

"Perfect," the old woman purred. "So how are you enjoying the service of the Dark Wizard Jeremy? Have you found a nice girl yet?"

"Yes, Gran," Neville agreed. "Her name is Daphne and..." "

"One of the Greengrasses?"

"Yes, Gran."

"Well... you always did like Herbology," the old woman said after a moment of thought. "Just don't take too long to start ploughing her fields, I'm not getting any younger and I do want those great grandchildren."

"Yes, Gran."

"And I've been thinking," she mused. "You haven't had to many friends over, why don't you invite some of your dorm mates over like... say, I don't know... that Dean fellow."

"Uh..."

"Just make sure he's here for your birthday," the old woman continued. "You're becoming a man and I want one last memory before you do."

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"Hey Harry, Hermione." Tonks said nervously. "Lovely day isn't it?"

"What is it?" Hermione demanded suspiciously.

"Well..."

“Out with it,” Hermione growled.

“I don’t think you’ll like it,” Tonks said.

“Just spit it out,” she asked in exasperation.

“The Ministry has accepted a proposal by one of the pureblood families to give you assistance in your hunt for the Fox and the Hound,” Tonks said with a fake smile. “Isn’t that lovely?”

“That doesn’t sound too bad,” Harry said slowly.

“What sort of assistance?” Hermione asked quickly.

“Uh... Luna Lovegood... isn’t that great?”

“What sort of help can Luna give us?”

“Why don’t you ask her,” Tonks said with a smile. “I can bring her up if you like.”

“Hermione?” Harry shrugged to indicate his indifference.

“Fine,” Hermione agreed.

“I’ll be back in a jiff,” Tonks promised.

“This is going to be a bit strange,” Harry whispered. “After I’ve seen... uh... the real Luna so to speak.”

“Just forget that,” Hermione whispered back. “I know it’ll be strange but... shhh, here they are.”

“Hello, Luna,” Hermione said. “How are you today?”

“Hello, Hermione,” Luna replied.

“Why don’t I just leave you three alone?” Tonks suggested as she slipped out the door.

"Hello, Harry," Luna said. "How are you doing today?"

"Hey, Luna," Harry greeted his friend. "I'm fineeeeeee."

"What happened, Harry?" Hermione asked in concern.

"I was just checking to see if he was wearing groin protection," Luna said innocently. "He wasn't, you're really going to have to take this more seriously, Harry. You wouldn't want your bits to be infested by sleeples would you?"

"I'm sure it will be fine," Hermione said through gritted teeth as she firmly pulled the other girl's hand out of Harry's pants.

"If you say so," Luna said slowly.

"I dooooo."

"You're not wearing any either?"

"Take your hand out of my pants, Luna," Hermione said through gritted teeth.

"Hmmmm," Luna removed her hand. "You should really pay more attention to that sort of thing, better safe then sorry."

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And that's that," Ron muttered to himself. "I hope Elizabeth was able to convince Ginny not to come back." Ron's eyes shot open in horror when a horrible thought penetrated his mind, his mum's family's disguise spells. Ginny could come back if she used them and he'd never be able to recognise her if he couldn't remember the counter charms. Sweating nervously, Ron walked up to Gretchen.

"Yes, Master?"

"I have an important assignment for you," Ron began. "One, which is vital to my happiness and sanity."

"Of course, Master," she agreed. "Whatever you desire... anything."

"Anything?" Ron said hopefully, "well I've always wanted to try... later. I need you to make sure that my sister doesn't come back. My mum's family had some disguise spells that Ginny is supposed to get when she's old enough and I want you to make sure that she doesn't come back."

"Yes, Master."

"And pick up a bottle of cream on your way back," Ron said. "And some strawberries, we're running low again."

"I live to serve and I die to serve," Gretchen said as she kissed the back of her master's hand.

"No dieing, your job isn't to die for me it's to live for me," Ron said sharply. Ron's eyes widened in shock, did he really just say that? Man, he was getting into this dark wizard thing.

"Oh Master," Gretchen moaned. "You say the most romantic things."

|||||||

"We need what?"

"Groin protection," Hermione said firmly. "To keep Luna out of our pants."

"I..."

"Don't get me wrong," Hermione said quickly. "I like Luna, I just don't 'like' Luna."

"Wouldn't it be simpler just to tell Luna not to be so grabby?"

"She'd just forget," Hermione said absently. "Or decide that it was for our own good because we weren't intelligent enough to protect our self from sloopers or whatever so it was her job."

"I... see."

"It'll need to be something non-magical," Hermione mused. "Or maybe magical but completely covered in silk."

"I'll leave you to it then," Harry said as he eased away from his obsessive friend.

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"Hello Mrs. Weasley," Gretchen said politely. "May I come in?"

"Who are you?" Molly demanded.

"My name is the Dark Bunny Gretchen," she replied. "I'm one of the Dark Wizard Jeremy's servants."

"Are you here to kill me or one of my family?"

"No ma'am," Gretchen said quickly. "Of course not, Master would be very unhappy with me if I did that."

"Come in then," Molly said. "Would you like some cookies?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"So what are you here about then?"

"The Dark Wizard Jeremy wanted me to ask you to stop Ginny Weasley from becoming one of his servants," Gretchen said.

"Ginny?"

"Yes ma'am," Gretchen agreed. "She tried to join yesterday and the Dark Wizard turned her down."

"Why'd he turn her down? Isn't she good enough for him?"

"It's nothing against her," Gretchen said quickly. She could understand how a mother could get annoyed that a Dark Wizard refused to take her daughter as a dark concubine. Her own mother was probably still bragging to the neighbours about her daughter's place as number two in the dark harem. "It's just that master said that it'd be weird for his sister to be one of his minions."

"Wait... sister?" Molly froze in shock. "What's the Dark Wizard Jeremy's first name?"

"Ron ma'am."

"He HAD to do something that none of his brothers had done first," Molly muttered to herself. "Well... at least he isn't an accountant."

"What was that, ma'am?"

"Nothing, dear," Molly said. "Have another cookie, and tell me about this Dark Harem my son has acquired."

"Well, there's Elizabeth. She's number one in the harem and has been since master kidnapped her from Voldemort and broke her to his will..."

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"I'm sorry, but you're really not the sort of person we're looking for."

"Why not?" Ginny demanded. "I'm pureblood, what else do you idiots want?"

"We've recently transitioned to an all male organization," the Death Eater said primly. "And don't even think of using spells to try to make yourself look like a man. That would be icky."

"Fine," Ginny growled. "I'll just have to find some other patsy to help me defeat the Dark Wizard Jeremy."

"Girls," the Death Eater said as the angry redhead stormed out.

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"Ron did what?"

"There certainly weren't any Dark Lords on my side of the family," Molly sniffed.

"So that's why he needed to learn how to give a dark mark," Arthur said in dawning comprehension. "And there was a dark lord on your side of the family dear, remember great uncle Anthrax?"

"Oh right," Molly said slowly. "But I hardly think he counts, he was only my uncle by marriage."

"Whatever you say, Dear."

"At least he had the good sense to recruit followers like that nice Gretchen girl," Molly continued. "And from what she tells me, I may be enjoying my grandchildren sooner than I thought."

"Maybe even sooner," Arthur mused. "I taught Ron the family version of the dark mark."

"The one that..."

"Yup."

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"You told my mum that I was a Dark Lord?" Ron asked in shock.

"Yes, Master," Gretchen agreed. "Does this displease you?"

"Yes," Ron growled. "It displeases me."

"Forgive me, Master." The girl looked close to tears. "I'll do anything."

"Plaga Calus," Ron spat, casting the family punishment charm.

"You do forgive me, Master," the girl squealed in delight as she felt a phantom hand striking her on the buttocks. "Oh Master, take me now."

"Wait, I mumph." Ron was silenced when the girl threw herself into his arms and stuck her tongue down his throat. It seemed that being a dark lord wasn't quite as easy as one would think.

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"So what do you think Ron's doing right now?" Hermione said.

"I can tell you what he's not doing," Harry muttered. "He's not trying on a titanium and kevlar cup."

"Let's see Luna get through that," Hermione said with satisfaction. "Do you like the silk lining? Mine feels nice against my skin but I wasn't sure you'd like yours."

"You're wearing a cup?"

"Chastity belt," Hermione explained. "See?"

"Not much, it's very... uh..."

"Covering?" Hermione offered. "Let's see Luna get through this."

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"There you are." Molly was waiting for her daughter when she came home. "Well, what do you have to say for yourself?"

"I'm sorry, I didn't mean to... wait, what have I done?"

"Trying to join Ron's dark harem," Molly said. "How could you, you know how much it means to him to be independent and original."

"I didn't try to join Ron's harem, Mum," Ginny defended herself. "I tried to join the Dark Wizard Jeremy's followers so I could find out where he learned our family spells. Then I was going to vanquish him

and after he turned me down I tried to join Voldemort so that I could trick him into killing the Dark Wizard Jeremy for me.”

“Trying to join Dark Lords?” Molly growled. “I don’t care if your brother is the Dark Wizard Jeremy, I don’t want you becoming a dark witch.”

“But mum... wait, the Dark Wizard Jeremy’s my brother?”

“I may tolerate Ron’s becoming a Dark Wizard, but that’s only because it gets me more grandchildren,” Molly continued. “Becoming a Dark Witch won’t get me grandchildren so I don’t want you doing it.”

“The Dark Wizard Jeremy’s my brother?”

“So I think what we’re going to have to do is find some more wholesome grandchild producing activity for you,” Molly said to herself. “Are you listening to me young lady?

“The Dark Wizard Jeremy’s my brother?” Ginny was still stuck on that last thought.

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“So who do you wanna hit tonight?” Harry asked.

“How about Pansy’s family?” Hermione asked. “We’ve already taken down the top Slytherin boy, why don’t we get the top girl next?”

“Alright,” Harry agreed. “I yaiiiii.”

“Put on your groin protection,” Hermione said firmly. “And let’s go.”

“Right,” Harry agreed. He wasn’t sure if Luna’s influence was a good thing or a bad thing.

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gave me scenes, ideas, and all sorts of other things. Tell me if I missed you so I can add to this list.

A Forgotten Prank

Harry and Hermione were creeping through the Parkinson manner looting it of everything worth more than two knuts when fate decided to hit them with a complication.

“Who are you?” an old and presumably senile woman demanded.

“Uh...”

“Avon calling?”

“Thieves,” the crazed woman shouted... about three seconds before she started flinging curses. “DIE.”

“Run Fox,” Harry screamed.

“Right behind you Hound,” Hermione shouted back.

They rounded a corner and burst through one of the windows to escape. “I thought they were all supposed to be out tonight?” Hermione demanded as they ran across the lawn to the location that they’d cached their brooms.

“They were,” Harry replied breathlessly. “Guess they left their crazy relative behind.”

“Could have at least done us the courtesy of locking her up first,” Hermione muttered as she got on the broom behind her friend and wrapped her arms around him. “Or at least put her in a home somewhere.”

|||||||||

“You have to learn to face your fear,” the psychologist said firmly.

“I can’t,” Dean sobbed. “Do you know what... oh god.”

"You need to face her," the psychologist continued. "You can't live your life with this hanging over your head. You have to face her and accept what happened."

"I... I'm not sure I'm strong enough."

|||||||

"Harry look," Hermione gasped. "Do you feel any pain?"

"Why would I... oh." Harry looked at the chunk of steel sticking out of a very sensitive place in his body. Immediately ripping off his pants, Harry removed his groin protection to examine the aforementioned area. "Doesn't look like it got through the titanium."

"Let me see," Hermione demanded. Harry blushed when his friend pulled his hands away and spent several seconds examining the area. "Everything looks fine to me."

"Can I put my pants back on?"

"In a minute."

"Hermione, your eye."

"What is it?" The girl finally jerked her attention away from Harry's exposed groin and reached up with one hand.

"Looks like you have a black eye." Harry brushed his fingers against the bruising, causing his friend to hiss in pain. "Does it hurt much?"

"Not until you touched it... I don't know any healing spells."

"Neither do I," Harry replied. "But for moment, just put something cold on it while I take care of things."

"Are you sure?"

"I'm sure," Harry said firmly. "Go lay down and let me figure something out." Harry spent several seconds pacing before he was hit by a sudden thought.

Taking a handful of floo powder, he tossed a handful into the fireplace. "Professor McGonagall," Harry whispered into the fireplace. "Are you there?"

"Who is it?" The old woman groaned. "And why are you calling at this hour?"

"It's Harry Professor," Harry replied. "I need your help."

"What is it?" The old woman snapped awake. "Do you know how worried everyone is?"

"I'm sorry, Professor," Harry said quickly. "But that's not what I'm calling."

"Slow down," Minerva said with a smile. "And tell me what has happened." The old woman was more than a bit alarmed at the boy's distress.

"It's Hermione," Harry explained. "She got in a fight."

"What?"

"I need to know how to heal her up," Harry continued. "I don't know what to do."

"Ms. Granger got into a fight," Minerva demanded incredulously.

"Yes Professor."

"Who with?"

"The Fox," Harry said.

"Ah," Minerva said with a nod of understanding. "Did she win?"

"I think so," Harry agreed. "She was too smug about it to be the looser, she wouldn't talk about it though."

"Listen carefully," Minerva said in what she termed her 'professor' voice. "To take care of the bruises, you must first..."

|||||||

"I think I know what we can do about the whole... Snape situation."

"What is it?" Hestia whispered back.

"Well, officially we'll turn him in for being a Death Eater."

"Unofficially?"

"Unofficially we'll mention our suspicions and let nature take its course, you know what happens to guys like him in prison."

"Poor Dumbledore, I wonder how long this has been happening to him?"

"It's ending now, we'll figure out how to heal his trauma later."

"Let's just hope that he's too senile to know what's been happening to him."

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Harry and Hermione cautiously made their way to the prearranged meeting they had with Luna at the Leaky Cauldron.

"Deep calming breaths," Hermione muttered to herself. "Ok, let's go."

"Hello, Luna," Harry said loudly as they walked towards the girl's table.

"Hello Harry, Hello Hermione." Luna said as she put down her paper.
"How are you doing today?"

"We're doing just fine," Harry said.

"Good," Luna said as she picked up her paper. "I've already had breakfast, but feel free to order some for yourselves."

"Aren't you going to check for groin protection?" Hermione asked a trifle smugly.

"Why would I do that?" Luna asked blankly. "You don't need that sort of thing anymore, not after last night anyway."

"Why not?" Hermione asked nervously. She couldn't mean...

"Because it isn't sleeple season anymore," Luna said slowly as if she was talking to a small and particularly slow child. "They went into hibernation last night, everyone knows that."

"Oh... of course," Hermione stuttered.

"I'm going to go powder my nose," Luna said with a grin. "I'll be right back." Oh this was ever so much fun.

"Did you hear what she said?" Harry whispered.

"I'm sure it's just a coincidence," Hermione whispered firmly. "Yes a coincidence, nothing we need to worry about. Just need to put it out of our heads and forget about it, yes forget about it."

"But..."

"We will forget about it and we will get on with our lives like nothing happened," Hermione said through clenched teeth. "Alright ... dear?"

"Fine," Harry agreed. "But if this blows up in our faces, I reserve the right to say I told you so."

"That won't happen," Hermione said with a grin. "Like I said, this is all just one big coincidence."

"What is?" Luna asked as she walked up. "The fact that the Malfoy's look like dung beetles? I'm going to have to disagree with you on that one, Hermione."

"You are?"

"Yes," Luna agreed. "I are. Now I know what you're thinking, you're thinking that they were descended from a cross between house elves and ugly house elves and I must admit that there's quite a bit of evidence to support that point of view."

"There is?"

"I know," Luna said in exasperation. "But after the trial, father was finally able to convince the Ministry to examine one of them and he found that there were no traces of house elf. This has led us to conclude that the Malfoy family is nothing more than some cleverly transfigured dung beetles."

"Interesting theory," Harry mused. "Could you send me your notes?"

"I'll do that," Luna said with a dreamy smile.

"Thanks, Luna," Hermione said calmly. No one that had odd ideas like that could possibly be sane... although, didn't they always say that seers were a bit loopy.

"Aren't you going to order breakfast, Hermione?" Luna asked innocently.

"I've lost my appetite."

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"Good afternoon, Mr. Snape," the Auror began. "I assume that you're aware of why we brought you in."

"No, I'm not," Snape said sourly.

"Merely an informal interrogation," the Auror said smoothly. "We're doing it to everyone that was accused of being a Death Eater the last go round."

"Let's just get this over and done with then," Snape growled. "The sooner we do this, the sooner I can go home."

"That's the spirit," the Auror cheered. "As you're a noted Potions Master and Occlumens we're going to try something a bit... different than is usual."

"Fine."

"Bring it in," he called out. A few seconds later, a pudgy tech came into the room wheeling in a strange device.

"Uh... is that it?"

"Yes it is," the tech confirmed.

"Then get on with it."

"This clips onto your ear," the tech attached a clip to Snape's ear. "This goes on the other." As the man spoke, he attached each successive clip. "Your nose, your fingers, your toes." He held up a large pair of jumper cables. "These go on your genitalia."

"Wha arg."

"And this goes up your bum," he said holding up a large spiked club.

"Absolutely not," Snape gasped.

"Fine, but it won't be as precise." Actually, none of the clips were necessary. He just wanted to get back at the man for seven years of unpleasant potions classes. I think the lesson here is that you don't mess with nerds, they have long memories and they hold grudges. "I want you to answer yes to the next three questions, do you understand?"

“Yes.”

“Is your name Severus Snape?”

“Yes.”

“Did you support yourself by brewing potions after you got out of Hogwarts?”

“Yes.”

“Are you aroused by the thought of Albus Dumbledore naked?”

“What? I’m not going to say yes.”

“You have to, it doesn’t matter what the real response is. It’s just to calibrate the machine. Now, do you find Albus Dumbledore arousing?”

“Yes,” Snape growled.

“Have you ever sexually molested Albus Dumbledore?”

“What? No.”

“Uh huh... are you attempting to kidnap Harry Potter so that you can have your sick way with him?”

“No,” Snape said firmly.

“I see... moving right along.”

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“Finished with your new secret weapon against Fudge that will surely win you the election?” Angelina asked.

“Yes we are, my sweet.”

"You try that again and I kill you, George," Angelina said calmly. "And I'll kill you just on principle, on the off chance that you had foreknowledge and didn't try to stop him, Fred."

"How dare you impersonate me and try to get one over on my lovely girlfriend," Fred said with unconvincing sternness.

"My... um... dastardly and completely solo plot has been uncovered," George added. "Curses."

"Just get on with it."

Fred placed a small box on the table. "Go ahead, open it."

"A statue of Fudge?" the girl said flatly.

"Not just a statue of Fudge," George said. "Watch what happens when I say Voldemort."

"There is no dark thingy," the statue squeaked.

"Is it wetting itself?" Angelina asked in disgust.

"It dispenses lemonade when you say Voldemort," Fred explained.

"Aak," the Fudge doll squealed.

"It just shat itself didn't it?" The girl asked with a long-suffering sigh.

"If you say Voldemort more than once in the space of thirty seconds, it dispenses fudge." George added helpfully.

"How soon can you have these on the shelves?" She may have been disgusted by the disgusting little dolls, but she was also much too savvy to miss such a great public relations gimmick.

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"Well?"

“Guy’s a sicko,” the polygraph tech said firmly. “Look at the first two questions, we know from his records that his real name is Snivellus and that he was a man whore after he graduated.”

“Odd that they’d put that in his record...”

FLASHBACK

“This is our best prank yet,” Sirius giggled. “Changing the wanker’s name to Snivellus in his official record.”

“Your idea of changing his profession to ‘Man Whore’ was good, too,” James snorted. “Sometimes even I am in awe of our deeds.”

“Too right mate, now let’s get out of here before anyone notices us.”

BACK TO THE FUTURE

“... but useful. Go on.”

“And look here when I asked about Dumbledore naked,” the tech went on. “His heart rate rose dramatically and it’s the exact opposite of the first two answers so we know it’s the truth.”

“Looks like it’s clear that he’s been doing things to poor Dumbledore, also,” the other man said sadly. “Poor old man.”

“Poor Harry Potter if this bastard ever gets his hands on him; you’re locking him away, aren’t you?”

“No evidence,” he said sadly. “But we’ll keep an eye on him.”

“But... but you can’t just let him go.”

“We can hold him for seventy-two hours, it won’t be pleasant.”

“It might be for him, look at the healer’s report.”

“My god.”

"They said that sort of damage could only be caused by massive and repeated trauma." The tech looked sick. "They also found trace amounts of dragon... of dragon... I can't go on."

"I guess... I guess it won't be group cells for him after all. I... we still have some of those unheated damp cold cells don't we?"

"They're being used as sewage overflow tanks but yes, why?"

"Because I think I might have found Snape's new home."

"Aren't you worried that he'll enjoy that, too?"

"God help us if he does."

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Nods to the fic: Harry Potter and the Fudge of Doom if I remember the title correctly.

Disclaimer: Some beings don't understand expressions, be very very careful about what you say around these beings.

It's ALL For His Own Good

"Where are you taking me?" Snape demanded.

"Holding cell number five," the guard growled. He'd heard about the things this sicko liked to do.

"Why?" Snape said in shock. "I was told I could go."

"You can," the guard agreed. "Later."

"But..."

"Shut up," the other guard spoke for the first time. "Scum."

"And stay in there," the guard shouted as he threw Snape into the sew... that is to say, holding cell. "You sick bastard."

"Well," Snape said to himself. "At least things can't get any worse." As if fate had been challenged to prove him wrong, the oily man felt a what seemed to be a tentacle caress his shoulder. "Oh bugger... no... no wait, that wasn't an invitation... NOOOOOOOOOO."

|||||||

"So I was thinking," Luna began. "We need costumes."

"Costumes?" Hermione asked suspiciously. This had to be another of Luna's plots to feel her and Harry up.

"Yes costumes," Luna confirmed.

"Why... what kind of costumes?"

"The Fox and the Hound have costumes," Luna counted off fingers as she spoke. "The Death Eaters have costumes, the Dark Wizard Jeremy has a costume, his Dark Bunnies have costumes, and even

the Aurors have official robes. I don't think it's fair that we don't have costumes."

"We don't need to get costumes, Luna," Hermione sighed.

"Why?" Luna asked innocently. "Do you already have costumes?"

"What's that supposed to mean?"

"Of course we don't," Harry agreed quickly. "No reason for either of us to have costumes."

"Oh... then what about those kinky sex outfits Professor McGonagall caught you in?"

"Uh..."

"Kinky sex?" Hermione offered weakly.

"You're using kinky sex costumes for kinky sex?" Luna asked in fascination. "Really?"

"Yes," Hermione agreed firmly.

"Can I watch?"

"No."

"Then how can you prove that you aren't using them for other things?" Luna persisted. "If you're using them for other things then you don't need costumes, but if you aren't then you will need other costumes."

"Why don't you design a few costumes that we can look at?" Harry suggested. "That way we can pick the best one or continue looking."

"Oh, it will be ever so much fun," Luna squealed.

|||||||

“This can’t be true,” the reporter said sickly.

“I wish,” the Auror said as he took another shot. “Every word of it is... gods, what kind of person can do that sort of thing?”

“You...”

“I’ve seen all sorts of sick things in my life,” the Auror continued. “I’ve seen murders, I’ve seen... but nothing like this. What kind of...”

“I can’t print this without evidence you know,” the reporter said softly.

“I know, I just...”

“It’s ok, hon, now come back to bed. You need your sleep.”

“That’s why I married you,” the Auror said fondly. “You keep me grounded.”

“I love you, too.”

|||||||

“I now call this meeting to... where’s Severus?” Dumbledore asked.

“Uh... he’s been arrested, Headmaster,” Hestia said with a sick smile.

“Really?” Dumbledore asked in shock. “I’ll have to go down to the Ministry to get him out, he’s much too valuable to remain behind bars.”

“Uh... it’s not because he’s a Death Eater Headmaster,” Hestia said slowly. “It’s... uh... just for a couple of days.”

“Really?”

“Yes, really.”

"Well... I suppose we should start the meeting then." Dumbledore looked around the table with a smile. "Does anyone have anything to share with us?"

"I do," Minerva said with a smug grin. "And I hope all of you have a few Galleons with you."

"Why is that Minerva?" Dumbledore asked.

"Because I got a floo from Harry last night," Minerva said. "Seems that Ms. Granger got into a fight with the Fox just like Lily did all those years ago... pay up."

"Why would anyone," Dumbledore cut off and stared in shock as most of the Order handed several coins to his Deputy Headmistress.

"Told you it wasn't just for show," Minerva said with a grin. "But I'd like to thank you for not listening. It proved to be quite... profitable."

"What's happening?" Dumbledore asked in shock.

"A few people doubted me when I told them that Mr. Potter and Ms. Granger were in a genuine relationship," McGonagall explained. "The fact that Ms. Granger got into a fight with the Fox suggests that I am correct."

"I see..."

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"What are you doing?" the guard asked his colleague.

"Spitting in the bastard's food."

"Don't bother."

"Why not?"

"After what the cooks did to the food... well... let's just say that spit might improve the flavour."

“Oh, open up the cell.”

“Here you go you... urk... I’m gonna be sick.”

“With the tentacle monster?” The other guard said in shock. “You sick bastard.”

“Toss in the food quick.”

“Catch.” The guards slammed the cell door shut and contemplated vomiting. “Bastard can’t be sane.”

“Yeah... wait, we gotta let him go in a few days right?”

“Unfortunately.”

“But you just said it, he can’t be sane. We’ll just transfer him to the mental ward at St. Mungo’s.”

“Rather see him in Azkaban but it’s better then letting him go free... let’s go tell the boss.”

|||||||

“Master?”

“What is it Elizabeth?” Ron sighed.

“I... I don’t know how to say it Master,” she said nervously. “I don’t wish to displease you.”

“Spit it out.”

“We need an exercise program for the dark harem,” she began. “And it may be best for you to get some exercise yourself.”

“What did you have in mind?”

“Dancing Master,” she said. “Gretchen, bring out the poles.”

"What type of dancing requires poles?" Ron demanded.

"You'll see, Master," Elizabeth said with a sly smile. "We can discuss your exercise program after that."

"Sure," Ron agreed. "Why not."

|||||||

"I demand to know what you're going to do about this," Fudge squeaked.

"Do about what Minister?" Madame Bones asked with a long-suffering sigh.

"This," Fudge said as he put a small figure of himself on the desk.

"A statue of yourself?"

"Those Weasleys are putting it out," Fudge growled. "Arrest them."

"For what?"

"Disrespecting a Ministry official."

"By making a statue of you?"

"It's not just a statue," Fudge said. "It... does things."

"Things?"

"When you say... the dark thingy's name."

"Voldemort?"

"Akk." Fudge choked and wet himself.

"There is no dark thingy," the statue squeaked and wet itself.

"Seems pretty accurate to me," Bones said dryly. "I'm afraid that there's nothing I can do."

"But... but..."

"Voldemort," Bones tried again.

"Akk." Fudge soiled himself.

"Akk." The doll... that is to say action figure followed suit.

"Well... that bought my vote."

|||||||

"MUM?" Ron screamed in shock. "What are you doing here?"

"Bring your knees up, dear," Molly said to one of her potential sources of grandchildren.

"MUM?" Ron shrieked like a little girl. "What are you doing?"

"It's what you're not doing," Molly said in exasperation.

"But..."

"It's like this," Molly interrupted. "Ronny, dear, that's not the correct position to ensue conception. If you keep doing it like that, I'll NEVER have the hundreds of grandchildren I want. You have to angle it more, and thrust like SO, to make certain she conceives. It helps to have her put her legs over your shoulders and hook her ankles together behind your head. That's how I did it with your father when we had you..."

"How..." Ron considered and discarded the idea of committing suicide to escape the current situation. "How'd you know where my dark hideout was?"

"Gretchen told me," Molly replied. "But that's not important."

“Gretchen?” Ron regarded his third in command with a look of betrayal.

“Sorry, Master,” the girl said sheepishly.

“Don’t you dare punish Gretchen for telling me where you were,” Molly snapped. “She was just being a good daughter-in-law.”

“Daughter-in-law?”

“Yes, you’re all my cute daughters-in-law.” Molly explained. “After all, the more daughters-in-law I have, the more grandchildren I have.”

“Good thinking, Mother,” Gretchen said.

“Thank you, dear,” Molly said fondly. “But that’s not why I came here. I came here to assure you that Ginny will not be trying to join your little club in the future.”

“She’s not?” Ron asked hopefully.

“No,” Molly said firmly. “And I’ve explained to her that she is not to try to join Dark Wizards in the future and grounded her until I’m sure that she’s learned her lesson.”

“Uh... thanks mum,” Ron said after he realized that his mother was waiting for a response. “Now if you don’t mind...”

“Of course, dear,” Molly said. “I’ll just be going, I just came here to tell you about Ginny and to get a look at the Dark Harem.”

“Gretchen,” Ron said calmly after his mother had left the room.

“Yes, Master?” The girl asked nervously.

“You don’t happen to know any memory charms do you?”

“Sorry, Master.”

“Anyone else?”

“Sorry, Master,” the other girls chorused.

“Damn.”

|||||||

“With Dragons you say?”

“Yes, Healer,” the orderly agreed. “And the guards found him... cavorting with the tentacle creature in one of the holding cells earlier today.”

“Fascinating... and you say that he seemed to enjoy bathing in raw sewage?”

“Yes, Healer.”

“Hmmm... I may be able to get a book out of this, clear my schedule. I want to see the patient right now.”

“I figured you’d want to examine him right away, we have him waiting outside.”

“Excellent,” the Healer said. “Lead the way.”

“Right this way, Healer.” The orderly motioned the Healer through a side door.

“Good afternoon, Mr. Snape,” the Healer said. “Let me see... take him downstairs and suspend him from the ceiling. Then I want you to spin him for three hours. After you let him down, administer fifteen gallons of yogurt.”

“But I can’t eat that much,” Snape tried to protest.

“Don’t worry Mr. Snape, it’s not going into that end.” The Healer said with an absentminded grin. “Then... hmmm, administer the electro-shock treatment.”

"SHOCK TREATMENT?" Snape screamed.

"On the high setting I think...well, hop to it man."

"Right away, Doctor," the burley orderly agreed.

"If that doesn't work I want you to go through the entire thing again three times," the Healer said thoughtfully. "And notify me immediately, I'd rather try everything else before the lobotomy."

"Lobotomy?" Snape screeched.

"Very good, Mr. Snape," the Healer congratulated him. "You pronounced that word correctly. Yes, I'd rather try everything else first," the Healer said to the orderly. What a book this would be.

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Disclaimer: When in doubt, lie . . . lie like you've never lied before.

The Lovegood's new Clothes

Harry and Hermione woke that morning to a pounding on the door. "Who could that be?" Hermione grumbled.

"Pretend they aren't there and they'll go away," Harry mumbled. "Now go back to sleep."

"Mmmyah," Hermione said eloquently as she buried her head under a pillow. "The pounding stopped," she said in relief.

"Of course it stopped," Luna replied. "I can't very well pound on a door and pick a lock at the same time can I?"

"Luna?" Hermione said in shock.

"Which reminds me," the girl said with a nod. "You forgot to give me a key to the front door, Hermione, that was very absentminded of you."

"I didn't forget," Hermione groaned.

"Then someone stole the key and wiped my memory?" Luna asked in shocked horror. "We've got to change the locks before they break in... do you think that it's the Fox and the Hound?"

"Don't worry," Hermione said with a sick smile. "I fully intend to change the locks to something harder to pick."

"Good thinking."

"Wake up, Harry," Hermione grouched. "If I have to be awake, we have to be awake."

"Pinch his nose," Luna suggested. "Or... I know, we could..."

"No," Hermione interrupted casually. Whatever Luna's suggestion was, it couldn't be something she wanted to hear this early. "You watch him, I'm going to get some ice."

"Ok," Luna agreed brightly. Hermione couldn't help but think that she was making a mistake. But honestly, how much trouble could Luna get into in just a couple minutes.

Hermione returned to find Luna peering under the blanket. "What are you doing Luna?" Hermione asked calmly.

"Inspecting Harry for Flockworts," Luna replied brightly. "We wouldn't want him to get an outbreak would we?"

"I suppose not," Hermione said. "But why don't you let me worry about that in the future." Hermione was in the middle of congratulating herself for her reply when Luna ruined her good feelings.

"But doesn't it take two people?"

"I have a way that only needs one person," Hermione replied.

"Can you show me?"

"Uh... family secret?"

"Ok," Luna said with a conspiratorial nod. "Did you bring the ice?"

|||||||||

"Good afternoon Snivellus, may I call you Snivellus?" the healer greeted walking into the room.

"ARRGGGH!!!! NO YOU MAY NOT YOU MORONIC RETIN!!! MY NAME IS SEVERUS! You're obviously in league with that flea-bitten werewolf as he's the only one alive that knows that ridiculous bastardization of my name. Leave me alone."

"I'm afraid I can't do that Professor Snape, you've been remanded to our custody by the ministry due to your odd proclivities, and you must be treated. As for Snivellus, your file quite clearly states that's your name. Though I can see why you'd hate it. Obviously you have some

issues with your parents. Considering your profession as a man whore for the years between graduation and your accepting a professorship at Hogwarts I'd expect your father. Did he molest you often? When did it start?"

Snape just turned an interesting shade of red heading towards purple while sputtering in impotent rage.

"You know I'm not supposed to talk about other patients, but I've talked to a number of students you've plainly abused in your class. You obviously have unresolved anger issues, do you hate your mother for not intervening with your fathers abuse?" The healer asked while scribbling on some parchment.

Snape was now well into purple and making more of a choking noise.

"Interesting," the healer said arching his eyebrow. "Now what about your relationship with the Headmaster? I'm curious as to why he's let you abuse your students, how did you convince him to let you attempt to pursue a sexual relationship with Potter?"

"WHAT! I NEVER!" Snape finally managed to speak.

"We know about the pictures, don't try to deny it. I can almost understand that, he's and attractive enough young man, if I swung that way, I'd be tempted to make a run myself. What I really want to know is if these unfulfilled desires are what finally drove you to debasing yourself with dragons and tentacle monsters while swimming in sewage?"

"I can assure you, there is a perfectly reasonable explanation for all of this." Snape said his brain finally engaging, and proceeded to explain being caught out by dragons gathering potions ingredients, that the tentacle monster was actually a case of Auror abuse, and that his desire for desire for pictures of Potter was simply part of his role as a professor at Hogwarts assigned to recover a runaway student by Dumbledore. All in all, a perfect lie with just enough truth to explain his actions without revealing his dual roles as a death eater or a member of the Order.

"Really, Snivellus, I'd hoped we might of made some progress today. You are clearly not able to accept responsibility for your actions yet. I understand that accepting that your parents didn't love you like they should have is hard. But until you do, and can accept the truth of your actions, I'll have to order your treatments to continue." The healer sighed with resignation. "ORDERLY, double the yogurt, and use the large rectal probe and genital clips as well as the hat to administer the electroshock therapy. I'll be down in a while to provide some suggestions while he's undergoing the shock treatment."

"Yes sir," the orderly agreed. "Do you want us to purge him, too?"

"Yes, good thinking. Be sure to tell the others to offer up any suggestions that cross their minds, we have to gather all the data we can before resorting to the Lobotomy." The burly orderlies dragged the screaming Snape out of the room as the Healer rubbed his hands together gleefully.

Eh, sir? Wasn't lobotomy put out of use some time ago? I could swear I read a chapter about it in your 'Modern Healing' and the article..." the Healer heard an female voice of an intern next to him.

"You still have a lot to learn, what was your name again?"

"Lucy Brown, sir. But you wrote for 'Healing today that...'"

The healer sighed. "Miss Brown then. What are you doing here anyway? If there is one patient you shouldn't come within a mile to that was him. Whatever were you thinking?"

"But, sir, The Healing Journal says..."

"Listen, Miss Brown, there are a few things we need to establish first. Do you know how in the last few years the number of new healers has drastically decreased?"

The girl nodded "Yes, sir. I remember you complaining that the work is getting harder because of that and that there isn't much time left for any research to be done."

"You like quoting, don't you?" the girl blushed "Anyway, why do you think it is like that?"

"Uhm, because people don't pass their N.E.W.T.s properly?"

"Very good. By the way – Where did you go to school?"

Lucy blinked. "Beauxbatons, sir. Parents thought that it was a proper school for a young girl."

"There you have it. Strange how few people from Hogwarts we have here, isn't it?"

"Well, now that you mention it, sir..."

"And having gone to Hogwarts myself I have a strange feeling that I know exactly why that is..." at the look in his eyes Lucy took a little step backwards.

"I'll... I'll just see if healer Andrews doesn't need me, for anything, sir"

"You do that. I have some planning to do." If Lucy didn't know better she could swear she saw a somewhat sadistic smile appear on his face

|||||||

"So what's the first costume, Luna?"

"Here, Hermione."

"Isn't this skirt rather short?" Hermione asked. "Looks more like a belt."

"The man at the shop assured me that it was highly fashionable... you're putting the shirt on wrong."

"The buttons go in the back?"

"That's right," Luna agreed. "Button me up please."

“Alright Luna, could you do me next?”

“Of course I will,” Luna said with a grin. “Turn around.”

“Watch your hands,” Hermione squeaked.

“I just wanted to make sure it wasn’t too tight in the chest,” Luna defended herself.

“Eek.”

“Or the hips... well, shall we go see what Harry thinks?”

“Luna, wait... damn,” Hermione growled the last word as Luna pranced out of the room.

“Akk.” she heard Harry choke.

“Why don’t you have your pants on yet Harry?” Luna’s voice drifted in.
“Do you need my help?”

With a long-suffering sigh, Hermione walked into the other room to help her friend escape her other friend. “Luna, he doesn’t need your help putting on a pair of pants.”

“He doesn’t?” Luna was on her knees in front of Harry.

“No, he doesn’t,” Hermione said firmly. “Now get up.”

“Ok.”

“Harry, put your pants on.”

“They’re too tight,” Harry held the pants up to cover himself.

“They’re supposed to be that tight,” Luna said. “Where’s your riding crop? You can’t be a jockey without a riding crop.”

"Where are your skirts?" Harry retorted. "Looks like all you've got is that small plaid belt."

"Next costume," Hermione said firmly.

"Ok," Luna agreed. "Come on, Hermione."

"I think I'll change out here with, Harry," Hermione said after a moment of thought.

"Here's the next box then," Luna said.

"It's empty," Harry said.

"She must have made a mistake," Hermione replied. "Unless... no, she wouldn't... never mind."

"What?"

"Don't worry about it," Hermione whispered. "Sounds like Luna is coming back."

"Yeah it... urk." Harry's eyes bulged as he took in Luna's... uh... suit.

"Why aren't you wearing your new costumes?" Luna asked with a pout.

"We couldn't find them," Hermione replied. "Why aren't you wearing anything?"

"I am wearing something Hermione," Luna said. "It's made out of a new fabric that can only be seen by people with good taste."

"Next costume," Hermione said firmly.

"But..."

"Next."

"Fine," Luna agreed with a defiant frown.

"Harry," Hermione said as Luna stormed into the next room.

"Yes, Hermione?"

"You were covering your eyes weren't you?"

"Sure," Harry agreed. "Let's go with that."

Luna gathered up the next costumes and checked her recording equipment. It was cute how innocent her friends were, they sent her out of the room but they didn't even think to check for the camera... ah well.

"Here you are, Hermione," Luna slipped the next costumes through the cracked door. "Don't let the door open too much."

"Why not?" Hermione asked suspiciously.

"I wouldn't want Harry to get a peak at my body," Luna whispered. "It wouldn't be proper."

"Riiiiight." Hermione took the costumes and handed one of them to Harry.

"What are they?"

"Looks like they're the armour that gets used by police Bomb Disposal Units," Hermione replied. "I'm not sure how she expects us to get into these. I've read that it takes... oh."

"Why aren't you wearing your costumes?" Luna asked as she waddled into the room.

"Couldn't figure out how to get into them," Hermione replied. "Why don't we look at the next costume?"

"I've only got one left," Luna said.

"Thank god."

“What?”

“Let’s see it,” Harry said.

“Ok,” it’s in the little box there.”

“This can’t be good,” Hermione whispered in dread after Luna had left the room.

“There’s only one left,” Harry said. “What do you think it is?”

“Probably a Speedo,” Hermione grumbled. “That or a thong.”

“Well, ...are you going to open it?”

“You first.”

“It’s just a lapel pin,” Harry said in shock. “All that and it was just a lapel pin.”

“Try it on,” Hermione suggested.

“How do I look?” Harry asked with a grin.

“Like you’re wearing a lapel pin,” Hermione said. “What about me?”

“The same.”

“I don’t like this,” Hermione muttered. “It’s too easy... check it out.”

“Not seeing anything much,” Harry said slowly. “Small charm that will change it from saying ‘Potter Wards’ to ‘Potter Security’ probably for the muggle world and a sticking charm to keep it attached to your clothes.”

“That’s all?”

“That’s all.”

"How do I look?" Luna had slipped back into the room when the other two were talking.

"Naked," Harry's comment slipped out.

"Where are your clothes?" Hermione demanded.

"My clothes?" Luna looked puzzled. "Right here." She motioned towards the lapel pin on her chest. "Do you need to have your eyes checked Hermione? It's really best not to put these things off."

"You're supposed to wear it on top of your normal clothes Luna," Hermione said firmly.

"Really?"

"Yes."

"I'm afraid that I'm going to have to disagree with you on this one Hermione," Luna said after a moment of thought. "Your statement just doesn't pass the logic test."

"My statement doesn't pass the logic test?" Hermione asked in shock.

"I know," Luna agreed. "I've noticed that you don't tend to apply logic to your arguments but I didn't want to point it out."

"But... but..."

"We need to wear clothes to... uh..."

"Protect us from all sorts of things," Hermione offered.

"Yeah... like... uh... you know more about what kind of animals clothes would protect us from Luna."

"Can't think of anything off the top of my head," Luna said.

"We can put protection charms on clothing to protect us from spells," Hermione said in inspiration. "Wouldn't want to get hurt."

“Yeah, safety first.”

“Safety first,” Luna agreed. “I’ll be right back.” Luna walked into the other room with a grin, they’d checked the pins for charms so it was unlikely that they’d check them again. Just to be on the safe side, she decided to wait a week or two before putting in her... additions.

|||||||

“Healer Andrews?”

“What can I do for you, Ms. Brown?” the elderly Healer asked kindly.

“I just had a few questions about the Snape case,” the young intern said hesitantly.

“Ah yes, Snivellus.” The Healer nodded. “Classic case of misplaced anger at his mother.”

“I agree sir,” the intern simpered. “But I was wondering at the treatments that they’ve been using... some of them were put out of use for being cruel and ineffective.”

“And you’re worried about possible conflicts with the Healers Oath,” the old man said in understanding.

“Yes sir.”

“I’m going to be assigning you a bit of Homework, Ms. Brown,” the old man said. “I want you to spend a bit of time with the patients in the... East wing I think it is.”

“The one for Hogwarts students and recent grads?”

“That’s the one,” the man agreed. “Be sure to ask them about their experiences with Mr. Snape and be sure to catalogue their responses before and after you tell them about the treatments we have him undergoing.”

"Yes sir," the girl agreed doubtfully.

"See me after you've had enough interviews to get the idea and I'll explain the rest of it."

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Andrew Joshua Talon

Omake 3:

Harry blinked at himself in the mirror. Hermione scowled at her own reflection. Luna beamed.

"Isn't this lovely? Now that there are two Foxes and two Hounds, we're sure to catch them in the act!"

Harry coughed when Hermione glared at his eyes wandering to her reflection.

"But Luna, these don't look anything like the Fox and Hound," Harry pointed out, his floppy cloth dog ears on his cap shaking slightly. The full-body dog costume that looked suspiciously like something from 101 Dalmations didn't help.

"No, they don't," Hermione said icily, her red fox ear headband going perfectly with her dark red lace nightie, crimson stockings and long, fingerless gloves. A felt fox tail waved over her shapely bum.

"Exactly! You can claim to really be the Fox and Hound because you look more like a fox and hound. We can sue the Fox and Hound for calling themselves 'Fox and Hound' but looking nothing like Fox and Hound. Really, who are they going to believe?"

"And you're dressed in a toga, blindfold, and sandals because...?"
Hermione prompted.

Luna smiled happily and held up a pair of scales.

"I'm Justice! I'll be on your side!"

Luna turned and walked, apparently for the door... Running into the wall instead.

"Oof! Forgive me, sir. The Unnagalis should have steered me correctly. Bother, that."

Hermione and Harry stared at each other.

"... On the plus side, you look smoking hot in that outfit, Hermione."

"Watch it, I can have you fixed."

Omake 4:

Snape's eyes widened as he stared in horror at the abomination that charms, human transmutation, and too much Japanese porn had wrought.

"Who... Who are you?" He gasped.

The monster paused, holding up a few tentacles around its head.

"There are those who call me... Tim?"

Snape screamed.

Omake 5:

"Hermione, how exactly are we supposed to fight Fox and Hound with Luna, when WE'RE Fox and Hound?" Harry whispered urgently, as said blonde wandered about the apartment, still blindfolded, ordering the Unnagalis to do their damn jobs or prepare to be bashed.

"Simple. I learned a Japanese spell that should help," Hermione whispered back confidently. She pulled her wand out of her cleavage and waved it.

"Kage Bunshin no Jutsu!"

POOF! POOF! POOF!

"Harry, look... Harry?" The Boy Who Lived shook his head and looked away from Hermione's bosom. He blinked and felt the rather bizarre urge to howl.

"Brilliant Hermione... This is the most brilliant spell EVER," Harry grinned, looking at the five additional Hermiones smiling at him slyly.

Disclaimer: Seventies era porn may make a good dark mark but . . . um . . . I forgot what I was going to say.

Bow Chika Wow Wow

"A wizard requests an audience with you, Master," Elizabeth said respectfully. Ever since the... incident with her Master's mother, Gretchen had made herself scarce and so most of the work was falling on Elizabeth.

"Send him in," Ron commanded.

"Thank you for agreeing to meet with me Dark Wizard Jeremy. I'm..."

"Colin Creevy?" Ron said in shock.

"You truly are the master of information," Colin said. He was impressed; this new dark lord was much better than the old one.

"What did you want?"

"If I may first be allowed to ask a couple questions?"

"Yes."

"What are your intentions towards the great Harry Potter?"

"You mean Harry 'I stomp dark lords for fun' Potter or Harry 'I work in a mill' Potter?"

"Uh... the first one."

"Good guy, I intend to send him a gift for his birthday... perhaps one of those books with the naked witches and the contortions," Ron mused.

"Oh," Colin said in relief. "In that case, my brother and I have a proposition for you."

“I don’t do guys,” Ron said quickly. “But if I did then I’m sure I’d find you attractive.”

“Not that kind of proposition,” Colin sighed. “We couldn’t help but notice that you didn’t have a dark mark.”

“But I do,” Ron said. “Elizabeth.”

“Yes, Master,” the girl agreed and Colin got an eyeful.

“Not... uh... nice... uh...”

“Thanks,” Elizabeth said as she dropped her robe.

“I mean the type of dark mark you leave behind after your attacks,” Colin said. “And I know that a dark lord as accomplished as yourself won’t settle for the old throw up a floating copy of your other dark mark.”

“Go on.”

“May I demonstrate?”

“You may.”

“Photolascivio,” Colin incanted. The room darkened and a grainy monochromatic image of Dennis Creevy appeared.

“Testing one two three, testing.” Dennis’s image said.

“Impressive,” Ron said. “But I’d rather my dark mark not be of your brother... too recognisable you understand.”

“It can be of anything you wish it to be, Lord Jeremy,” Colin explained. “That was just the first successful test.”

“Elizabeth,” Ron’s voice hardened. “Write up a script and give it to Mr. Creevy.”

“Yes, Master,” the girl agreed.

“Mr. Creevy.”

“Yes, Lord Jeremy?”

“Tell the girls outside to throw money at you or something,” Ron said.
“Take as much as you want.”

“Thank you, Lord Jeremy,” Colin said with a bow.

“Elizabeth will send you the script, contact me if there are any problems.”

“I will, Lord Jeremy.” Colin bowed once more and backed out of the room.

“I’ll get to work on the script right away, Master,” Elizabeth said.

“One thing before you do.”

“What is it, Master?”

“Elizabeth,” Ron began.

“Yes, Master?”

“Bring Gretchen to me, I think it’s long past time for her punishment.”

“What are you going to do, Master?” the girl asked nervously,
Gretchen was her best friend.

“It’s not what I’m going to do, it’s what you’re going to do.”

“What am I going to do, Master?” Elizabeth squeaked. Master
wouldn’t make her kill her best friend... would he?

“You’re going to lay her across my lap,” Ron said with a sinister laugh.

“Yes?”

"And then you're going to spank her," Ron said. "Spank her like she's never been spanked before. Bwahahahahaha."

"Good evil laugh, Master."

"Thank you, I've been practicing."

"It shows."

|||||||

"Hey Bob!"

"Hi, Joe."

"What's the problem?"

"It's weird, you know? Ever since Snape and the tentacle monster were, uh, discovered together...."

"Oh, please, don't remind me."

"Yeah, well, ever since, the monster hasn't been meeting my eyes."

"What?"

"I think it's ashamed."

"Can't blame the poor thing, you do crazy things when you're on the rebound."

"Squid still not returning its calls?"

"Yep."

|||||||

"So did you do your homework, Ms. Brown?"

"Yes," Lucy said with a sick look. "And I can't believe what I've learned.

"So what have you learned?"

"That you're torturing him to make other patients feel better," Lucy growled in disgust.

"Not exactly," Healer Andrews said. "Mr. Snape is an unusual case in that he's too far gone for conventional treatments."

"I know that but..."

"So we're using experimental treatments and treatments that have fallen out of use," the old man interrupted. "What we have is a man who can't get worse no matter what we do to him. Do you understand now?"

"He can't get worse so... so we can test any treatment on him no matter how sadistic or crazy it is," the girl said slowly. "He's the perfect test subject. With luck we can use him to advance our craft."

"Very good, Ms. Brown," the elderly Healer said proudly. "The fact that we can use the description of his treatments to help some of our other patients is just an added bonus."

"I see... forgive me, Healer."

"We're all young at some point in our lives," Healer Andrews said kindly. "Just keep working as hard as you have been and I have no doubt that you'll have a good career."

|||||||||

"Ready for the next job?" Harry asked.

"Yeah," Hermione agreed. "I just..."

"Still processing the... costume party?"

"Yeah," Hermione agreed. "I can't help but wonder if Luna isn't putting on an act... I mean, no one can be that crazy."

"It is Luna," Harry pointed out.

"I suppose you're right," Hermione agreed reluctantly. "But I still can't help but feel like I'm missing something."

"It'll come to you."

Far away, Luna made a note to herself to check her hidden cameras to make sure they were hidden as well as they could be.

"So where do you want to hit next?"

"I dunno," Harry said. "The Minister's office?"

"Fudge is annoying," Hermione mused. "Ok, when do you wanna do this?"

"Few hours after dark?" Harry suggested.

"Sounds good."

|||||||||

"Well?" Dennis demanded as his brother returned.

"The Dark Wizard Jeremy has agreed," Colin said with a grin. "And that he doesn't plan to harm Harry Potter... oh, and he also gave us some money."

"New cameras," Dennis cheered.

"Yeah," Colin agreed. "We just have to wait for his script."

"Script?"

"He's having one of his followers work on it," Colin said absently. "Damn."

“What is it?”

“Forgot to ask about the sound track,” Colin said.

“I’m sure the follower that’s working on the script will think of something.”

“Can’t take that chance,” Colin said. “How about something like... bow bow chicka chicka?”

“Chicka pow bow wow?”

“Bow chicka bow wow?”

“Think you got it,” Dennis cheered.

“We got it,” Colin corrected him.

“I’ll see if I can find someone to play the music,” Dennis said. “You work on the spell, see if you can’t get a clearer picture.”

“Right.”

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“Twenty-five, Master,” Gretchen squealed. “Twenty-six, Master.”

“Hold up a moment, Elizabeth,” Ron commanded. “Does it hurt?” he asked as he pulled his follower close.

“A little master,” Gretchen admitted. “But it’s a good kinda hurt.”

“Elizabeth,” Ron said. “You go work on the script.”

“Can I put if off for a minute, Master?” The girl begged. “Helping you punish Gretchen has left me a little...”

“Fine.”

|||||||

"How much is that?" the orderly asked.

"Twenty gallons?" the other said uncertainly. "I don't know... think we should just start over from the beginning?"

"Just to be safe," the other agreed.

"God no," Snape screamed. "No more."

"Gag him," the Healer said calmly as he entered the room. "What seems to be the problem?"

"We lost count on how much yogurt we put in and so we thought it best to start over," the orderly replied.

"Sensible," the Healer commended them. "Just put it in until you can't put in any more. We have to get him ready for the operation."

"Going to perform the lobotomy, Healer?"

"Not at this time, this is merely an exploratory operation to determine whether there are any physiological reasons for his psychosis."

"Yes, Healer, do you want us to shave him?"

"Yes, shave him and dip him in alcohol to insure sterility."

"Yes, Healer."

"Make that iodine then alcohol," the Healer said after a moment of thought. "Safety first."

"Safety first," the orderlies echoed.

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meteoricshipyards, Shawn Pickett, Morris Rague, Iuinlothana, Treck, Drake, Marneus Calgar, Goblin214, Chris LeBron, and everyone else on my yahoo group. They gave me scenes, ideas, and all sorts of other things. Tell me if I missed you so I can add to this list.

Disclaimer: Be careful what you say, you could be surrounded by reporters.

Is it Better to Have Loved and Lost?

“Hey mum?”

“What is it, Dennis?”

“Do you know where dad is?” Dennis asked. “We need his help with something.”

“Still need uncle Hannibal’s help with that dark wizard?”

“No mum, he’s a good dark wizard. Doesn’t want to hurt Harry Potter like the last one.”

“Harry’s so lucky to have you boys looking after him like this,” she mused. “I think your father is in the den. What do you need him for?”

“The Dark Wizard Jeremy has hired us to work on his dark mark... that’s the symbol of terror dark wizards leave at the scene of their attacks,” he added when he noticed his mother’s confused look.

“That’s nice dear.”

“Thanks mum,” Dennis replied as he went off in search of his father.

|||||||||

“Bob, are you really going to go through with this?”

The Auror in question looked at his friend, and answered seriously, “Joe, I have to do this. You can’t work with someone for fifteen years and not feel at least obligated. I admit, he can be hard to work with, but I respect him. And I like to think there’s some friendship between us.”

“I feel the same way, but to do this? This is way over the call of duty.”

“If I didn’t try, I don’t think I could look at myself in the mirror.”

“Good luck, my friend. If I’m ever in trouble, I hope I have someone like you to help me out.”

“We’re family, Joe: the brotherhood of Aurors. You know I have you back if you ever need it.”

“Is that it?” Joe asked, pointing at the barnacle encrusted anchor.

“Yes. Not long now.” He knocked on the door in the dungeon of the Department of Magical Law enforcement, then unlocked it. He dropped the anchor. He spoke into the dark beyond the door.

“It should activate in about a minute. Remember, just be yourself. And if she still rejects you, know that if she can’t see what a great, er, guy you are, that’s her problem, not yours. Whatever happens, I’ll see you at the beach near Hogwarts.”

A tentacle came out of the darkness, wrapped around the anchor/portkey, and suddenly disappeared.

“Think the squid will make up with him?” Joe asked.

“I hope so. After that thing with Snape, the tentacle monster just doesn’t seem to have any self confidence.”

|||||||

“Hey dad,” Dennis announced himself. “Can I get your help on something?”

“What is it son?”

“The Dark Wizard Jeremy has hired us to make a floating dark mark using that new magic we showed you.”

“Sounds great, so what’s the problem?”

"We don't have any theme music," Dennis replied. "And since you have that band we were hoping..." "

"I'd love to help you son," he replied. "Did you have any ideas?"

"Something like bow chicka bow wow."

"Sounds like seventies era porn music," his father said thoughtfully.

"Thanks dad," Dennis said. "That's what we were going for."

"My sons are making a porn?"

"Not sure yet, but judging by what the Dark Wizard Jeremy has done in the past..."

"I'm so proud."

|||||||

"Got the plans to the Ministry building?" Harry whispered to his source.

"Got the money?" The man retorted.

"Right here," Harry agreed.

"Then you're under arrest," the undercover Auror said with a grin.
"Put your hands..."

"Wait," Harry said. "Why are you arresting me?"

"Because you're attempting to get classified government documents," the Auror replied. "Now put your hands..."

"You do know who I am don't you?" Harry asked oddly.

"We'll find that out at the station, now put your hands..."

"I'm Harry bloody Potter, and if you'd check with Madame Bones then I'm sure she'd tell you that I have access to these plans." Harry sighed. "And if you'll check the bag then you'll find that I just put in enough to cover copying costs... why else would I ask an Auror to get me plans to the Ministry building?"

"You know I'm an Auror?"

"Your badge shows every time you bend over and I can see it with my mage sight," Harry replied. "You thought I didn't know you were an Auror?"

"I'm supposed to be undercover," the man admitted with a frown.

"Oh... sorry about the misunderstanding," Harry said with a blush. "I didn't realise... I didn't break your cover by coming to you did I?"

"Most criminals aren't as good as you are Mr. Potter," the Auror said quickly. "But thanks, I'll be sure to fix my robes so they don't show my badge. As to breaking my cover, I think we can still salvage this. I've got some illegal ward breaking tools and a few how to books on ward breaking and that sort of thing. I'll be sure to conceal the ward map and architectural diagram in one of those books."

"Thanks," Harry whispered. "And sorry again, I sometimes forget that most people don't know any spells that let them see magic."

"I feel the same way with my family spells sometimes," the Auror whispered back with a smile.

"So how do we do this?"

"I'll give you these plans now," the Auror said. "But don't pay attention to them. They've only got as much detail as they have to in order to be convincing fakes. Meet me in that alley later."

"Right."

"If you don't mind my asking..."

“Go ahead.”

“Why do you need plans to the Ministry, and why come to me rather than go to Madame Bones?”

“I took a glance at the Ministry building the other day and I was rather... surprised to see how weak the wards are. I’m hoping that I’m missing something, if I’m not then I’m going to suggest to Madame Bones that your office do a through sweep for missing items and illegal monitoring charms.” Harry paused. “As for the other thing... well, if the wards are as bad as I think they are then I wouldn’t be surprised to learn that the Fox and the Hound have monitoring charms in Madame Bones’ office.”

“Don’t want to tip them off huh?”

“And can’t think of a way to have Madame Bones have a meeting with me right before getting a copy of the wards and plans,” Harry agreed.

“Good thinking lad.”

|||||||||

“Hello Auror. Is there anything I can do for you?” Dumbledore was taking an afternoon stroll around the grounds of the castle. He had reached the beach and found an Auror stationed by the water. He was pondering what to do about his potions master. Every time he went to Saint Mungo’s to inquire about Severus, the nurses would tell him they would keep him informed if there was any news, give him a sweet, and send him on his way. He liked the sweets, and truth be told, he had stopped by a few times just to get them. He especially liked the ones on little sticks. He hadn’t had lollipops in decades.

“Hello, Headmaster. I’m just waiting for a, er, friend.”

“Really? Anyone I know?”

“I don’t know. He usually works in the lowest levels of the DMLE. Sewage cleanup, things like that.”

“Can’t say I’ve been down there.”

The conversation was interrupted by a tentacle slithering out of the water, carrying what looked like a chunk of raw meat.

“Oh, no!” Bob gasped.

“What’s the problem?” Dumbledore asked the obviously distressed man.

“Have you ever made yourself vulnerable to someone and have them take advantage of your trust? Ever bare your soul to someone and have them tear out your heart and hand it to you?”

“I’ve had my share of rejection when I was younger. Great Merlin! What’s that?”

“She tore out his heart and handed it to him.”

“I thought you were speaking metaphorically.”

The rest of the tentacle monster was dragging itself up on the beach.

“No, there’s no metaphor for what he’s been through. My poor friend.”

“How is it still alive if that’s its heart?”

“He has more than one, and they regenerate, but the physical pain is the least of it.”

“Well bugger this, it’s a tentacle monster.”

Bob yelled to his friend, “He didn’t mean it!” But it was all too futile. Tentacle monsters really don’t understand metaphor, and expletives are completely foreign to them.

Afterwards, he and the tentacle monster portkeyed back to the dungeon while Madam Pomfrey took the headmaster back to the castle to sooth his, er, pains.

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"Hello again Snivellus, are you ready to talk about what happened to you as a child?"

"I'm ready," Snape agreed. "It all started when..." Over the next two hours, Snape wove a tale of abuse and perversion. He talked about his father, he talked about his mother, he talked about his unrequited love affair with James Potter. In short, he told the Healer what he thought the other man wanted to hear. At this point he was ready to do anything to get out of this place.

"I think we're making real progress Snivellus," the Healer said. "Good job."

"When did you start molesting the Headmaster?" The Healer continued.

"Well..." Snape wove another elaborate lie. "And that's what happened."

"I see, tell me about your feelings for Harry Potter."

"Those rosy lips, those emerald eyes, who could resist?" Snape said.

"Very good, Snivellus."

"Thank you, I..."

"The next step is to tell this all to a real Healer," the man said as he packed up his camera and dictation quill.

"Wait, real Healer?"

"Yes, I'm afraid that I'm just a reporter that disguised himself to look like a healer to break the story about you. But don't worry, I think you just completed a very important step in the recovery process."

"WHY YOU." Snape began foaming at the mouth as he began struggling to break the restraints that held him to the chair. "I'll kill you. I'll kill your family. I'll kill your pets..."

"ORDERLY," the Reporter yelled. "Take our friend here down to sector three and give him yogurt until it comes out his ears."

"Yes, Healer."

"Use the large applicator," the reporter said after a moment of thought. "Then I want you to suspend him from the ceiling with his feet up and spin him for no less than four hours."

"Yes Healer," the men agreed. "Do you want us to report to you when we're done?"

"I probably won't be here," the reporter replied. "I've got other things to take care of."

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"How'd it go?" Hermione asked as Harry returned to their apartment.

"Undercover Auror tried to arrest me," Harry said as he flopped onto the bed next to his friend. "But I managed to talk my way out of it. Speaking of which, don't let me forget to put a bunch of monitoring charms in while we rob the place."

"Any reason why?"

"I explained that the reason I went to a man I knew was an Auror was because I was afraid that Madame Bones' office was bugged," Harry said. "Said I hadn't realised that he was undercover."

"And he fell for that?"

"Yep, even gave me a bunch of new ward breaking tools and books."

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“No, no, no,” Gretchen growled. “It’s step, heal, pivot, step, step. Not step, pivot, step, step, heal.”

“Sorry, Dark Mistress number two, but...”

“I prefer Second Dark Mistress,” Gretchen interrupted.

“Sorry, Second Dark Mistress,” the new recruit corrected herself. “But they didn’t cover sauntering in school.”

“I know,” Gretchen’s voice softened. “But look at it this way, if we don’t look good when we march behind Master then Master doesn’t look good.”

“I know,” the girl said glumly. “I’m just too clumsy to ever get this right.”

“Don’t say that,” Gretchen said. “How about this, we’ll take you in to talk with Master for a little while... maybe get him to use THAT spell on you a few times.”

“Really?”

“Really, and if you do it good then I’ll ask master to reward you with THAT spell or ask him to do things the old fashion way.”

“Thank you Gretchen, you’re the best.”

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“Hello again, Snivellus,” the Healer began. “Are you ready for our session?”

“Go to hell,” Snape growled. “I’m not telling you a thing.”

“Why not?”

“You aren’t a real Healer,” Snape growled. “You’re an undercover reporter and you’re hear to ferret out my secrets so that you can print

them in the Daily Prophet or some other rag. One of your colleagues already tried that trick on me earlier today and it won't work again."

"I see... and how long have I been a reporter?"

"How should I know?" Snape demanded. "Now get the hell out of here."

"Hmmm." The Healer rose from his seat and motioned towards someone outside the door. "This is Healer Andrews," the Healer began. "Is he a reporter too?"

"If he isn't then he's in cahoots with you," Snape snarled.

"I... see."

"Excuse us a minute," Healer Andrews said. "While I speak with this... reporter you said?"

"Yes," Snape snapped.

"What do you think?"

"Classic case of a persecution complex," could be a sign that he's coming around.

"Or it could be a sign that he's getting worse," the Healer said glumly.
"What do you think?"

"I don't want to cater to his delusions..."

"But it may be best to keep him away from me," the Healer said with a nod. "Who knows what he could do next."

"We'll see what happens next," Healer Andrews mused. "It'll be interesting to see what he does next."

"Quite." The Healer made a couple notes. "Any idea what brought this on?"

"The Prophet is running a series of articles on his early childhood," Healer Andrews replied. "They've found out about his relationship with Headmaster Dumbledore and they've decided to devote several issues to the story."

"I guess one of the Orderlies must have mentioned it to him," the Healer said slowly. "Which explains how this delusion got started."

"Now to work on all the others," Healer Andrews agreed. "Be sure all the interns have a chance to read the Prophet articles, I want everyone to comb them to try to get an insight on this disturbed man's past."

"I'll be sure they do that," the Healer said. "Might also be a good idea to let Ms. Brown go over the transcripts of our sessions with Mr. Snape."

"She does have potential," Healer Andrews said. "Do it."

AN: The ongoing list of people that contributed to this fic without whom, it would not have been nearly as good . . . one might go so far as to say it would be quite bad: Ed Becerra, ausfinbar, David Wangen, , dogbertcarroll, hattenjc, the caitiff, AlanP, Lone Wolf, meteoricshipyards, Shawn Pickett, Morris Rague, luinlothana, Treck, Drake, Marneus Calgar, Goblin214, Chris LeBron, and everyone else on my yahoo group. They gave me scenes, ideas, and all sorts of other things. Tell me if I missed you so I can add to this list.

Disclaimer: If you're a corrupt politician . . . or anything else really, don't leave evidence that can convict you laying around.

Sames Stay Together

"Harry?"

"What is it?" Harry asked his friend.

"Have you checked the shop below our apartment?"

"No, why?"

"It's empty," Hermione explained. "Do you think it would be a good idea to find a tenant?"

"Maybe," Harry demurred. "Depends on the tenant, it'd have to be the right sort. If you know what I mean?"

"What do you mean?" Hermione demanded with narrowed eyes.

"Someone we can trust not to inform on us," Harry said. "What did you think I meant?"

"Nothing Harry. Do you think we could get the twins?" Hermione added before her friend thought to pursue the matter.

"Why don't I ask them later?" Harry suggested.

"We are kinda busy right now," Hermione agreed. "Finding anything in Fudge's desk?"

"Some gold, a few dark magical items, nothing big. You got his safe open?"

"Having a bit of trouble with it," Hermione said with a frown. "Got anymore of that acid?"

"Don't leave home without it," Harry agreed as he tossed her the bottle.

"Be careful with that," Hermione hissed.

"It'll eat metal, it'll eat your clothes, but it won't hurt you." Harry reassured his friend. "Another one of mum's recipes."

"I didn't see that one," Hermione said as she uncapped the bottle.
"Wasn't in her diary."

"It was in the Evans family techniques," Harry explained. "Her additions anyway."

"Oh... don't you think it's kinda weird?"

"What?"

"The fact that your parents had a proper pureblood match after all?"
Hermione explained as she took the door off the safe. "In how they jointed two families together to increase their techniques."

"Dad's journal," Harry began. "Said that while opposites attract, likes stay together. Advised me to find a cute little thief of my own."

"Oh... well look what we have here," Hermione said in delight.

"What is it?"

"A mysterious silvery liquid," Hermione replied. "I wonder what's on these."

"Grab 'em," Harry suggested. "We'll go through them later."

"And a Gringotts key," Hermione continued. "Oooh, look at these diamonds."

"How big is that safe anyway?"

"Bigger on the inside," Hermione replied absently. "Be sure to grab those books, I thought I noticed a couple rare titles in them."

"Ok, why do you suppose Fudge has 'em?"

"Makes him look good maybe?" Hermione said with a shrug. "Got everything?"

"Yeah, you?"

"Yeah," Hermione agreed. "Got the bugs placed?"

"Both hard and easy to find," Harry agreed. "Shall we go?"

"Let's."

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Tonks growled as yet another jerk put his hand on her hip and tried a cheesy pickup line. "Hey baby, how bout you and I go find some place private for a bit of fun?" Wait... she knew that voice, a glance in the mirror confirmed it and she did a quick morph before turning around.

"Why I'd love to... Stephen?"

"MUM?" The man said sickly. "What are you doing here?"

"Trying to find a strapping young man to warm up my evening," Tonks replied. "And while it'll be a little odd at first, you're the only offer I've had all night."

"No... uh... I gotta go."

"Wait honey, don't you wanna warm up my evening?" Tonks giggled as the green man fled the bar. "Wuss."

"Rough night?" The bartender asked.

"Can't find a decent guy," Tonks replied. "They're all either like him or afraid of commitment."

"You'll find someone," the bartender said sympathetically. "Just don't give up hope."

"Yeah," Tonks said flatly. "Right."

"Come on, you must know one decent guy?"

"Two actually," Tonks groaned. "One's taken."

"And the other?"

"Is a werewolf and refuses to get into a relationship with anyone, much less a girl so much younger than him."

"Tough break."

"Yeah... but maybe." Tonks grinned. "They do spend a lot of time with Luna... and I only want to borrow him for a bit."

"What is it?"

"Just thinking that a friend might loan me something if I ask nicely," Tonks replied. "Something to pursue later anyway."

"That's the spirit."

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"I've got the script ready, Master," Elizabeth said. "Could you read it with me?"

"Sure," Ron agreed. "Who am I?"

"The plumber, Master."

"Uh... I hear your pipes are plugged up, better let me get a look at them."

"Ok."

"I don't see anymore lines." Ron glanced at the back of the page.

"There aren't anymore lines master," the girl replied as she reached for the clasp on her skull bra.

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"Am I still grounded?" Ginny whined.

"I don't know," Molly replied. "Do you still want to join your brother's harem?"

"I didn't know it was my brother," Ginny protested. "And I never wanted to join his harem, I wanted to steal back the family spells."

"I'm still waiting for an answer."

"I don't want to join his harem," Ginny said dully.

"And have you given up joining any dark lord?"

"Yes, mum."

"Or becoming a dark witch?"

"..."

"Or becoming a dark witch," Molly asked sharply.

"But it's fun, mum," Ginny protested.

"Then I think you need more time in your room."

"Why does Ron get to be a dark wizard if I can't?" Ginny yelled as she slammed the door to her room.

"Honestly," Molly groaned. "If I'd have known daughters were this difficult then I'd have stuck with having sons."

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“Anything interesting in those memories?” Harry asked.

“The usual, corruption, corruption, and more corruption.”

“Any way to copy those?”

“Easy, why?”

“One to Madame Bones, one to the Daily Prophet, one to the Quibbler, and one to every witch and wizard we can think of.”

“Sounds like fun,” Hermione agreed with a giggle. “He deserves it after what he tried to do to you.”

“And we can clean out his house while he’s busy trying to explain everything to the public.”

“Yeah,” Harry agreed. “Good night.”

“Good night, Harry.”

“Morning, Angelina,” Fred said as he awoke.

“Good morning, Fred,” the girl replied. “Don’t you have to open the shop?”

“George is doing that today,” Fred replied. “Katie is still angry with him over that misunderstanding.”

“You can’t blame her,” Angelina defended her friend. “I wouldn’t have believed that either of you had made an honest mistake either.”

“But he did,” Fred said in exasperation. “And to be frank, he’s a bit saddened that she’d think he’d stoop so low as to try something that childish. How was he supposed to know that Thai food tasted like fire? It’s muggle stuff, he only chose the restaurant because it had those little tables.”

"I'll talk to her," Angelina promised. It really was long past time her friend stopped pretending to be angry.

"Thanks, Angelina," Fred said happily. "George just isn't the same without Katie around."

"Whatever, just give me a kiss before I go." Fred complied and watched his girl disappear with a pop.

Fred got out of bed, dressed, and joined his brother in the shop.

"Well?" George asked.

"Angelina is going to talk to her," Fred replied. "I still say you shouldn't apologize."

"Remember what dad said," George replied. "Apologize or else. Doesn't matter if you're right or not."

"I guess," Fred agreed slowly. "Still don't like it."

"They are the weaker sex, catering to their poor logic is the gentlemanly thing to do after all."

"True."

"Ready to open?"

"Let's." The twins opened the door to admit Fred's Ministry assigned bodyguards.

"Morning boys," the Aurors greeted the twins. "Still can't tell witch is witch."

"There's a joke here," Fred mused, as he looked at the two men in identical outfits. "I'm just not sure what it is."

"Hey Fred, George." Harry said as he walked into the shop. "Why are there two Aurors standing next to you?"

"Bodyguards," Fred replied. "What can I do for you Harry?"

"Just wondering if you were happy with your current building," Harry said. He figured it best not to ask about the bodyguards.

"Couldn't be happier," George said.

"Why do you ask?"

"Oh... I own the building down the street and I was wondering if you wanted to move in."

"Which one?" George asked. "The red one-"

"-or the green one?" Fred finished.

"Um... the brownstone," Harry said nervously.

"The giant one?" Fred gasped. "You own that?"

"Yeah," Harry agreed. "But if you're happy here."

"You kidding, Harry?" George laughed. "We'd love to move into your building, how much do you want to charge for rent?"

"Two hundred?" Harry said uncertainly.

"Two hundred?" Fred asked in shock.

"One hundred?" Harry tried again.

"Harry... friend of mine," George said. "We pay six hundred for this place."

"Plus a large security deposit," Fred agreed. "We'd love to move into your building."

"Thanks guys," Harry said. "Makes me feel better to have someone in the shop... uh."

Fred glanced at his bodyguards. "Take a step outside for a minute would you guys?"

"You sure, sir?"

"It is Harry Potter, isn't it?" Fred asked. "No Polyjuice?"

"So far as we can tell, sir."

"Then I'll be fine," Fred said. "Harry wouldn't do anything to hurt me, would you Harry?"

"Aside from leading you into an obvious trap?" Harry asked with a weak grin.

"Aside from that, yes," George said.

"Yeah." The guards left the room and the twins turned to Harry with quizzical looks on their faces. "Don't tell anyone."

"Our lips are sealed," the twins assured him.

"I'm living in the apartment over the shop," Harry whispered. "There's another at the back of the shop if you'd like to stay in it."

"Living alone-"

"-or with Hermione?"

"Uh... the second," Harry said with a blush. "Luna, Tonks, and Madame Bones might also be dropping by."

"And Hermione knows about this?"

"Yeah," Harry agreed. "Why wouldn't she?"

"We're so proud," George cried. "Our own little Harry-"

"-has his own harem."

"Wait, it's not my harem." Harry said quickly. "I'm working for Madame Bones to catch the Fox and the Hound."

"What about Tonks and Luna?"

"Them, too," Harry agreed.

"Damn," George sighed. "We're disappointed, Harry."

"At least tell us you've seen them in skimpy clothes or something."

"Well... not skimpy clothes," Harry said with a blush.

"No clothes?" Fred pounced on him.

"I don't want to talk about it," Harry stammered. "It was all a misunderstanding."

"Tell us-"

"-or we'll tell Katie and Angelina-"

"-and they'll rat you out to Hermione."

"Uh...she was there," Harry whispered. "She saw as much as I did."

"Maybe he is building a harem?"

"But wants to keep it quiet until he's got everything arranged."

"Don't worry, Harry-"

"-our lips are sealed. Just keep away from Katie-"

"-and Angelina, they're taken-'

"-by us."

"Uh... ok," Harry figured that it was best just to agree at this point.

“Thanks, mate.”

|||||||

“You sent for me?” Minerva regarded the gathered board of governors with a stern look.

“Have a seat please, Minerva,” the chairman said politely. “There’s something we need to speak with you about.”

“What is it?”

“You’ve heard of course about Severus Snape?” The man asked. “And his... relationship with the Headmaster.”

“It’s true, then?”

“Yes,” the man agreed with a look of disgust. “It’s true.”

“Poor Albus.”

“If it’s any consolation, it seems that he was too senile to understand what was happening.”

“It’s not,” Minerva snapped. “To think this was all going on under my nose and I...”

“Don’t blame yourself, Minerva,” the man said gently. “None of us knew... we just figured that his odd behaviour was because of who he was, not because what was happening to him.”

“So what now?” The old woman asked after several deep breaths.

“We’ve managed to talk the prophet into leaving out the Headmaster’s ordeal,” the man said kindly. “But I don’t believe that Dumbledore is able to carryout his duties.”

“You can’t fire him,” Minerva gasped. “It’d kill him.”

"We aren't going to fire him," the man assured her. "We're going to convince him to delegate more responsibilities to his deputy. With your permission, of course."

"I'll do it," Minerva agreed with a sad frown. "I'm not sure where I'll find the time, but I'll do it."

"We could approve funding for an assistant transfiguration Professor," one of the others mused.

"We will," the chairman agreed. "With your approval, Minerva?"

"Do it."

"Moving to the next subject, a replacement Potions Professor. Any suggestions or preferences?"

"Molly Weasley," Minerva said after a moment of thought. "Received an Outstanding on her N.E.W.T.s and I'm given to understand that her skill hasn't diminished in the intervening years. She may not be of Snape's calibre, but she's more than what's needed for the job at hand and I trust her to be around children without supervision."

"We'll send her an offer," the chairman agreed. "Any thoughts on who we should hire for the position of DADA?"

"Go to Madame Bones," Minerva said. "With the return of Voldemort..." She frowned when several people flinched. "... we're going to need extra security anyway. We may as well get some extra use out of the security force."

"Good thinking, Minerva," the man said with a grin. "I told you lot that she was what we needed. Make yourself comfortable, Minerva, we have a lot of material to work through and only a short time to do it in. Don't hesitate to call for one of the elves if you want any refreshments. Now the next thing on the agenda is..."

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Disclaimer: Beer is a great thing, but I wouldn't make it the focus of my dark organization . . . or would I?

The Dating Game

"What is that smell!" Joe was making his normal rounds of the lower dungeon when he was accosted by a truly awful smell.

"Hi, Joe," Bob came by, carrying a bucket of grey-brown ooze. "You probably want to put on a bubble-head charm."

"What is that?" Joe asked, as he took his co-worker's suggestion.

"Pig by-products. The same by-products that turn the grass green."

"Why is it down here?" He had a bit of an idea, considering which door they came to. Bob opened it, and handed the bucket to a tentacle.

"What's this all about?" Joe asked.

"He wants to make a good impression."

"Huh?"

"Read this." Bob handed over a clipping.

"Lonely SS seeks single EH for serious relationship. Blackpit Moor. SS?"

"Single Shoggoth."

"EH?"

"Eldrich Horror."

"Where'd you get this?"

"Daily Prophet. The Personals page."

“So, he’s testing the waters, huh.”

“Yeah, I figure it will be good for him to meet new, er, people, things, whatever.” He walked down the hall and came back carrying a rusty automobile fender. He opened the door and handed it over to the tentacle monster.

“Remember, don’t push it. There’s no guarantee that you’ll be compatible. Just get to know each other and we’ll see where it goes from there. The portkey is timed to bring you back tomorrow morning at eight. So enjoy yourself.” There was a whoosh and the monster was away.

“Where’s Blackpit Moor, anyway?”

“Near Little Hangleton.”

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“This sucks,” one of the perspective dark wizards sulked. “Voldemort doesn’t have any chicks and the Dark Wizard Jeremy has a lot of chicks, but none of them will leave him.”

“Yeah man, total sausage fest.”

“Why don’t we start our own dark society?” Another suggested. “To get chicks?”

“What do we want to devote it to?”

“The Dark Wizard Jeremy devoted his to driving people insane, Voldemort devoted his to blood purity, why don’t we devote ours to BEER.”

“BEER,” everyone shouted in agreement.

“Hold up guys, we need to study this issue.”

“BOOO.”

"We can't just go off half-cocked," he continued. "We need to look at other groups to find what works for them so we can avoid any mistakes they might have made."

"But all there is in the wizarding world is the Dark Lord Voldemort and the Dark Wizard Jeremy."

"What about the muggle world?"

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"What now?" Peter demanded.

"Uh... some of the new men have redesigned the standard uniform," Macnair said sickly.

"So what?"

"So the new uniform consists of ass less chaps."

"I don't have time to deal with that sort of thing," Wormtail growled.
"Take care of it yourself."

"You want me to go talk to them?" Macnair demanded. "Do you..."

"Either stop complaining or deal with it yourself," Peter snapped.

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Harry and Hermione were awoken by a frantic pounding on their door. This time it was Harry who stumbled to the door and answered it.

"Yes?"

"Sorry to bother you so late Harry but I need to know if you've managed to take a look at the ward diagram?"

"A particularly slow chimp could have gotten through those wards," Harry said with a yawn. "I'm still trying to figure out who dropped the ball."

"At a guess, Fudge decided to cut a few corners."

"Could be," Harry agreed. "What's the problem?"

"We caught one of the inner circle today," Bones whispered. "I'd rather not give any names but I will say that it's someone we've wanted for quite some time. Would it be possible to come down and throw up a few quick wards?"

"Not if you want them to hold for more than fifty seconds," Harry sighed. "I'm fairly low on power at the moment."

"Had a contract earlier?"

"Working on the wards around the building," Harry replied. "If the time comes, I'm not going down without a fight."

"I understand, but I still have the problem of how to secure the high value targets."

"Transfigure them into bricks and wall them up," Harry said with a shrug. "Can I go to sleep now?"

"Of course," Amelia agreed. "Is Hermione sleeping too?"

"Yeah why?"

"Guess watching you put up wards was more tiring than one would think," Amelia said with a smirk. "Goodbye Harry."

"Goodbye Amelia," Harry replied as he closed the door. "Mmm, sleep."

"Are you there, Lord Black?" Narcissa's voice emerged from the fireplace and dashed Harry's dreams of slumber.

"What now?" Harry growled. "And how did you get my floo connection?"

"I need to ask you another favour," Narcissa replied. "And I know a number of people in the Ministry."

"Make it quick."

"I was wondering if you'd be willing to make Draco the heir of the Black family," Narcissa said smoothly. "After all, you're already the head of one noble family."

"No," Harry said without hesitation. "Be happy I even let him back in the family after the way he's behaved over the years. Was there anything else you needed? Perhaps something I'd agree to this time?"

"I'd like your permission to remarry," Narcissa said with a faint blush. "And to take Draco with me into the new marriage."

"Isn't it a bit early to think of that?" Harry asked mildly. "You've only been away from Lucius for a short time."

"My match with Lucius was never about love," Narcissa replied. "It was always about binding the families together and... I did have someone I used to like but daddy would have never allowed it. I would like your permission to explore the possibility of rekindling my own flame."

Harry took a deep breath and looked at the woman for a few seconds before letting out his breath in a rush.

"Is this person someone that I'd approve of?" Harry asked. "Not a Death Eater or anything like that?"

"If he were then I'd have had no trouble getting daddy's approval," Narcissa said simply. "And yes, I believe you'd approve of him."

"Remind me to increase your allowance to allow you to buy some new robes for your dates."

"Thank you but if it's all the same, I already have more robes than I could possibly wear in three lives."

"Then what?"

"If you wouldn't mind putting aside a bit for a proper dowry?" Narcissa looked like a scared little girl as she spoke. "My... he doesn't have much in the way of material wealth and I'd like to continue living in the fashion of which I am accustom."

"Would you still like to marry him if I said no?"

"I have enough put away so that we wouldn't starve," Narcissa admitted.

"Then we shall see what the future holds," Harry said. "I'm going back to sleep. Goodnight, Narcissa."

"Goodnight... Harry."

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Luna bit her tongue as she regarded this latest twist in the threads and while it wasn't something she would have anticipated, it was welcome. She giggled as she looked at the ways it could interact with the other strings of fate that she'd gathered to examine. This was going to be fun.

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Narcissa turned away from the fireplace and examined her options. While she had hoped that Harry would allow her son to assume leadership of the family Black, she hadn't expected the boy to agree to it.

"Draco isn't going to like this one bit," she mused aloud. "But... he wouldn't have liked it anyway. Even if I had managed to convince Potter to give him the Black family. I can't live for Draco anymore, he's going to have to accept that I have a right to be happy."

Narcissa took several deep breaths. Who was she kidding? Draco would never accept that anyone's desires could supersede his own.

"He's going to have to learn," she assured herself. "I do deserve to be happy again. I do... and it's not like there is a glut of 'suitable' suitors. Severus is in the mental ward, most of the Purebloods are Death Eaters and the few that aren't, are married or Weasleys. Fudge could... no, just no. Which leaves... of course the fact that he's the only remotely acceptable man has nothing to do with the fact that..." Narcissa hugged herself and shivered.

"But what if he hates me?" Narcissa whispered. "What if... I cannot allow myself to be put off by 'what if's. I am a woman of the Black family, this uncertainty is beneath me."

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"I got another script for you to try out with me, Master," Elizabeth said eagerly. "Here, you're the butcher."

"Ok," Ron agreed. "Someone order a foot long sausage?"

"I did."

"What are you planning to do with all that meat?"

"Why don't I show you," the girl suggested as she unhooked her bra.

"Before you do that," Ron began. "I have a quick question."

"What is it master?" The frustrated girl whined.

"Are any of your scripts longer then that?"

"Not many of them, Master."

"Carry on then."

|||||||||

It was dark as the group of Death Eaters met away from their headquarters. What they needed to discuss was for no one's ears but

their own. No one came to the moor at night. The leader stepped forward.

“Gentlemen, we have a problem. Ever since that disastrous event in Romania we haven’t been very useful to the Dark Lord. Physically, I think we’ve all recovered.” He paused and looked around the group. Slowly, he got nods from everyone there. “But let’s face it, emotionally, we’re shot. We’ve lost confidence, and being less than 100 we’ve ended up on the receiving end of a lot of our Lord’s Cruciatus curses. What we need a team building exercise. We need to go out, rape, pillage, and torture, and prove to ourselves that we have what it takes to be Death Eaters. Are you with me?”

“YES!”

“Are we Death Eaters!?”

“YES!”

“We are going to spread mayhem!?”

“YES!”

“We are going to show them that we are the baddest of the bad!?”

The mood, which had been getting more and more rowdy, now had everyone yelling and cheering. Now and then, among the general noise, could be heard someone shouting “Vivisection!” “Dismemberment!” “Torture!” “Screams!”

That last was strangely appropriate as suddenly the waters boiled and dozen of tentacles reached out, grabbing Death Eaters. Shortly there after, they started screaming in earnest.

Meanwhile, back at the Department of Magical Law Enforcement, Joe was leading Bob back to his office where a strange bird was waiting with a note tied to its leg.

"An Augry? Who uses an Augry to send a note?" Bob asked, rhetorically. "Sure, they don't really signal someone's death, but they're still very depressing birds." He opened the note and cursed.

"What's the problem?"

"The shoggoth couldn't make it tonight. A banishment in the family; it had to leave suddenly. He'll think he was stood up!"

"What will he do?"

"Probably brood. Unless there's a lot of noise around. You know what noise does to him."

"Yes, but it's a moor. You're not going to get a raucous party in a moor. He'll be fine and in the morning we can arrange a rain check."

|||||||

"You wished to speak with me, Mrs. Malfoy?"

"It's Ms. Black actually," Narcissa said absently. "But please, call me Cissy."

"Ms. Black?"

"Harry allowed me to leave Lucius and come back to the family," Narcissa explained.

"Why would he do that, Ms. Black?"

"Is calling me Cissy again too much to ask of you?" Narcissa said with a crocodile tear.

"It's been almost twenty years since we were on friendly terms," Remus said flatly. "But not so long that I've forgotten that you can cry on command."

"Yes well... how have you been?"

"I've got a bit more grey in my hair. Why did you call me, Narcissa?"

"I was hoping to rekindle an old friendship," Narcissa said stiffly.
"Hoping that we could go back to the way things were."

"Why?"

"Because daddy isn't here to disapprove anymore," Narcissa replied.
"And because I'm old enough to realise that friendship is more important than social position."

Remus looked at the woman for several slow seconds before a smile cracked his face.

"It's good to have you back, Cissy."

"It's good to be back, Remus."

"So tell me how you've been?" Remus asked with a smile. "What have you been up to since we stopped seeing each other?"

"Well..."

|||||||

"Harry?" Hermione sounded sick.

"What is it Hermione?" Harry asked. "Are you feeling ok?"

"Take a look at today's paper," she sounded like she was about to vomit.

"Snape's in a nut house?" Harry asked brightly. "Well, it couldn't have happened to a better guy."

"Keep reading," Hermione urged.

"Blah blah blah, dragons? Tentacle monsters? Raw sewage?
Unresolved feelings for... my father? Plot to... oh god."

"Well... we knew he saw you as a newer version of your father," Hermione offered weakly. "Just... didn't expect it to be like that."

"I'm gonna be sick," Harry said as he ran towards the bathroom. Hermione was quick to follow, someone needed to hold his head and she was the only one around.

|||||||||

"Is it true Poppy?" Minerva asked with a sad look on her face.

"Is what true?"

"The... the thing with Albus?"

"It's true," Poppy confirmed. "He... he said that it was done by a Ministry tentacle monster."

"A tentacle monster?"

"I think that it may be his excuse to deal with what's happened," Poppy explained. "If it was done by his good friend Severus, then it's a betrayal of trust."

"But no one can blame him if he was assaulted by a Ministry tentacle monster," Minerva sighed. "But why did it come from the Ministry?"

"It's just a theory mind you, I am not a specialist in mind healing."

"Go on Poppy."

"I think that he's rationalising what happened last year," she said slowly. "It's his way of explaining to himself about the treatment that he and Mr. Potter received at the hands of Ministry officials."

"That... makes a surprising amount of sense. Thank you Poppy, do what you can for him."

"He should be ready to go back to his office in a few days," the Healer gave her opinion. "Just make sure he has some sort of meaningless but important sounding task to keep himself occupied."

"I'll take care of it, thank you Poppy."

"Just doing my job Minerva."

AN: The ongoing list of people that contributed to this fic without whom, it would not have been nearly as good . . . one might go so far as to say it would be quite bad: Ed Becerra, ausfinbar, David Wangen, , dogbertcarroll, hattenjc, the caitiff, AlanP, Lone Wolf, meteoricshipyards, Shawn Pickett, Morris Rague, Iuinlothana, Treck, Drake, Marneus Calgar, Goblin214, Chris LeBron, and everyone else on my yahoo group. They gave me scenes, ideas, and all sorts of other things. Tell me if I missed you so I can add to this list.

Disclaimer: Hmm, don't know if I should give the hint I thought about giving.

Fraternity

"Guys, I've looked at the Muggle and Magical world and I think we've found the solution to our dilemma."

"Tell us," the mob of former Death Eater recruits demanded.

"We start a Fraternity."

"Brotherhood?"

"Yep, it's a group of men devoted to beer and getting laid. We call each other brother or by our Fraternity names, I shall be... M'balz Es-Hari," he finished proudly.

"I'll be Graabir Boubbi.

"Haid D'Salaami."

"Shaif Hirboush."

"Hous Bin Pharteen, and my brother can be Ahi Bin Pharteen. My cousin can be Ou Bin Pharteen and his brother can bee Ee Bin Pharteen." One by one, the Dark Frat Boys or DFB assigned names to themselves.

"But what shall we call ourselves?" Graabir demanded.

"Well," M'balz began. "It's traditional to name ourselves after three Greek letters like... Kappa Kappa Kappa or Lambda Lambda Lambda or Kappa Lambda Pi or Pi Kappa Kappa or..."

"Iota Eta Pi," Shaif said slowly. "It's perfect."

"Mister uh... what do you call the leader?"

"Prime Minister or President or something."

“Why don’t we have both?”

“Sure.”

“Mister Prime Minister and President,” Ee began again. “I propose that we drink beer until we vomit.”

“All in favour?”

“BEER.”

“Opposed.”

“Whiskey,” one Frat boy called.

“The beers have it,” the President said. “You, as punishment. You have to chug that whole bottle.”

“I’ll do it Mister President.”

“Chug chug chug...”

|||||||

“Chief? Can I talk to you for a minute?”

Madam Bones, head of the Department of Magical Law Enforcement, looked at the pile of paperwork on her desk. Any excuse was a good one.

“Sure, Bob, but I can only give you a minute. What can I do for you?”

“It’s about the tentacle monster...”

“Yes,” Amelia said with concern. “I’ve been hearing rumours that he’s been having some personal problems.”

"That's true. He's tried the dating scene, but we think that maybe he needs to pull back from that for a while. We think he might be able to work out some of his problems with work."

"I'm not quite sure what you're suggesting. He's working now, right?"

"Yes, but he wants something a little more challenging. He wants to do some fieldwork. He'd like a chance to capture Death Eaters."

"He's a tentacle monster."

"Yes, but his hearts are in the right place. Just this morning he brought this in." He opened the sack he was carrying and showed her the gristly contents.

"That's a Death Eater all right. Where's the rest of him?"

"We haven't found it yet. We've emphasized that the next time he finds one to bring in more than just the arm with the dark mark."

"Let me think about this. And bring that to forensics. Maybe they can tell us who he captured. And give him my congratulations on it, too."

"Yes, Chief. Thanks."

|||||||

"Mr. Potter, Ms. Po... Granger are either of you there?" McGonagall's voice asked from the fireplace.

"We're both here, Professor," Harry replied. "What can we do for you?"

"If it isn't too much trouble, I'd like to speak with you in person." Minerva sighed. "I guarantee that you will not be forced to stay and that you will be free to go if you so wish after speaking with me."

Harry and Hermione shared a glance before giving a slow nod.

"We're coming through, Professor," Hermione said.

“Thank you.”

Hermione went through the floo first and was able to catch Harry when he tumbled out a few minutes later.

“I suppose that you’re both wondering what this is all about,” Minerva said slowly.

“You might say that,” Hermione agreed dryly.

“Are you aware of the situation with Snape?” Minerva asked

“Yes, I read about it in the Prophet, creepy business that,” Harry said.

“I’m afraid it’s even worse than they’ve reported, let’s just say that Snape victimized Professor Dumbledore to get to you. Poor Albus has been subjected to lord knows what from that vile man,” Minerva spat out.

“Oh my goodness,” Hermione gasped.

“What can we do to help, Professor?” Harry asked.

“Well, unfortunately, the Headmaster is suffering a bit of a disconnect from reality over the whole affair. The board of governors has agreed to keep him on as a figurehead while I assume most of his duties running the school. His position as head of the Wizengamot is largely ceremonial, and Madams Longbottom, Bones, and Marchbanks, have agreed to help out there. What we need is a bit of a project that we can put Albus on that will keep him occupied and feeling useful, without any real strain, and that keeps him out of trouble as it were,” Minerva said.

“Okay, I can understand that, but how can we help?” Hermione queried.

“Well a rather unorthodox idea has been suggested, but we’ll need Mr. Potter to sell it to the Headmaster.” Minerva replied hesitantly.

"Oh, and what's that?" Harry asked with a feeling of dread.

"We intend to suggest that Voldemort is diabetic, and allergic to citrus, making lemon drops a viable weapon against him, and we need Albus to sample every different kind of lemon drop in the world, perhaps even do an alchemical breakdown on them, to find the most effective one," Minerva stated.

Harry and Hermione just stared at her with their mouths hanging open.

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"I had a lovely time, Cissy," Remus said with a smile. "We really must do this again some time."

"How about tomorrow?" Narcissa asked. Her heart felt like it was going to burst as she waited for his answer.

"I don't have anything else planned," Remus agreed. "Why don't we meet back here at say... seven?"

"Alright," Narcissa agreed. Then, giving into an impulse she'd been fighting since the first day on the train. She pulled the werewolf close and gave him a deep kiss. "See you then," she giggled.

Remus watched in shock as the platinum-headed woman skipped off, giddy as a schoolgirl.

"Yeah," he agreed dumbly. "See you then."

|||||||||

"Madam Bones! What are you doing about this Dark Wizard Jeremy?"

Amelia looked at Minister Fudge and resisted the urge to beat him with a stick.

"Let's see, we have a Dark Lord who is killing and terrorizing people, a pair of legendary criminals who are actually burglarizing people,

campaign rallies that have to be policed, the Statute of Secrecy that needs to be upheld and a budget that you've cut regularly for the last fifteen years. I have to prioritize my resources, and the Dark Wizard Jeremy just doesn't rate. We have picked up some intelligence on him..."

"Well, I am ordering you to do something about him! Use what you've collected."

"But..."

"That is a direct order, Madam Bones." He tried to stomp out of the office without success. Bones snickered. That spell that muffled the sounds from the floor that was triggered to activate whenever he came in never ceased to amuse her.

She sighed. Well, she'd have to do something about the 'intelligence' she collected. She picked up the copy of yesterday's Prophet and looked at the circled paragraph.

"Available Immediately. Dank, stinking, dungeon. Sewer access. Inquire Dark Bunny Gretchen."

If they could impress on the tentacle monster that this was just an undercover, intelligence-gathering job, this might solve two problems at once.

|||||||

"Good afternoon, Professor," Harry said as he entered the Hospital Wing.

"Harry," Dumbledore said in delight. "What brings you to Hogwarts?"

"I'm not sure if you'd heard, but I recently gave sanctuary to Narcissa Black formerly Malfoy and her son?"

"I had heard something along those lines," Dumbledore agreed. "And I'm proud of you for turning an enemy into a friend. Good work, Harry, very well done."

"Thank you, sir," Harry said modestly. "One of the unexpected benefits to it was the information I was able to gather on Voldemort. Now, Narcissa was never a Death Eater but she was married to one."

"And she heard things," Dumbledore finished with a smile. "What have you learned?"

"Based on information I got from Narcissa, some of Lucius' notes, and a few other sources. I've come to a rather... shocking conclusion. One so important that I set aside any reluctance I might have had in meeting with you to bring you this information," Harry finished dramatically. "Headmaster... there are two men that have the skills to properly exploit this information and of the two I believe that you are the only possible choice."

"What is it, Harry?" Dumbledore asked gravely.

"It appears that Voldemort may be a diabetic," Harry said slowly. "And that he might also be allergic to citrus."

"You think the power he knows not is... lemon drops?"

"I don't know," Harry admitted. "But I don't think we can afford to ignore it."

"You're right Harry, what do you wish me to do?"

"I need you sample every lemon drop in the world," Harry replied. "Flavour, texture, maybe even make alchemical examinations."

"I'll do it, Harry," Albus agreed. "Even if I have to give up sleep, I'll do it."

"I've spoken with McGonagall and the board of governors," Harry said, "and they've agreed to hire an assistant for the Deputy Headmistress to allow Professor McGonagall to assume some of your responsibilities, and the assistant to assume some of hers."

"Very good, Harry."

"I've also pulled a few strings to get some of your other responsibilities to be assumed by other people," Harry said. "That is... if you agree."

"Of course I agree," Dumbledore said proudly. "Harry... I'm sorry I treated you like a child. I can now see how wrong I've been, you've become a man and I didn't notice."

"Thank you, sir," Harry replied. "Now, if you'll excuse me..."

"Of course," Dumbledore agreed. "Be careful, Harry."

"You too, sir."

|||||||

"So what do you wanna do?" Graabir asked.

"Why don't we go on a panty raid?" M'balz suggested. "That's where you rush into a building full of girls to steal their undergarments."

"Silky darlings for everyone."

"HORAH."

|||||||

"He's looking better," Poppy said with a relieved smile. "And he hasn't even mentioned what... what happened."

"Good," Minerva let out a slow breath. "He listened to Mr. Potter then?"

"He did," Poppy agreed. "I think he's going to be ok, Minerva, I think everything is going to be ok."

"Let's hope so."

|||||||

Tonks was intrigued. She was going undercover with a new partner.

"Wotcher, Bob."

"Hi, Tonks. Just got word of your new assignment. Congrats."

"Thanks. I was told to see you about my new partner. What's that all about?"

"Right this way," he said, pulling a piece of paper out of his pocket. "Here's the in," he said, handing her the ad from the Daily Prophet. "And here's your partner." He opened the door revealing the tentacle monster.

"Somebody is going to die," Tonks muttered.

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The Dark Frat boy dashed into Daphne's room in search of silky darlings and ran into Neville's fist. Daphne and the shocked Dark Bunnies watched in shock as Neville grabbed the man with his left hand and pistoned his right into the man's face.

"Wait," Grabbir tried to protest that it was all a mistake and to politely ask that Neville stop pummelling him. What came out was. "Wgurgle."

"Let me explain something to you," Neville said calmly. "She's the first girl I've ever really liked and I don't appreciate you trying to invade her personal space like that." Or at least, that's what it sounded like in his mind. Everyone else heard something along the lines of. "ROAR."

"Let's get out of here," M'balz screamed. The Dark Frat Boys grabbed their wounded and quickly left the area.

Neville growled at the fleeing frat boys that had attempted to steal his girlfriend's corset and Daphne seemed to be mulling something over as she looked at him.

"I was so scared," she finally squealed as she threw herself into Neville's arms. "Hold me."

"It's ok, Daphne."

"I think I'm going to need more comforting then that," Daphne said with a fake sob. "Let's go somewhere private."

"Come on." Neville lifted the poor girl up and carried her out of the room.

"Hmhhh," Gretchen and Elizabeth shared a calculating look. "Oh Master, we were so scared," they cried as they tackled Ron. "Comfort us."

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A bit more of what's happening with Remus and Narcissa's relationship by Andrew Joshua Talon

Omake 6

"DATING?!" Draco squeaked. Narcissa nodded, happily humming as she finished putting on her dress and jewelery.

"Yes. He's a very nice old friend of mine."

"But-But what about Father?! How can you just-just abandon him?" Draco squawked, pale face turning red. Narcissa sighed.

"Draco, we've been over this. I was in a loveless marriage with a hateful, racist man who tried to turn you into his clone. And has apparently largely succeeded. The Dark Lord's ideals are going

nowhere fast, I'm sick of the bloodline purity nonsense, and bottom line, I'm lonely. I want actual love in a relationship, not obligation and disdain." Narcissa managed a fond smile at her gaping son, and patted his head.

"Someday, you will understand Draco. I promise." She walked out the door of the room. Draco grumbled.

"But dating a WEREWOLF?!"

"I have it on good authority they have superhuman stamina," Narcissa called back. Draco blanched.

"MUM!"

Omake 7 (If it's not 7 please correct):

Andromeda was very surprised to see her nephew appear in the floo, looking down at his feet.

"Um... Aunt Andromeda... Can I... Talk?" He said awkwardly. The eldest Black sister mentally shrugged, led him into her kitchen, and served him some hot chocolate. Draco almost turned up his nose at the Muggle drink, but he was so lost at this point he didn't refuse it.

"Mum's... Dating someone else... And Father's not around," he began slowly. Andromeda smiled happily, but schooled her face back to 'sympathetic understanding' when the blond boy raised his head.

"That can be difficult, I imagine," she said. Draco snorted.

"You have no idea! And she's dating a-a WEREWOLF! Father always said they were lower than dirt! Subhuman! And she's DATING one?!"

Andromeda shrugged.

"Well, they do have superhuman stam-"

"AUNTIE! I KNOW THAT! DON'T REPEAT IT!"

"Okay, okay, sorry!" Andromeda soothed. "Look Draco; like it or not, your mum is an adult and capable of making her own decisions. And if she wants to date a werewolf, you should support her. After all, what if he breaks her heart? Or mistreats her?"

A somewhat foreign feeling began to grow in Draco's chest. A need... To protect someone. To fight and possibly kill, not for a Dark Lord's ambitions, but for someone he loved.

Draco nodded, a dark smile on his face.

"Yes... If he breaks her heart... I'll break his face!" He cackled. Andromeda sighed. It was probably the best she could hope for.

Omake 8 (If it's not 8 please correct):

"Remus, Draco, why don't you get acquainted while I have the kitchen staff prepare us some drinks?" Narcissa said, smiling at both Draco and Remus. Remus smiled, a bit nervously, while Draco grinned in a malicious way. Narcissa raised an eyebrow, but was sure Remus could take care of himself, and so she turned and walked into the kitchen.

The two men began to glare at each other.

"Enjoying my mother, beast?" Draco sneered. Remus sighed and prayed for strength.

"Draco, I know you may have trouble understanding this, but I do care deeply for your mother. We were friends once, and I want to be friends again."

"Just so you can get into her dress, is that it?" Draco growled. Remus growled back, secretly impressed that Draco wasn't cowering as he'd originally thought he would.

"No Draco. I care for her. Which seems to have at last given us something in common," Remus observed mildly. Draco glowered a bit harder.

"If Mum hadn't removed all the silver from this room you'd be dead," he growled. "Keep that in mind, werewolf."

'Oh, this is going to be a fun dinner,' Remus thought with a sigh.

Disclaimer: I can't stress enough how bad an idea it is to annoy a Metamorphmagus!

Oh . . . Fudge

"Well," Healer Andrews began. "At least he's no danger to anyone this way."

"Took me two days but I was finally able to find a way to mix all those potions together without killing him," Lucy said proudly.

"Where'd you get the idea for this treatment?"

"My sister married a muggle born," Lucy explained. "And he told me about the way muggles deal with people like him."

"Well?"

"They drug them to the gills," Lucy replied. "And keep them restrained."

"Well done, Ms. Brown, well done."

"Thank you, sir."

Snape heard none of this; with the amount of potion in his system it was a minor miracle that he could muster up enough will to drool on himself.

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"Do you see what I see, Fox?"

"The box marked gold used to bribe me or the ledgers detailing every dirty trick Fudge has ever performed?"

"Uh... I was talking about the book shelf with the sign noting that it contained the Fudge family spells and another note asking us not to pay it any mind."

“Oh... well, let’s get to looting then.”

“Yeah,” Harry agreed. “This is even easier then the Malfoy job.”

“I don’t know about that,” Hermione protested. “There aren’t any signs pointing out what to steal here.”

“True.”

“Wow... check this out.”

“My evil plan to discredit Harry Potter... by Cornelius Fudge?”

“Nice of him to sign it wasn’t it?”

“This is too easy.”

“Don’t forget what we learned in first year.”

“I know, I know. Wizards have no common sense.”

|||||||

“I think I know where we went wrong,” Graabir said painfully.

“Well?”

“You remember the guy who... expressed his displeasure to me?”

“Yeah, what of him?”

“That was Peter North,” Graabir groaned.

“The Dark Enforcer of the North?”

“The Dark Wizard Jeremy’s chief assassin?”

“No wonder the Dark Wizard Jeremy just watched.”

“We’re lucky we got out of there with our lives.”

"This calls for a 'we lived' party," M'balz said confidently. "Hous, you take your family and get us something to drink. Hard liquor I think."

"Right."

"The rest of us will find some place to have the party."

"And I'll go get some BEER."

"BEER."

|||||||

"Hello, I'm the Dark Bunny Gretchen."

"I'm To... er I mean I'm Honks, and this is my friend. He's interested in the dungeon."

"Oh, sure. Let me show it to you. Watch your step. Right in here. Rent is ten galleons a month. And over there is the access to the sewers."

"That's pretty inexpensive."

"It is a dank, cold dungeon. We don't have any use for it, so we decided if we can let it out we can turn it into a slight money maker."

"You don't use the dungeon?"

"No, not any more. We set up some of the rooms upstairs to look like dungeons. Much warmer and drier."

"So you keep the prisoners upstairs?"

"We don't take prisoners. What would we want prisoners for? Oh, some of the girls are sort of into that, but then some of the other girls are into playing prisoner, so it all works out."

"You don't take prisoners? Do you kill all your enemies?"

"We don't kill anyone. The Dark Lord Jeremy says 'Make Love not War.' And while it can get a little messy, especially if they bring whipped cream, it's much nicer than cleaning up after one of Jeremy's dark revels compared to Voldiwarts. All that blood and gore! And do any of the men ever offer to help clean up the bodies? Like heck they do! The Dark Lord Jeremy isn't above helping us find our clothes in the morning. He's so sweet."

"Yes, I can see that." Honks (who is really Tonks undercover) turned to the tentacle monster and said, "I'll let you get settled in here, and check back on you in a few days, OK? Here's the rent for this month. We'll see if he likes it."

"That will be fine."

"But you called the other Dark Lord by his name? I didn't think anyone but Potter and Dumbledore did that?"

"With two Dark Lords it got kind of confusing. And as we can't say He-Who-Has-No-Personal-Hygiene's real name, we came up with that one."

"Oh."

|||||||||

"So what is the Fudge family magic anyway?" Hermione asked.

"Sanitation and sewage treatment charms," Harry said oddly.

"What do you expect with a name like Fudge?"

"Guess you're right," Harry agreed. "What now?"

"I've already forwarded copies of Fudge's misdoings to a select list of people, and by select I mean most of the magical folk in the United Kingdom."

"When was the election again?"

“Not sure.”

“What?” Harry asked in shock. “You don’t know?”

“They’ve got some strange formula involving the phases of the moon, the height of high tide and the angle of the sun over Greenwich. I could figure it out but why should I bother? There’ll be notices posted the week before.”

“So we’ve got at least a week?”

“Unless a seagull landed on the Ministry in the last month,” Hermione agreed.

“I don’t want to know, do I?”

“I know I don’t.”

|||||||

“Neville.”

“Yes, Gran?”

“I was talking to Polly today and she told me what you did to her grandson.”

“Sorry, Gran.”

“Don’t be, she also told me what her grandson was trying to do to my pretty young source of great grandchildren.”

“What was that?”

“I said she also mentioned what he was planning to do to Daphne. Really, stealing a girl’s unmentionables.”

“Oh.”

"The point is that I'm proud of the way you looked after your girlfriend, good job, Neville."

"Thanks, Gran."

"Here, take this. It belonged to your father. I gave it to him when he was about your age."

"The Kinky Wizard's Guide to..."

"Why don't you read it later," she suggested with a smile.

|||||||

"Hi Remus," Narcissa said with a blush. "I know I'm a bit early and now where we agreed to meet but..."

"Come in," Remus said quickly. "How'd you find out where I live?"

"I have several contacts in the Ministry," Narcissa replied. "So this is your place?"

"A bit small and rundown, but it's clean."

"Yes, it is," Narcissa agreed. "Have you had breakfast yet?"

"Not yet, why?"

"Because I thought I'd cook you something if you hadn't eaten yet," Narcissa said with a coy smile. "Have a seat and let me cook."

"You can cook?"

"And sew and do several other things that mummy thought a proper young lady should know how to do," Narcissa agreed. "Of course, she should never actually used those skills since using them would be an action below her station."

"Wait, your mother made you learn how to cook and sew and that sort of thing?"

“Yup.”

“And then wouldn’t let you actually use those skills?”

“Right.”

“That doesn’t make sense.”

“That’s mum,” Narcissa giggled. “Bit odd but still better than daddy.”

“What are you making?”

“Something that will give you lots of energy,” Narcissa replied.

“Oh... thanks.”

“Don’t mention it,” Narcissa said. “I just thought you might need lots of energy today.”

|||||||

“Hey there,” Fudge said with a sick grin. “How ya doin?”

“Uh... fine Minister,” the Healer replied.

“Is that Snape fella doin good, too?”

“He’s improving, Minister,” the Healer ventured.

“Great, tie him up and have him delivered to my office. I’m in the mood for a bit of fun.”

“Fun, Minister?”

“Like what he did to Dumbledore,” Fudge explained. “Sounds like a bit of good ol’ fashion fun.”

“I... see, tell me Minister. Did you have a difficult childhood?”

"Nah, I had plenty of money. Used to have a part time job as a man whore to make ends meat... get it? Meat?"

"I get it, Minister," the Healer agreed. "Why don't you just step into this room over here."

"The one with the locks on the outside?"

"That's the one Minister," the man agreed.

"Maybe later," Fudge said. "Whooo pah."

"Did you just try to kick me in the groin Minister?"

"Can't catch me, I'm the Minister bwahaha." Fudge fled the Hospital and rounded a corner. As soon as he was out of sight of the mob of burley orderlies, the Minister's features twisted into Luna's. Throwing herself on the ground, Tonks did her best to choke out a couple of tears.

"Are you alright, did he hurt you?"

"Poor Minister Fudge looks like he has an infestation of... uh... groggywarts?"

"Groggywarts?"

"Makes him go a bit loony," Tonks said dreamily.

"Very good Ms. Lovegood isn't it?"

"Is it?"

"I think it is."

"If you say so," Tonks agreed slowly. "If you'll excuse me, I... uh...have to go attempt to seduce Harry and Hermione now."

"Have fun with that," the orderly said with an odd look on his face.

“I will,” Tonks agreed as she wandered off in the general direction of Harry and Hermione’s apartment.

“Hello,” Luna said with a smile. “Did I play with a time turner today and forget to tell myself?”

“I... uh...”

“But that was a lovely idea,” Luna mused. “Yes, let’s do it. Would you like to attempt to seduce Harry or Hermione... or... or do you think we should just try to seduce both of them together?”

“I...”

“Am from the future?” Luna asked in delight. “Oh goody.”

Tonks allowed her features to return to normal.

“I understand,” Luna said with a nod. “In the future I learn to be a metamorphmagus then I go back in time and assume the fake identity of Nymphadora Tonks so that I can help myself seduce Harry and Hermione. Don’t worry, my secrets are safe with me... unless. Maybe I can’t be trusted?”

“Luna, that’s not... I give up.”

“Ok,” Luna agreed. “So about seducing Harry and Hermione.”

“Just let me borrow him every now and again after you work out an arrangement with Hermione,” Tonks said in defeat.

“Alright, it’s the least I can do for myself.”

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Voldemort was incensed.

“Wormtail!” he yelled.

“Yes, my lord?”

“This country isn’t big enough for two Dark Lords. Send a group of my Death Eaters to kill this so called Dark Lord Jeremy!”

“Yes master. Tweeville!”

“Yeth?”

“Take a dozen Death Eaters and kill everyone at Dark Lord Jeremy’s hide out. If you go through the sewers you can sneak in by way of the dungeons and catch them unawares. It should be simple.”

“Thounds like fun. Larry! Larry! Get the boys into their new costumes. We’re going on a raid! Did you add the sequins to the masks?”

None of the Death Eaters returned from the attack on the Dark Lord Jeremy.

“This is Max Stumberg with the Wizard Wireless News Network with a special bulletin, we will now turn to our roving reporter Ed Becerra.”

“Thanks Max. The new Dark Organization, known only as the ‘Dark Frat Boys,’ have attacked Knockturn Alley, of all places!”

“Earlier today, one of the wizarding world’s most productive distilleries was broken into, and several dozen kegs of Fire whiskey were stolen by the notorious Hous Bin Pharteen and a number of what appear to be members of his ‘family’.”

“An Auror on the scene reported that the Pharteen family moved skilfully and swiftly. As they escaped the Alley, several of them left skid marks.”

“Be on the lookout! If you see them, call the nearest Auror, or Magical Law Enforcement. They are extremely dangerous, and have been known to use ‘dirty bombs’.”

“This has been Ed Becerra, reporting for the Wizarding Wireless News Network.”

AN: The ongoing list of people that contributed to this fic without whom, it would not have been nearly as good . . . one might go so far as to say it would be quite bad: Ed Becerra, ausfinbar, David Wangen, , dogbertcarroll, hattenjc, the caitiff, AlanP, Lone Wolf, meteoricshipyards, Shawn Pickett, Morris Rague, Iuinlothana, Treck, Drake, Marneus Calgar, Goblin214, Chris LeBron, and everyone else on my yahoo group. They gave me scenes, ideas, and all sorts of other things. Tell me if I missed you so I can add to this list.

Disclaimer: When giving a Tentacle Monster instructions, be VERY specific.

Calling in the Favor

“So how’s the tentacle monster doing?” Madame Bones asked with a smile. She really didn’t expect the operation to produce anything useful to the war effort. But as it served the purpose of getting two of her peop... that’s one of her people and her tentacle monster relatively safe while they dealt with their personal issues, so she counted it a success. They were in a profession where a moment’s distraction could prove to be deadly.

“He brought in more arms,” Tonks replied with a wrinkled nose.

“Thought you told him to bring in more then just the arms?”

“I told him to bring in more then just the arm with the dark mark,” Bob explained. “Should have been more specific, he delivered both arms. I think he’s got it now though.”

“He also kept a record of the statements they made when he was arresting them,” Tonks added. She may not have been too thrilled by the partner she’d been assigned, but she’d be dammed if she didn’t uphold the code. Partners always looked out for each other, you may hate your partner, you may not want anything to do with them, but you always stuck together. “Though I don’t think it’ll be very helpful.”

“Let’s have it,” Bones sighed.

“Arg, no, my arms, gurgle, foock, harder, that’s not supposed to bend like that, and aieeeeeeee.”

“I see... pass on my congratulations for a job well done and stress that I’d like a prisoner every now and again.”

“Yes, Madame Bones,” Tonks and Bob chorused.

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"Master, you didn't invite any Death Eaters over for tea or anything did you?" Elizabeth asked cautiously.

"No," Ron replied. "Why?"

"Because we found some Death Eater masks, robes, and oddly enough assless chaps in the dungeons when we were visiting the tentacle monster."

"And the tentacle monster mentioned that a group of them came in the other day," Gretchen added. "There were no survivors."

"Wait... visiting the tentacle monster?"

"It gets lonely," Elizabeth explained.

"And needs help with its love life," Gretchen agreed. "Some of the girls were talking and we were sort of hoping that you could make it an honorary follower."

"Or maybe our mascot," Elizabeth agreed.

"Fine," Ron agreed with a shrug. He'd never understand girls. "Back to the Death Losers."

"Probably a team sent here to assassinate you," Elizabeth said easily.

"Idiots, they could never stand up to Master's power."

"True, but it's not something we can just ignore." Elizabeth said with a giggle. "We have to respond in some way."

"We'd probably better." Ron gave an annoyed sigh. "If we do nothing, he'll keep sending squads until one of them succeeds."

"Or worse," Gretchen said with a horrified look. "If they got up here and tracked on our carpets."

"Or bled to death on our drapes," Elizabeth said with a matching look of horror.

"Right you are girls, but I don't have any plans for attacking Voldemort." Ron said seriously. He didn't want any of his followers to take it upon themselves to do this for him. "I don't want to turn us into a military group. And I really want to avoid creating a situation where one of you girls could be killed by a lucky Death Eater."

"We're really that important to you, Master?" Elizabeth asked softly.

"You think we're too valuable to casually throw away?" Gretchen asked hopefully.

"Of course you are," Ron said hotly. "What gave you the idea that it was otherwise?"

"Oh, Master," the two cried as they threw themselves into his arms.
"Hold us."

"You're crying," Ron said in a panicked voice. "What made you cry?
Are you alright?"

"You said we were important to you."

"And that you wouldn't throw us away."

"No Dark Lord in history has ever cared about his minions as much as you do master," Elizabeth explained.

"They all cared about themselves first and their followers as only a means to an end," Gretchen added. "Useful means that got rewarded if they did well, but means just the same."

"We love you, Master," Elizabeth said.

"From now until the end of time," Gretchen agreed. "Forever yours."

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"Ok," Luna whispered to Tonks. "As you should remember, I have a rather large collection of Harry and Hermione erotica."

"You do?" Tonks asked in shock. "Where'd you get that?"

"So I was hit with some sort of memory charm in the future?" Luna said sympathetically. "Don't worry, I'll help me work through it and regain our memories."

"I know I've told you before so I'll tell you again," Tonks said in exasperation. "I'm not you from the future."

"I'm sure you didn't tell me that," Luna said. "But I understand that I can't trust myself, good thinking."

"Just... we'll talk about it later."

"Ok," Luna agreed.

"Now about that erotica..."

"This picture is my favourite," Luna said as she handed over a picture.

"Wow," Tonks said with a smile. "Those are some kinky outfits, almost look like what the Fox and the Hound wear, too."

"Don't they?"

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"So what how do you plan to retaliate against Voldiwarts master?" Elizabeth asked as she snuggled up to Ron.

"I'm not sure," Ron admitted. "The problem is to find a way to reply in a way that makes my displeasure clear and to avoid putting you girls in any risk."

"Well, if we could plan an attack where we could strike from a distance, like we do when we attack Diagon Alley," Gretchen said as she snuggled up to his other side. "Then none of us would be injured."

"True," Ron agreed. "The problem is that the only locations I know that are Death Eater strongholds are mansions owned by Malfoy, Crabbe and Goyle. Problem with them is that they're so well known that the Dark Wankers wouldn't risk anything important. If I know it then everyone knows it, the Aurors raid those places weekly and find nothing."

"I do know of one of their major training halls master," Elizabeth said brightly. "But it's under Fidelius so I can't tell you where it is."

"But I could theoretically follow you to find out roughly where it was couldn't I? Is the base surrounded by innocent people's houses, or is it surrounded by wilderness?"

"It's near a town, but it's surrounded by trees," Elizabeth replied.

"What are you planning, Master?" Gretchen asked.

"I'm thinking that I might ask some people outside of our group to quietly help," Ron replied absently. "I know some people who owe me a few favours, and a few more that would probably help if it would make Death Eaters miserable."

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"Any ideas for the next job?" Hermione asked her friend.

"I was thinking that we could take a look at that building over there," Harry suggested with a wave. "The one with the crude don't notice me ward."

"And the obscene door knocker?" Hermione asked.

"That's the one," Harry confirmed.

"Who do you think it belongs to?"

"Who knows, we can find out when we get in." Harry gave an indifferent shrug. "For all we know it's been abandoned for years."

"Could be nice to have another hide out," Hermione mused.

"We can put something together later if this doesn't work out."

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"I got a letter from Gretchen the other day," a woman that was presumably Gretchen's mother said.

"Oh?" One of her friends asked with a smile. "Didn't you say she joined the Dark Wizard Jeremy? How's she liking it?"

"She says that he cares about his followers," Gretchen's mother replied. "And that he doesn't blame them for his mistakes or use them as cannon fodder."

"You're kidding?"

"Nope, and that his rewards are more then generous."

"Does he at least use pain curses on them?"

"Spanking hex is the worst thing she mentioned," Gretchen's mum snorted. "And that he had Elizabeth do it the old fashion way on another occasion."

"How does he keep them in line?"

"Apparently he has some sort of super pleasure charm," Gretchen's mother replied. "Though she hasn't gone into too many details, she's said enough to make me sure that she dreads the day it gets withheld as a punishment."

"Addicting?"

"I don't think so, just really feels good."

"Hmmmm, you know. My daughter Sally is getting around the age I did when I joined the Dark Wizard Helmut."

"Gretchen can't say enough good things about the Dark Wizard Jeremy," Gretchen's mother said helpfully. "And she's number two in the dark harem, I can have her put in a good word for Sally if you want?"

"Please do."

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"What can we do for you?"

"I need your help on a job," Ron replied.

"You were aware that you're dressed like the Dark Wizard Jeremy weren't you?" George asked.

"And that we're firmly on the side of the light."

"Despite what you may have heard about us."

"And that we're also good friends with Mister Harry 'I vanquished a Dark Lord at the age of one' Potter."

"I am the Dark Wizard Jeremy," Ron said. No way was he telling his brothers who he really was; they'd tease him for hours. "And I'm going up against Voldemort."

"Why didn't you say so?"

"Gonna blow up his headquarters then?"

"Or cause fire to shoot out his ass?"

"Roasting some poor Dork Eater's tongue in the process."

"Or other assorted body part."

"Nothing like that," Ron said quickly. "I just need you to cut off a few..."

“Arms?”

“Legs?”

“Uh... misc.?”

“Escape routes,” Ron said firmly. “I think I’ve got a way to get some wards up around the area to prevent magical travel, but there are still brooms and feet to consider.”

“We don’t have anything to stop brooms at the moment.”

“But we’ll work on it.”

“And think of something.”

“If you swear a wizard’s oath that you won’t use it against us—”

“—or our family.”

“Which includes Harry Potter—”

“—and several other light families.”

“I swear on my magic that I won’t use it to harm your family or Harry Potter and that I’ll only use it against Death Eaters and maybe the Ministry... unless it would be funny, in which case you need to watch yourselves because you may get a talking butt or something.”

“Talking butt?”

“Don’t think we’ve ever done that?”

“Speaking Sphincter?”

“Rude Rectum?”

“We already used that one.”

“Oh yeah, uh... Articulate Anus?”

"I'll contact you later," Ron said as he cut off the floo. "One down, two to go." Ron said as he changed. "Harry's Secret Spot."

"Who is... hello Ron, how'd you get this floo address?" Hermione asked as she answered the floo.

"Floo directory," Ron explained. "Gives the address for calls but doesn't give access for transport. And even if it did, I'd imagine that this fireplace is a bit more secure than normal."

"Harry might have put a few extra wards on it," Hermione allowed. "Is this a social call?"

"Afraid not," Ron said.

"Then what can I do for you?"

"Hermione," Ron said through the floo. "Remember that time I did my homework early?"

"Vaguely," Hermione agreed.

"Well I'm calling in the favour," Ron said.

"You are, huh?"

"Yeah," Ron agreed. "I need you to get me instructions on anti transport wards. I don't need Potter wards, just something quick to cast."

"Generic wards then?" Hermione asked. "You know they won't last long or be very good right?"

"I just need them to work for a little while."

"I'll talk to Harry," Hermione said after a few seconds. "See what he thinks before I send you anything."

"Thanks, Hermione."

"No problem," Hermione replied. "But what do you want these things for?"

"I'll tell you when we get back to school," Ron replied. "I'd rather not say it over the floo."

"Ok, did you need anything else?"

"That was it," Ron said. "Thanks, Hermione."

"Bye, Ron."

"So how are you going to contact the Fox and the Hound Master?" Elizabeth asked after the floo connection ended.

"I don't know," Ron admitted. "It's not like they're just going to walk in later and introduce themselves."

AN: The ongoing list of people that contributed to this fic without whom, it would not have been nearly as good . . . one might go so far as to say it would be quite bad: nonjon, Ed Becerra, ausfinbar, David Wangen, , dogbertcarroll, hattenjc, the caitiff, AlanP, Lone Wolf, meteoricshipyards, Shawn Pickett, Morris Rague, Iuinlothana, Treck, Drake, Marneus Calgar, Goblin214, Chris LeBron, and everyone else on my yahoo group. They gave me scenes, ideas, and all sorts of other things. Tell me if I missed you so I can add to this list.

Disclaimer: It is only through frequent and thorough inspections that you can be sure your significant other hasn't joined a Dark Lord. Do your part, to keep the world safe.

Landica Salarium

"I demand that you do something about this travesty," Fudge shrieked as he stormed into Madame Bones' office.

"About what, Minister?" She asked with a sigh.

"About what?" Fudge frowned and glared at Amelia Bones. "This Dark Wizard Jeremy. I want him caught."

"Oh?"

"Yes, 'oh,'" Fudge snapped. "Now I'm not normally one to tell someone how to do their job." Bones managed to turn her snicker into a cough. "But I've heard a rumour that a member of a fine upstanding pureblood family may be a member of the Dark Wizard Jeremy's little group."

"Which one?" She asked mildly.

"The Greengrass girl, the one who's still at school, is a member. Undersecretary Umbridge overheard her talking about it. I want her arrested and locked up!"

"You do, huh?" Amelia sighed and shook her head. "Minister, I fear you may have been misled. I know for a fact, that young Mr Longbottom, Frank and Alice's son, is dating Miss Greengrass."

"Are you sure?"

"His grandmother told me herself," Amelia agreed. "She also tells me that she's seen the girl in her swim suit and that there wasn't a Dark Mark apparent."

"Well maybe she had it under her bathing suit," Fudge said quickly.

"I also had a talk with young Neville," Amelia continued. "He confirmed that she didn't have any dark marks anywhere on her body but promised to make periodic and very thorough examinations to ensure that one didn't appear when he wasn't looking. Looked eager to do it, too.

"Frank and Alice's son? Well, I suppose I must have been misinformed. After all, no Longbottom would have anything to do with the Dark or these depraved activities."

"As you say, Minister."

"Just to be sure, I want you to make him an Undercover Auxiliary Auror and assign him the task of keeping a close eye on the girl. We cannot be too careful when it comes to insuring the safety of the voter... I mean, public."

"I'll be sure to do just that, Minister."

"And pass on my compliments," Fudge continued. "Such dedication to the light should be recognised. Might be a good idea to put him in for some sort of award also."

"Of course, Minister," Amelia agreed. Augusta would be thrilled to learn that in the future, her grandson's dates would be at Ministry expense.

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"This sucks," Gretchen muttered as she patrolled her master's lair. "I can't believe... who are you?" She demanded as she pointed her wand at Harry and demanded, "who are you?"

"Uh..." Harry and Hermione glanced at each other frightfully. Harry blurted out "Rocco!" at the same unfortunate moment Hermione answered for him, "Freddie!"

"Well, which is it?"

"Freddie!" Harry answered as Hermione firmly responded, "Rocco."

"Rocco Siffredi," Harry settled on, stopping Hermione from answering.

"Alright then," Gretchen accepted. She turned to Hermione, "So then who are you?"

"Jenna," Harry replied just as Hermione blurted out, "Jamie!"

They both realized what happened and quickly corrected themselves. "Jamie," Harry agreed while Hermione shrugged saying, "Jenna?"

"Jenna Jameson," Hermione said firmly.

"Oh for god's sake," Gretchen gave up wondering if leaving these peepers alone would earn her some... punishment from Master.

"The Fox," Hermione said with a nervous grin.

"And the Hound," Harry added uncertainly.

"You heard master wanted to speak with you?" Gretchen asked in shock. Maybe she could get a reward out of this then, now to figure out another way to get that punishment. "Wow, you two are good."

"We try," Harry said modestly.

"Please, come this way." Gretchen led the duo down the hall and to an ornate room. "Master will be with you shortly, if you need anything at all just tell one of the other girls and they'll get it for you."

Harry and Hermione shared a look and he shrugged at the question in her eyes, he had no idea what was happening either.

Gretchen hurried down the hall and into her master's chambers.

"What is it Gretchen?" Ron asked.

"The Fox and the Hound are here to meet you, Master," Gretchen replied.

"Tell them I'll be with them shortly," Ron said. "And have Peter North and Elizabeth join us at the meeting."

"Yes, Master," Gretchen agreed. "Did I please you master?"

"You did," Ron agreed. "Landica Salarium."

"Oooooooooo." the girl's eyes rolled into the back of her head and she collapsed into Ron's waiting arms. "Oh Master, thank you."

"You did a good job, Gretchen," Ron said as he kissed the girl tenderly. "You deserved it."

"I don't remember that charm master, is it new?"

"I thought you girls might like a bit of variation," Ron said modestly. "You guys deserve whatever I can do for you."

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"You did what?" Angelina demanded.

"Agreed to work with the Dark Wizard Jeremy to attack a Death Eater hide out," Fred repeated.

"Are you nuts?" Angelina took several deep breaths. "Look, he's a Dark Lord. You can't trust him."

"Actually-

"-he's our brother-

"-not sure which one. Don't think it's Percy."

"It is possible though."

"Probably Ron, they've got the same name."

"I still say it's Bill, a veela is the perfect girlfriend for the Dark Lord of perversion."

"But you know how possessive they're supposed to be, no way Fleur would let him have a harem as big as the Dark Wizard Jeremy."

"No way she'd let him have a harem period," Angelina said firmly.
"And no way Katie or me would even let you think about it."

"Never dream of it, Darling," Fred said quickly.

"Not even when we were looking through the family spells that require several people," George agreed.

"So why do you think the Dark Wizard Jeremy is Ron?" Angelina sighed, her mother had told her to go after Harry. He was rich, famous, and a great guy all around. But noooo, she had to date one of the terrible twins.

"He uses the family spells," Fred explained. "He's got to be related."

"And that posing pouch isn't very covering so we know he's a natural red head," George added. "And mum's been smug about something and giggling."

"Keeps muttering something about hundreds of grandchildren, too."

"Creepy," Angelina said despite herself.

"Yeah."

"So your brother is a Dark Lord with a massive harem," Angelina said slowly. "Never would have pegged him as a Dark Lord that would build a massive harem. Always figured he'd be a mid-level Ministry department head like your dad."

"I thought he'd be arrested for stalking the Cannons," George said.

"Man whore," Fred said.

"Man whore?" Angelina said dryly.

"The odds were good and I stood to make a lot on a very modest bet," Fred defended himself. "I know it was a long shot but I was close wasn't I?"

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"Thank you for meeting with me," Ron said as he swept through the room. "As you may know, I've got a job I need your help with."

"What's the job?"

"Death Eaters attacked my hide out," Ron explained. "Granted they were all killed by the tentacle monster before they had a chance to cause any trouble, but this is still not something that I can just ignore."

"So what do you plan to do?"

"Elizabeth," Ron said.

"My name is the Dark Bunny Elizabeth," she began. "Before master captured me and broke me to his will, I was a Death Eater. As a Death Eater, I was able to learn the location of one of the major training areas."

"Gretchen."

"My name is the Dark Bunny Gretchen," she began. "We plan to put down anti-transport wards and surround the building with anti-mobility measures of an undetermined nature. After we have them sealed in, master is going to cast several spells that will eventually incapacitate the enemy forces."

"And I need you to break their wards so I can do it," Ron said. "Are you up to it?"

"Why not," Harry said after a glance at Hermione. "We're always up for a bit of Death Eater destruction."

"One more thing," Ron said nervously. Harry and Hermione could never know that he was working with their sworn enemies. "There's a Fidelius charm over the entire place."

"And you want us to break it," Hermione said with a nod.

"If possible," Ron agreed. "I think I can still effect them if it remains up, but I'm not sure."

"We'll see what we can do," Harry said. "So if you'll excuse us."

"Of course," Ron agreed. "Thank you for meeting with me. Gretchen, show them to the door."

"Yes, Master," the girl agreed. "This way."

"So how do you like being a Dark Bunny?" Hermione asked as they walked to the door.

"It's wonderful," Gretchen enthused. "Master treats us well and values us as people."

"Different than the other chap then?" Harry asked.

"He doesn't care about his followers at all," Gretchen said disdainfully. "In fact, I think most of the reason Master wants to go after the Death Eaters is because he's angry that they might have hurt one of us."

"Interesting," Harry muttered. "Shall we go home, Fox?"

"I think we shall, Hound," Hermione agreed. And with that, the two of them were gone.

"Wow," Gretchen said with an impressed nod. "I guess there's a reason that they're the greatest thieves in the world."

"She's gone," Hermione whispered. "And I don't see anyone else around."

"I'm dropping the ward."

"Good thing you found that ward that bent light around an area," Hermione said.

"Now we just need to find a way to scale it up and make it self-sustaining," Harry said.

"Yeah," Hermione agreed. They made their way home and got down to the business of figuring out how to complete their commissioned job.

"So we've got to find a way around a Fidelius," Harry sighed. "Any ideas?"

"We do know the general area where it is," Hermione mused. "Do you think we could set up some sort of parasitic ward, one that sucked up all the magic in the area?"

"Maybe," Harry said slowly. "Something to look into anyway."

"I can't believe we're helping a Dark Lord," Hermione said with a laugh.

"Yeah," Harry agreed. "Ron can never find out about this.

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"What are you doing, Albus?" Minerva was puzzled by the scene before her. The Headmaster was sitting at his desk surrounded by alchemical equipment and opaque jars.

"Minerva," he greeted her with a nod. "I'm afraid I can't go into details, but I'm working on a project that could help us win the war."

"Secret mission then?"

"I'm sorry Minerva but that's the way things are, I don't want to imply that I don't trust you."

"But what I don't know, I can't tell. Very well Albus, are you too busy to approve these new hires?"

"I'm afraid so," he said with unconcealed regret. "And I am sorry to dump this in your lap, but this project is just too important. I trust your judgement and I will sign off on whatever recommendation you choose to make."

"I appreciate the trust you're showing me, Albus," Minerva said firmly. "And I promise that I will not let you down, don't spare this another thought."

"I knew I could count on you, Minerva," he said. "Now, if you will excuse me, I'm afraid that I can't spare any more time."

"Of course, good day, Albus."

"Good day, Minerva."

Minerva rose from her desk and walked out of the Headmaster's office. As she left, she noticed Dumbledore absently reach into one of the opaque jars for a lemon drop.

"Tangy with just a hint of sweetness," he muttered as he began recording his observations.

Minerva closed the door and allowed herself to smile, for the first time she was willing to allow herself the luxury of believing that everything would be alright.

"Well?"

"I think he may be recovering," Minerva replied. "What a wonderful plan you came up with, Poppy."

"You did as much work on this as I did and you know it, Minerva," Poppy said with an impish grin. "So you really think he's recovering?"

"I can only hope," Minerva agreed. "Have your contacts been able to get any more news on that vile man?"

"They have," Poppy said with a disgusted expression. "And they were also good enough to allow me to make a few suggestions of my own."

"Oh?"

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"Drink up Snivvy," the orderly said as he forced the man's mouth open to administer another potion. "This will make you feel much better."

"Argl," Snape choked. "What have you done to me?"

"Just a little suggestion made by the school nurse at Hogwarts," the orderly said.

"Tasted like a laxative potion and a purging potion," Snape said with a frown. "What were they?"

"A laxative potion and a purging potion," the orderly said with a smile. "We'll have you expelling fluid from both ends in a few minutes. That'll be fun now won't it, Snivvy."

"Don't call me Snivvy you... blarg." Snape began vomiting on himself.
"Damn you... blarg."

"Hmmm, that laxative should have kicked in by now."

"Arrrrg." Snape screamed as he soiled himself. "Blarg."

"There it is."

"Damn you, ahhhh, blarg."

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"Yup," Poppy agreed. "A few suggestions of my own."

"Mind if I make a few?" Minerva asked hopefully. "I know I'm not a Healer, but..."

"But everything that might help should be suggested," Poppy said firmly. "He is a very sick man."

"Have you thought about using leeches?" Minerva said with a sadistic smile. "Or just traditional blood draws?"

"Excellent suggestion, Minerva," Poppy said with a grin. "I shall see to it. Have you had any other news on Harry and Hermione?"

"Rumour has it that they are getting rather adventurous," Minerva said with a sly smile. "Costumes, that sort of thing."

"Just like Lily and James," Poppy sighed.

AN: The ongoing list of people that contributed to this fic without whom, it would not have been nearly as good . . . one might go so far as to say it would be quite bad: nonjon, Ed Becerra, ausfinbar, David Wangen, , dogbertcarroll, hattenjc, the caitiff, AlanP, Lone Wolf, meteoricshipyards, Shawn Pickett, Morris Rague, Iuinlothana, Treck, Drake, Marneus Calgar, Goblin214, Chris LeBron, and everyone else on my yahoo group. They gave me scenes, ideas, and all sorts of other things. Tell me if I missed you so I can add to this list.

Disclaimer: Never trust anything anyone gives you without careful research.

The Darkish Mark

Tonks said her goodbyes to Harry and Hermione and a Luna who was still going on about meeting herself from the future. If you didn't think too much about what she said, Luna wasn't so bad, and Harry and Hermione, despite the rumours that He-Who-Must-Not-Be-Named had Harry high on his hit list, made a very nice couple. She almost growled in the back of her throat. She wasn't jealous. Not really.

Oh, hell, yes she was jealous. Not of Hermione; not really. She liked Harry, why not? He was a good kid and she was happy that he and Hermione were happy together. No, she was jealous that they had a good relationship going, and she didn't.

Remus, after a particularly bad transformation had broken off with her again. This happened every few months, and Tonks was getting sick of it. Unlike the other times she didn't call Remus the next week. If he wanted this relationship to work he would have to put some effort into it.

Meanwhile, she had to go on patrol. She made her way to the Dark Lord Jeremy's hideout.

"Oh, hello To... Honks!" Gretchen said, when she answered the door. "Are you here to join?" Looking at Tonk's red Auror robes, she got a concerned look. "Or are you here to cause trouble?"

"No, I just need to get my friend. We have to get to work."

"Oh, he didn't mention a job."

"New schedule. He probably doesn't know. Is he in?"

"Oh, yes. Come on in. He's become very popular with the girls."

"He, er, has?"

"Oh, yes. After a hard day's work those tentacles can get even the worst knots out of your muscles. And with all those tentacles, he can do all your limbs and back at the same time. Minako and Sumiko insist that the tentacles can be useful for other things too, if you know what I mean, but really! No offense, but he is a tentacle monster!"

"Yes, er, I don't want to think about that. What's that noise?"

"He has some prisoners."

"He what?"

"Seems someone tried to slip in through the sewers the other day, so he locked them in some of the cells. It doesn't matter to us. We did check, and they didn't want to join us in our revel the other night. They were having their own party." She shuddered. "Not that I'm prejudiced or anything, but that's not my scene. So we left them down here. Besides, you've rented the whole dungeon, not just the room Tim is living in and it's none of our business what he does down there."

"Tim?"

"Well some girls tried calling him T.M. for Tentacle Monster but he didn't like that nickname, then Mistress Kathy put an "I" in it, and he seems to like Tim. So it's been Tim ever since. And in return he's let Mistress Kathy play with his prisoners."

"Oh. I think that's something I don't want to know about, either."

They got to "Tim's" room, and Tonks looked at the Tentacle Monster.

"I hear you have some prisoners. Do you want to tell me something?"

It shook its, er, not quite head, but equivalent.

"Well, we don't have time for that. You wanted fieldwork, so they made you my partner. So I suppose you go on patrols with me. Here,

put this on. I had to guess at the size. And the placement for the arms. And eyes. But Madam Malkin said she could make adjustments."

She politely turned her back as the Tentacle, er, Tim got dressed.

"You know," Gretchen said, "I feel safer knowing that we have an Auror living in our basement. Have fun at work!" she giggled as she flounced away.

"Tim, if I ever giggle and flounce, knock me down. Let's see. Yes, you just can't beat robes by Madam Malkin. You look good.

"Now if you don't like this next bit you have no one to blame but yourself. Welcome to foot patrol - four hours of nodding to the people, watching the folks we probably should be arresting disappearing as we approach, and sore feet. And afterwards! Paperwork! Let's go."

|||||||

"What progress are you making in the Dark Wizard Jeremy case?" Fudge demanded as he stormed into Madame Bones' office for his after lunch temper tantrum.

"We have undercover Aurors placed in his organization gathering information," Amelia said calmly. "Any more information would jeopardize their covers and their lives." She saw no reason to admit that the Dark Bunnies were well aware of her people's professions and hadn't said anything out of politeness. Or that her people were rather... lax in maintaining their cover. The Dark Bunnies and their master had never shown themselves to be violent after all.

"You can trust me," Fudge whined. "I'm the Minister."

"And our security consultants have noted several holes in the wards," Amelia said with a yawn. "And my men have found several dozen monitoring charms and devices."

"Why wasn't I told?" Fudge screamed, the new topic swaying his interest away from the previous topic.

"You were," Amelia said flatly. "I sent you several memos about it."

"Gurgkl." Fudge turned purple and stormed out of the office.

"See you tomorrow," Amelia said to herself. She glanced at the clock and her eyes widened in pleased surprise. "Hmmm, he left early today. What am I going to do with the rest of my time today?"

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"Good day, Aurors. Busy day?"

"No. Seems like all the criminals took the day off, Mr. Fortescue."

"Ah, Auror, what may seem like a boring day for you is a day without problems for us. Can I get you anything?"

"A couple of cones, please. My partner wants a grasshopper ripple, and I want a honey."

"Here you go, officers. Don't get them mixed up."

"Thanks." They started back down the street for what seemed like the 40th time, when Kojac stopped to chat.

"Hey, Tonks. Poker at my place tonight."

"Great! Usual crowd?"

"Yea. Except Columbo. He can't make it."

"Just as long as Madagan is there. I want to win back some of my money from him."

Kojac laughed. "You and me, both."

"Since there's an extra seat, mind if my new partner comes?"

Kojac eyed her partner for a moment. "You're new, aren't you." It shook it's, er, whatever.

"He's been working in the dungeons for years. They just decided recently to give him a chance with us grunts."

"You're lucky, you know. Usually it's when we can't hack the street that they send us to guard the dungeons. Never heard of anyone getting back on the street after that. After the dungeons it's a desk job. Between you and me, I'm not looking forward to that!"

"But that's still a long way off. Sure, come on over. I'm willing to win money from anyone."

Tonks took Kojac aside. "Just one thing. Tim doesn't understand metaphors and he doesn't understand expletives. You don't want to go around saying things like "Crap!" to him, let alone some of the other stuff. It's not that he's a prude, it's just his nature."

Kojac nodded. "I'll pass the word. We'll just have to act like McGonagall's in the room. I think we can handle it. And let's face it, some of the guys' language could use a bit of tuning down."

He waved at them both, "See you at 8."

Tonks and "Tim" continued their patrol, but Tonks started noticing something wrong with her partner.

"OK, give. What's the problem?"

Tim turned out the pockets on his new red robes.

"Oh, no money for poker. I can spot you for tonight. Just make sure you pay me back by the end of the month; I'll need it for the rent." They walked a few more steps down the street before Tonks had a flash of inspiration. "Or you could start charging those girls for all those massages you've been giving them," she said with a grin. "They're all rich purebloods so it's not like they aren't able to afford it."

|||||||||

"This is the Dark Bunny Gretchen," she answered the floo with a confused look on her face. "What can I do for you?"

"This is Fred, could you put Ron on?"

"Master is busy right now," she said nervously. "Could I take a message?"

"Tell him that Fred and George have finished their work," Fred said. "Well, the preliminary work anyway. But we're going to need more information and from the looks of things, we're going to be there when you attack."

"This isn't going to hurt your election campaign is it?"

"I don't think so," Fred replied. "My campaign manager and my bodyguards don't think so anyway."

"Good, most of the girls are going to vote for you and we don't want our candidate to get knocked out for some technical reason. You know Fudge and his cronies are just looking for an excuse to keep you from running."

"I'll keep that in mind."

"Was there anything else you needed?"

"Could you recommend a good place to get a custom designed dark mark?" Fred said to the shocked girl. "Not one of those tattoos, the floaty thingy."

"You want your own symbol of terror?" Gretchen wasn't sure what to do in this situation.

"Something like that," Fred agreed. "Angelina ... my campaign manager thinks it'll be a good thing to put up every time I defeat Fudge in a debate. And George wants to put it up along side yours when we thrash the Death Bastards. We're not going to bother covering up our involvement; we're going to flaunt it. Let the press chew on that."

“I suppose...” Gretchen was in a bind; Master wouldn’t mind so much that she interrupted his daily work out but the other girls ... Gretchen shuddered in horror. It must be ok, she told herself. That’s Master’s brother. “We do our work through Colin and Dennis.”

“Wait the camera brothers? Harry’s stalkers?”

“Sounds like them.”

“And they’re making custom dark marks?”

“Just the one so far I think.”

“Thank you Gretchen, be sure to tell Ron that I said you were a big help.”

“Thank you, Minister.”

“Not yet.”

“Give it a few weeks,” Gretchen said as she closed the connection.

“You heard?” Fred asked.

“Yes, sir,” the bodyguard replied. “Would you like us to contact the brothers for you, sir?”

“Find out where they are, if it isn’t too much trouble,” Fred said after a moment of thought. “I’ll meet them myself. Sending Aurors to make the initial offer might be a good way to drive down the price, but I doubt it’s a good way to start what I hope will be a lasting relationship.”

“As you say, Minister,” he agreed with a smile.

“Not yet.”

“Give it a few weeks.”

|||||||||

"So, Frank, how's the Tentacle Monster?" the Auror asked.

Frank grinned slightly and shook his head. "You know how I was helping him to get his confidence back? How he wasn't sure about the dating scene?"

"Yeah, can't blame him for that. It's a frigging rat race."

"Well, it seems he's taken to it like a fish to water. He went out on a date with four girls at once last night. All of them were absolutely beautiful!" Frank frowned slightly. "Though, to tell the truth, I'm a bit worried, he only got dumped 2 weeks ago and they did say they were really only using him for sex."

"Maybe a nice rebound relationship is all he needs."

"Maybe, like I said. Just don't want him to get hurt again."

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"May I help you all?" An older woman answered the door and looked over the group with a frown.

"We were hoping to speak to Colin or Dennis," Fred explained. "If they're here."

"What about?"

"We're some of his friends from school," George replied. "And we had a proposition we'd like to give them."

"A business proposition or the other kind?"

"Business."

"Then come right in," she said with a smile. "I'm baking cookies, does anyone want some?"

They all agreed that yes, they wanted cookies. And they were directed into Colin and Dennis's work area."

"Fred, George."

"Angelina ... group of Aurors?"

"From the dignitary protection unit," the Auror clarified.

"So what can we do for you all?" Colin asked with a smile.

"We hear that you've been making custom dark marks," Fred said with a smile. "And we were hoping that you could design one for us."

"You want a dark mark?" Dennis asked in shock.

"Yep."

"We can do that," Colin said.

"We were also hoping that we could market more of them through the shop," George offered.

"We'll have to think about that," Dennis said.

"What sort of dark mark would you like?"

"I was hoping for something simple," Angelina said. "At least to start out with."

"You'll want a more traditional sort of dark mark then," Dennis stated. .

"I was thinking something along the lines of three flaming 'Ws' superimposed on each other."

"Could work," Colin said slowly. "Mind if we spice it up a bit? You'll be able to cast it in that way or in one of the... uh, spiced up versions."

"They'd love something like that," Angelina said before the twins had a chance to reply. "How about we start simple and add something new after each casting."

"Any ideas for a sound track?"

"None."

"Ok then, how about if we do it like..."

|||||||

"You were what?" Narcissa asked flatly.

"Sort of dating your niece," Remus admitted. "It was nothing serious and I never let it go too far, but I still feel bad about the whole thing."

"Why didn't you tell me this before?"

"We were off again," Remus said. "And I was hoping to make it permanent this time."

"Why?" Narcissa hissed. "Isn't she good enough for you?"

"Too good," Remus broke. "And too young. You are too, come to think about it. What am I? A bloody werewolf that's what. A bloody werewolf that's never done more than kiss a girl, a bloody werewolf. Do you know what that means? It means that I'm a dangerous dark creature. I can't be trusted around children and let's not mention what'll happen if I lose control during ... you know."

"That's what this is all about?"

"What else could it be about?" Remus screamed. "My poverty? My lack of gainful employment? How about the possibility that I could get rounded up and stuck into a camp tomorrow because of some damned Ministry decree. I like being around you, Narcissa, you're a good friend. The fact is that I spend nights thinking about what it could have been like, what it could be like if I hadn't gotten this damned bite..."

"Remus be silent," she said sharply. "Stop feeling sorry for yourself for five bloody minutes and listen. This isn't all about you; it's about me, too. And my niece Dora. We are adults, as adults we can make our own decisions about these things."

"No you can't," Remus said sadly. "The counsellors told me that this might happen."

"Wait, what counsellors?"

"The Ministry counsellors that Decree Number fifteen dash twenty, Section A, Paragraph 2. You know, I wasn't too sure about it at first. But they've been really helpful over the last few years."

"Tell me more about these counsellors," Narcissa asked with false calm. "I want to know everything about these sessions you go to."

|||||||

"Harry, you gotta take a look at this."

"What is it?"

"An add in today's Prophet."

Aspiring Dark Lord?

Legendary Thief?

Just want something that will make you the life of the party?

Then it's time you had your own personalized Dark Mark.

Several sizes and colours...

Available in motional or traditional...

Cool sound effects...

Theme songs...

"What the hell?" Harry muttered.

"I must admit, I never thought they'd get further than being arrested for stalking you and stealing your underwear."

"I'd assumed they already had."

"Yeah. But you know what we've got to do now?"

"Steal my underwear back?"

"No, get a dark mark of our own."

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Disclaimer: This story contains the reason Harry will go commando in a future fic, reader discretion is advised.

The Montrose Family Fortune

"Hello, how can I help you?" an official at the Control of Magical Creatures Department said in a tone that clearly suggested that he believed that whoever just entered the room is clearly below him

"Oh Good Afternoon. My name is Narcissa Black. I'm looking for Pseudolus DeSusurr."

At the name of the well-known pureblood family the man's head shot up and he smiled very insincere smile

"How can I help you, Miss Black?"

"Are you Pseudolus DeSusurr?"

"Yes, madam, I am. How can I be of assistance?"

"The same that was the initiator and executor of the decree concerning counsellors for werewolves? You know the one after which suicide rate among werewolves rose by fifty percent?"

"Well, as the matter of fact I might have had some part in that..."

"How interesting. It's good to see there are people so concerned in upholding standards in our society"

Narcissa smiled a pleasant smile. After all she wouldn't be a Black if didn't know how to control herself. Only those who can do that can control others after all.

"And you wouldn't be the same person that helped to formulate the decree against use of Unforgivables so that the definition of human being excludes anyone who does not maintain full human form at all times or can not revert into it within five seconds at their own power? I found the wording particularly skilful. It's amazing how easily you can exclude werewolves and all sentient magical creatures this way."

"Well, one does all possible to keep our society from being polluted. But how can I help you, madam?"

"Oh, I just thought I'd come by and Crucio you to insanity. I already made sure to put up a ward to ward for sound. Luckily I learned a really powerful soundproof ward just this morning so we won't disturb anybody's work." She was still smiling pleasantly

DeSusurr jumped to his feet

"You can't! There are Auror offices just a floo call away! You'll go straight to Azkaban!"

"Will I? Oh, that's right. I knew I forgot to mention something. I already checked the Animagus register and I know your name is not on it. So all I have to say is...Muto Oryx!" she pointed her wand at the man who promptly changed into a goat. "Now where was I? Oh, yes, you have five seconds to change back. Starting now." She made a show of looking at her watch "...two... one... Now I can finally start with the Crucio. You will note that I gave you a fair chance of changing back. It was recorded by the ward by the way. So I'm not doing anything remotely illegal. You've got to love the law."

A panicking goat was now backing towards the wall. Meanwhile Narcissa was casually playing with her wand and speaking.

"You'll have to excuse me if it will take me some time to torture you to insanity. My sister could do that within fifteen minutes but I'm afraid I'm nowhere near that proficient with the spell. So I'll keep it for an hour, maybe hour and a half just to be sure. I hope it's all right with you?"

The floor next to the goat now required some serious cleaning. The goat froze as it realized it doesn't have anywhere to escape. Just then Narcissa took out an organizer (incidentally bound in animal skin) and started looking through it.

"Oh, I'm sorry. I'm afraid we'll have to reschedule. If it takes me more than an hour I'm going to be late for a meeting. How does tomorrow

sound to you? After all it's not like all the decrees you helped create can be invalidated by then, right?" she smiled pleasantly "I'll see you tomorrow then."

She exited the room calmly. Half an hour later an employee of the department entered to see a shaking goat in place of his boss. After a few transmutation reversal spells were applied he was surprised to see his boss nearly jump to the fireplace and start making calls.

Two hours and a thousand old favours called later the dumbfounded employee realized that all discriminating decrees DeSusurr ever helped creating and some he didn't were no longer in power. Then his boss turned to him.

"And not a word about it to anyone, understood?" he said through gritted teeth. When the employee nodded the man sniffed the air. "And get someone to clean the office as soon as possible. I think I'll go home now early today."

That said DeSusurr walked out of the room leaving the dumbfounded employee behind him.

The young man stood there for a long moment before he finally scourgified the floor and went to call for someone to do the rest of the cleaning. And only to think his family told him the work at the ministry was boring.

|||||||

Narcissa walked into the Leaky Cauldron and immediately spied the object of her search.

"There you are Nymphadora," Narcissa said with a smile. "I've been looking for you for ages."

"Aunt Narcissa," Tonks said coldly.

"Come with me," Narcissa commanded. "The two of us need to have a long talk about relationships. Your mother neglected to explain a

few things, possibly because she had the luxury of being able to choose for herself.”

“What are you talking about?” Tonks asked. “I don’t have time for this, I’m leaving.”

“You will change that tone and you will come with me right now,” Narcissa said firmly. “Is that understood? You may be an Auror but you are still my niece and not too old to be put over my knee.”

“What? Try it.”

“Just come with me,” Narcissa sighed. “Please.”

“Fine,” Tonks agreed. “What do you need?”

“As I said,” Narcissa said as she led her niece to a table. “Your mother did not teach you about relationships. Specifically, about men.”

“What about men?”

“I’m told that you were in a relationship with Remus Lupin?”

“Yeah, what if I was.” Tonks challenged.

“Remus is a wonderful man but he has a little problem,” Narcissa said with a smile. “One I’m hoping to correct.”

“He’s a werewolf, so what?”

“He’s noble,” Narcissa corrected. “Were you aware of that the Ministry provided consolers to werewolves to help them deal with the pain having their life changed so dramatically?”

“No I wasn’t,” Tonks replied. “Sounds like a good idea, what of it?”

“Suicides have gone up dramatically since the program was initiated,” Narcissa explained. “They’re the ones that have convinced Remus

that he couldn't be in any sort of relationship. He's convinced that he would harm any woman he was involved with."

"I've gotta..."

"Do nothing," Narcissa interrupted. "I'm sorry Nymphadora but while you were gone, I moved in."

"What?"

"I did not know you were interested in him," Narcissa said with a shrug. "Just as you were unaware of my interest."

"But."

"One of his better features I agree," Narcissa said impishly. "He's too old for you anyway dear, find someone your own age."

"No one decent," Tonks muttered.

"Then you must allow me to help you," Narcissa said magnanimously. "We can even get you another werewolf if that's the way your taste runs."

"I don't have a werewolf fetish, Aunt Narcissa," Tonks said with a weak smile.

"Then what sort of fetishes do you have?" Narcissa demanded. "I'm going to have to know if I'm to arrange a proper match."

||||||||||

"Wake up," Hermione whispered. "I said wake up."

"This dream again?" Colin said with a lazy smile. "Why don't you take off your shirt babe so we can get down to business."

"Why don't you reconsider that statement before I decide to change my mind about the reason I'm here," Hermione said coldly. "From buying a dark mark to robbing you of everything you own."

"Wait... the Fox I presume," Colin corrected himself. "Is what I had intended to say before some sort of curse caused me to say something different."

"You expect me to believe that?"

"Hoping you would," Colin agreed. "So you want a dark mark huh?"

"Yep," Hermione agreed.

"What did you have in mind?" Colin asked. "How about a floating skull?"

"Like Voldemort has?"

"Yeah, except instead of a snake it'll have a giant vibrating..."

"I was thinking something along the lines of a quick red fox jumping over a lazy brown dog, a hound to be precise."

"We'll have something ready in a few days," Colin said with a yawn.
"How should we contact you?"

"Just put it in your father's safe," Hermione said. "The one hidden in the secret room he constructed under the house."

"Huh?"

"With the secret entrance in the basement behind the bar," Hermione explained. "We'll leave your payment there."

"Uh... right. I'll see about putting it there, if it isn't there then I'll have it on my bedside table."

"Thanks," Hermione said.

Colin looked around his room and listened intently, it appeared that his visitor was gone. Well, he guessed he couldn't be surprised that

his new job as a dark mark designer was bringing him into contact with lots of strange and horrifyingly dangerous people.

“How’d it go?” Harry asked after they’d met up at their rendezvous point.

“Success, you?”

“Got my underwear back,” Harry said proudly. “Only... I really don’t think I want it anymore.”

“Burn it?”

“Burn it,” Harry agreed firmly. After a quick thermite charm and a last salute, the Fox and the Hound faded back into the night.

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“Hah,” Tonks cheered. “Go Tim.”

“Ain’t fair,” one of the other card players moaned. “He’s got a poker face that we could only dream of.”

“Don’t be such a sore looser,” Tonks laughed. “Anyone care for another game?” Upon seeing no takers, Tonks got up from the table. “Come on, Partner, guess we’ll have to wait till next week to clean them out again.”

||||||||||

“Colin.”

“Dennis,” Colin shouted. “You’ll never guess what happened last night.”

“I already know,” Dennis said mournfully.

“So now all we gotta do is figure out how the mark is going to go together,” Colin said with a nod.

“What mark?”

“The dark mark we’re making for the Fox and the Hound of course.”

“Oh... I guess that explains things.”

“What is it?”

“Our... uh... special Harry Potter shrine is missing the... uh...”

“They’re gone?” Colin asked in shock. “Guess she was mad after all.”

“What happened?”

“Well... you have to understand that I thought it was all a dream,” Colin tried to defend himself.

“Spit it out.”

“I sort of... propositioned the Fox.”

“Are you nuts?” Dennis screamed. “You know what the last Fox did to the last guy who propositioned her.”

“And thus ended the once great Montrose family fortune,” Colin said mournfully. “Guess we got off lucky huh?”

“Yeah, lucky we thought enough of Harry Potter to research his parents. You don’t... you don’t think it’s a bit disloyal to work for his sworn enemies do you?”

“Nah, from what I’ve read the rivalry between the Potter family and the Fox and the Hound was usually fairly cordial. Except for Harry’s mum and the Fox of course, they hated each other.”

|||||||

“Good morning Harry, Hermione.” Luna’s cheerful voice woke the two friends. “How are the two of you doing today?”

“What are you doing in our apartment?” Hermione groaned.

“Hmmm?” Luna pondered the question for a few seconds. “I’m going to have to get back to you on that one, Hermione. Why are any of us here? I agree, it’s a rather deep philosophical question and you must agree that such things can’t be worked out quickly.”

“Ok then, how about telling me why you aren’t wearing any clothes then?”

“Tan lines.”

“Tan lines?”

“Yes, tan lines.”

“Ok, why don’t you explain things with a bit more detail?”

“I picked up a copy of teen witch the other day,” Luna explained. “It was dreadfully boring, except the part on tanning charms. One never knows when one might get attacked by vampires.”

“I don’t... right, back to the tan lines.”

“The article implied that they were a bad thing,” Luna explained. “And mentioned that the best way to avoid getting them is to go nude.”

“So...”

“I don’t want my anti-vampire measures to be anything less than perfectly effective,” Luna said slowly. “Here, Hermione, have a cup of tea. I hesitate to say this, but it doesn’t seem that you’re at one hundred percent this morning and you really need to wake up.”

“Thanks, Luna.”

“Why isn’t Harry waking up?”

"He had a rather busy night," Hermione said with a yawn. "He'll be out for a while."

"Kinky sex?"

"No we were ro... I mean, yeah. Something like that."

"Can I join in?"

"No."

"Can I watch?"

"No."

"Can you watch while I take him?"

"No."

"Selfish."

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Andrew Joshua Talon

Omake 8:

Harry looked around carefully through his invisibility cloak. The meeting place Tonks had indicated in her note seemed like a fairly

simple inn. No real wards to speak of aside from the standard Muggle deterrents...

With his broom he ascended to the window indicated in the note, and slipped inside. The window closed itself behind him, and he cursed as numerous trap wards activated.

'They look like...! Potter wards! How could I not detect them?!" He thought frantically.

He turned to look around the dark room, as the lights came on. And his jaw dropped.

"Harry, surely you didn't think all my visits were social, correct?" A very smug, very naked Tonks on the very comfortable looking bed purred. "Hermione helped me out."

"Her-She-You-" Harry felt like he had lost 50 IQ points as Tonks... Shifted.

"Well, considering how much you tire her out, she was more than happy for me to take a turn," Tonks explained, standing up and slinking towards him.

'Oh no... She thinks we're... And Hermione-!' After Tonks closed the gap between them, Harry found it increasingly difficult to think...

In the same inn, Hermione looked very cross with a very happy Luna.

"Don't worry Hermione, my future self will soon be done, and then we can ALL take turns! Oh, it'll be so much fun!"

Hermione would have retorted if not for the ball-gag Luna had fitted her with...

Disclaimer: Be sure to get your BLS, it's good to have.

The BEST Part of Waking up

“So why are you here, Luna?”

“I just learned a new skill that I had to share,” Luna replied. “In fact, I don’t understand why it’s not taught at Hogwarts.”

“What is it?” Hermione sighed.

“CPR,” Luna said.

“CP… like for heart attacks?”

“Uh huh.”

“That actually is useful,” Hermione agreed. “What else did you learn?”

“Mouth to mouth and the Heimlich manoeuvre,” Luna replied. “But I was only able to read how to do it in a book.”

“I’ll teach you how to do it,” Hermione volunteered. “Or at least the basics, my parents have always insisted that I be proficient in basic life support. I’m not qualified to teach, but I can show you a few tricks, maybe we can talk to my parents about getting something more formal later.”

“Ok,” Luna agreed. “Do you want me to show you what I learned?”

“Sure,” Hermione said.

“Ok, get on your back so I can practice chest compressions.” Luna walked up to the prone girl with a dreamy smile.

“Uh… less squeezing more compressions, you also need to put your hands together and move them towards the middle of my chest and off my breasts.”

“Like this?”

"Close enough," Hermione agreed. "What do you do next?"

"Mouth to mouth," Luna said eagerly as she moved in.

"Mumph."

"What was that?"

"Less tongue," Hermione said dryly. She should have known that this was a mistake. "Why don't we move on to the Heimlich?"

"Ok," Luna agreed. She got behind Hermione and reached up.

"It's called the Heimlich and not the grope for a reason," Hermione said as she firmly moved Luna's hands down. "You need to move your hands lower and... TOO LOW." Hermione took a firm hold of Luna's wrists and moved them up. "Right about here."

"Thank you Hermione," Luna said serenely. "The book was very confusing."

"I can tell, why don't we talk to my parents later to set up something that will let you get your card?"

"Ok."

"Might be a good idea to rope Harry into it, too."

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"My people," Fudge said loudly. He was once again attempting to debate the young upstart Weasley. "You know me, you know that I've brought more gold to the wizarding world than any of my predecessors."

"More gold to your bank account you mean," Fred said loudly. "How do you explain this large stack of documents that was delivered to my new shop yesterday?"

"That would depend on what's in those documents," Fudge sneered. "And don't say it's evidence of my corruption because that's locked up in... I mean I'm not corrupt."

"Well," Fred said with a smile. "It's evidence of your corruption. I also have several other pieces of evidence, congratulations Minister. It looks like you're the most corrupt and incompetent Minister in history."

"Thank you I... wait a minute; Aurors, arrest that man."

"FRED for Minister," the Aurors cheered. "Fred, Fred, Fred."

"I said arrest him not cheer for him," Fudge screamed.

"Now George," Alicia said calmly.

"Right," George agreed and within seconds the WWW dark mark was floating above Fudge's head.

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"Hello again, Mr. Snape," the undercover reporter said with a smile. "How are you doing?"

"Damn you," Snape said weakly.

"Just stopped by to tell you that Headmaster Dumbledore has finished being treated for what you did to him."

"Curse you."

"You should be proud, the other Healers say that the only person they've ever seen with more severe rectal trauma is you. Though I imagine poor Harry Potter might have given that record a run for its money if you ever managed to catch him."

"Potter," Snape gasped. "This is all his fault."

"Really?" The reporter asked. "And how do you figure that?"

“He...” Snape’s face changed and a gleeful smile cracked through the yogurt crust that had built up over the last several sessions. “He touched me when I was a student, did horrible things to me in an empty classroom. His friends helped, those friends would be Remus Lupin and Sirius Black.”

“Uh huh.”

“Let me tell you more,” Snape said eagerly.

The reporter walked out after Snape’s story and ran into an actual Healer.

“Any progress?”

“He blames everything on James Potter,” the reporter said. “And then told me some fantasy involving James Potter, Remus Lupin, Sirius Black, and the Ravenclaw Quidditch team.”

“What treatment were you planning to assign?”

“Aversion therapy,” the reporter said after a moment of thought. “We let him tell his fantasies and apply a mild pain charm every time he starts to get aroused. With a bit of luck, he’ll begin associating his deviant behaviour with unpleasantness.”

“And it may also provide a legitimate use for the unforgivable curse,” the Healer mused. “Good work.”

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“Come on, Neville,” Daphne demanded as she dragged him towards her house. “Mum really wants to meet you.”

“But I’ve never done the whole meet the parents thing,” Neville protested. “What do I do?”

“Just introduce yourself and say hello,” Daphne replied. “She’ll love you.”

"Are you sure? Maybe we could introduce you to my Gran first?"

"Maybe you could learn to sleep alone for a few days?" Daphne mused.

"Maybe your idea was the best one after all," Neville said in defeat.

"I knew you'd see it my way," Daphne said with a mellow grin. Mum was right, men were so easy to manipulate... so long as they didn't get a harem. "Mum, we're home . . . Mum?"

"There's a note on the table," Neville said helpfully.

Sorry I couldn't stay but something has come up and I'm afraid that I'll be away for exactly three hours and your father will be away for five.

-Your Mother

P.S.

Be sure he has a chance to make a good inspection of the painting on your bedroom ceiling.

"Come on, Neville," Daphne demanded.

Maybe meeting parents isn't so bad, Neville mused. Wonder why the other guys seem so afraid of it?

|||||||||

Dean was cursing to himself, he'd just gotten out of his therapist's office and he was mulling over whether he wanted to go back.

"That quack," he growled. "How dare he tell me that I just need to accept that it happened and move on? I like grapes not raisins damn it and I need to prove it, not accept what happened." He began looking around for an attractive and more importantly young girl.

“Hello Dean,” Luna said. “Why are you screaming at nothing? Are you practicing for the nationals?”

“The... forget it,” Dean dismissed the crazy girl’s rambling. “Luna.”

“Yes?”

“You’re a girl right, always have been?”

“I think so,” Luna agreed.

“And you’re about my age? Never been an old crone?”

“I don’t remember being an old crone,” Luna said slowly. “Why?”

“Wanna go out on a date?” Dean asked quickly. “I’m a guy and you’re not an old crone.”

“I can’t,” Luna said gently. “I’m in a committed relationship with Harry and Hermione and it wouldn’t be right to cheat on them with you.”

“I understand... wait, Harry AND Hermione?”

“Uh huh,” Luna agreed. “But don’t tell anyone, we’re trying to keep it quiet.”

“Yeah,” Dean agreed as he wandered off. “Lucky bastard, how’d he bag two girls and why can I only get an old crone?”

“I don’t know, sonny.”

The statement snapped Dean out of his daze and his eyes widened in horror when he realised where his wandering feet had taken him.

“Uh...” He’s eyes darted around in hopes of finding a way out of the bridge club. “I gotta go now.”

“Lock the door,” Griselda Marchbanks commanded.

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"Good morning, Luna," Hermione said without opening her eyes.

"Good morning, Hermione," Luna replied. "Harry have another rough night?"

"I dosed him with sleeping potion," Hermione replied. "Didn't want him waking up too early."

"I've heard that too much kinky sex can be too much sometimes," Luna sympathised. "Perhaps it was best that you took a little break."

"It's not... you're right, a little break."

"But if you're not using..."

"No," Hermione said firmly. "Just to satisfy my curiosity, are you wearing clothing?"

"Hmmmm?" Luna gave herself a brief inspection. "I knew I forgot to do something this morning."

"Right, shouldn't you be getting home?"

"But I wanted to have breakfast with you," Luna said softly.

"Then will you go home?"

"I wanted to have breakfast with you and Harry," Luna said quickly.

"Fine, you can borrow one of my skirts."

"Ok."

"And blouses," Hermione said quickly.

"Awwww."

"Did you have some comment you wanted to make?" Hermione rather thought that she was becoming good at handling Luna.

"It's just that, well... they're a little too tight in the chest area."

"What?" Hermione's eyes shot open and she gave the smaller girl a critical inspection. "We're about the same size, in fact I think I've got a bit of an edge."

"But there isn't any room to keep my..."

"You'll just have to accept the fact that you can't have everything the way you want it unless you wear your own clothes."

"Ok," Luna chirped. Hermione watched carefully as Luna dressed and began setting the table. "Were you planning to wake Harry or should we cook for ourselves?"

"I can't cook," Hermione said bluntly. "Wake up, Harry."

"What now?" Harry groaned.

"I need you to make breakfast," Hermione replied. "Ok?"

"Fibe mrr mnnts."

"Maybe you gave him too much sleeping potion?" Luna suggested.

"Or maybe he's lazy," Hermione muttered. "We'll have to make our own breakfast."

"Or I could come back in a few hours after the sun comes out," Luna suggested.

"After the... it's three in the bloody morning."

"Early to bed and early to rise," Luna said piously.

"I should never have lent you that book," Hermione growled. "Come back no earlier than nine."

"Goodnight, Hermione."

"Goodnight, Luna," Hermione said as she pulled her covers up and went to sleep.

Luna clapped her hands together as she watched them sleep. Oh this was ever so much fun, though she had to admit that the fun level would rise dramatically if they weren't such prudes. No matter, she'd deal with that later.

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"Oh god," Remus said in disgust.

"What is it, hon?" Narcissa asked. She was dressed in one of his shirts and making breakfast.

"More on Snape," Remus said with a sick look on his face. "Says here he had fantasies about me and the other Marauders cornering him in an empty classroom and... I can't say it."

"Always knew there was something about him," she said as she leaned over his shoulder. "Also explains why he spent so much time around Lucius."

"You don't think that?"

"He didn't touch me after I had Draco," Narcissa said calmly. "What do you think?"

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"Success," Harry cheered. "I knew I could do it."

"You got the Fidelius problem licked?"

"Maybe," Harry allowed. "I'd like you to take a look over what I've got cobbled together. No, I think I figured out a way around our other problem."

"Luna?"

"Luna," Harry agreed. "Should keep her from coming into the apartment unless she's wearing clothes."

"Let me see that," Hermione demanded. "You have a small mistake here."

Harry studied the parchment for a few seconds. "Yeah, but I think it'll still work."

"Can't open the door unless you are clothed providing the people inside are clothed."

"Conversely, if the people are nude so must you be."

"We've got her now," Hermione giggled. "No more waking up to find a naked Luna."

Harry just muttered something about the best part of waking up as he finished casting the ward.

"What was that?" Hermione asked sharply.

"Ward's up," Harry said. "I think we've everything taken care of."

"I think we have," Hermione agreed.

AN: Man, I've still got a lot of these things to polish up and post before I catch up. This fic wasn't going to last this long, it was going to be ten chapters on the outside but nooooo I had to write more than that. The ongoing list of people that contributed to this fic without whom, it would not have been nearly as good . . . one might go so far as to say it would be quite bad: nonjon, Ed Becerra, ausfinbar, David Wangen, , dogbertcarroll, hattenjc, the caitiff, AlanP, Lone Wolf, meteoricshipyards, Shawn Pickett, Morris Rague, luinlothana, Treck, Drake, moshehim, Marneus Calgar, Goblin214, Chris LeBron, and everyone else on my yahoo group. They gave me scenes, ideas, and all sorts of other things. Tell me if I missed you so I can add to this list. Another thanks goes to meteoricshipyards who wrote the majority of

the continuing adventures of the tentacle monster. Anything I wrote on that sub plot was fairly minor so kudos.

Disclaimer: Maybe yesterday and maybe tomorrow but never a disclaimer today.

The Dark Bunnies Strike Back

“You know,” Fred said. “I could mention the corruption, I could mention the incompetence, the stupidity, the cowardice, and the fact that he denied the return of Voldemort putting us all into danger. But I won’t.”

The crowd groaned in disappointment. “Why not?”

“Because I wanna get in insults that have nothing to do with the election and shouldn’t matter,” Fred said loudly. “I wanna know how Fudge felt when he was making false allegations about Harry Potter. I wanna know what it feels like to be a spineless coward that puts out smear campaigns against anyone they perceive as being a threat and while I don’t consider Fudge anything more than a spineless dishonest nobody, I refuse to insult anyone worthy of respect as anyone that posed a credible threat to my political aspirations would be.”

“Can I say something?” Fudge asked nervously.

“NO,” the crowd shouted.

“Cornelius Fudge,” Fred said as he turned to the Minister. “I never did care for you hat, it’s in the wrong colour. You have bad fashion sense.”

“Burn,” the correspondent for Teen Witch shouted. “You go Fred.”

“Cornelius Fudge, you have bad teeth and poor skin. You are ugly.”

“Woo hoo,” the aforementioned correspondent cheered.

“Cornelius Fudge...” Fred shook his head and turned back to the crowd. “I’m sorry, but I can’t be anything like Fudge for any longer than that and I promise that if elected, I’ll continue to be nothing like

Fudge. If elected I'll bring a bit of the modern world into the archaic, corrupt, and inefficient Ministry."

"FRED. FRED. FRED. FRED."

"Cast the mark now," Alicia said with a satisfied grin.

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The chanting outside their window woke Hermione and she was surprised to see a naked Luna looking down at her.

"Good morning, Hermione."

"I thought that bloody ward was supposed to keep out naked people?"

"But I'm not naked."

"You're not?"

"Nope," Luna agreed. "I'm wearing a belt, see?"

"I also see that you shaved the hair around your personal area into the shape of a... what is that?"

"A grubalak."

"Looks like an H."

"Nope, it's definitely a grubalak."

"I've got a spare set of clothes hanging in the closet," Hermione said in defeat. "Put them on."

"But..."

"NOW."

"Fine." Luna stormed over to the closet and started dressing.

“And stop sulking.”

“Can we have pancakes for breakfast?”

“If we can convince Harry to cook them,” Hermione agreed.

“Yay.”

“It’s like having a bloody child,” Hermione muttered to herself. “Wake up Harry.”

“What is it?”

“You need to do some more work on that ward,” Hermione replied.
“Luna got in wearing a belt.”

“I’ll get to work later.”

“Good, and right now you need to get up and make us pancakes.”

“Pancakes?”

“Luna wants pancakes,” Hermione explained.

“Fine,” Harry groaned. “Hand me my pants.”

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“Fred and George are ready,” Ron began. “Now all we have to do is find some way to contact the Fox and the Hound.”

“About that.”

“What is it?”

“We found a note in the safe after we woke up,” Gretchen said.

“We have a safe?”

"It's were we keep our knickers when we're not wearing them, Master," Elizabeth explained. "To keep them safe from the Dark Frat Boys."

"Why wasn't I told about this?"

"It's embarrassing to talk about that sort of thing with a boy."

"So after all the things that I've done to you, that you've done to me, and that we've all done to each other. You still find talking about your under things to be embarrassing?"

"Yes, Master."

"Fair enough, what did the note say?"

"Just that they were planning on dropping by later today to find out when we wanted to launch the raid and that they were done."

"Excellent," Ron hissed.

"Go, Master."

"That was a great menacing pose," Gretchen agreed. That said, the two girls pounced on Ron.

|||||||

"Hmmm," Amelia said as she looked up at the clock. "He's late, should have been here ten minutes ago."

"What do you plan to do about this?" Fudge shrieked as he stormed into her office.

"About what?"

"About the documents stolen from my home and office."

"What documents would those be?"

"The ones proving how corru... uh."

"Were you going to say proving how corrupt you were?" Amelia asked with a predatory smile. "Because if you want to confess to committing a crime?"

"No... that will be all Madame Bones, you're dismissed."

"But we're in my office."

"Curses," Fudge screamed as he stormed out.

"That was fun, most fun I've had in quite a while."

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"I think I've got it now," Harry said. "The problem was that I was a bit... lax in defining clothing for the ward. It is much more comprehensive now."

"No more waking up with naked Luna looking down at me," Hermione gave a content sigh. "Bliss."

"You know I wouldn't have to redo this if you'd have caught my mistake before."

"Or if you'd have just gotten it right in the first place," Hermione agreed. "Next time do a better job."

"I... so do you think we should go visit the Dark Wizard Jeremy in our alter egos the Fox and the Hound?"

"Sure," Hermione agreed. "But why don't you put that charm up first?"

"Ok," Harry agreed. With the ward up, the two friends got on their costumes and faded away.

|||||||

"So when do you think they're going to get here?" Gretchen asked.

“How about now?” Hermione replied.

“Wow, you guys are good.”

“Thanks,” Harry said. “So where’s this hide out?”

“Gretchen, get the twins.”

“Yes, Master.”

“Elizabeth, have refreshments sent up.’

“At once, Master.”

“I’ve got a portkey ready,” Ron said. “Shouldn’t take too long for the others to get here. Would you care for anything while you wait?”

“No thank you,” Hermione said politely. “We just ate.”

“Very well.”

It didn’t take long for the twins to arrive in their colourful jackets.

“Who are they?” Ron asked indicating the imposing figures that came with them.

“These are my bodyguards,” Fred replied. “And this is my girlfriend Alicia.”

“And my girlfriend, Katie.”

“I see, well I guess we can get going then.”

“Not yet, Master,” Elizabeth said.

“Why not?”

“We’re still waiting for Auror Tonks who’s disguised herself as an Auror named Honks to arrive,” Gretchen explained.

"Why?" Ron demanded. "Don't tell me she's coming, too?"

"No, Master."

"We just don't want to leave Tim alone," Gretchen said nervously.
"What if he got hurt?"

"Or lonely?"

"Fine," Ron agreed. "We can wait."

"Oh, thank you, Master."

"Who's Tim?" Fred whispered to his younger brother.

"Their pet tentacle monster."

"They have a pet tentacle monster?"

"Yeah."

"Oh... kinky."

"So I'm told."

It was at that moment that Tonks decided to arrive. "You called?"

"We were hoping that you could watch Tim while we were gone," Elizabeth said.

"Why?"

"It's just not safe around here what with; Death Eaters, door-to-door evangelists, nudist motorists that need to use the telephone (or so the wife said), and salesmen."

"Not to mention the fact that he'll get lonely, won't you Pookums," Elizabeth said to the tentacle that was making its way out of one of the air vents.

"Why not," Tonks agreed. "Partners have to stick together."

"Thank you," Gretchen squealed. "We're ready to go now, Master."

"Everyone got a hold of the Portkey?" Ron asked. Upon hearing everyone's affirmative answer, he activated it.

As soon as they arrived, Ron leapt into action and began issuing commands. "Peter, take Kitty and a few other girls and back door."

"Got it boss, nothing will go in or out of that back door while I'm watching it."

"Just be sure to plug that hole," Ron said firmly. "I'll fill in the front and Gretchen."

"Yes, Master?"

"You take a few girls on brooms and make sure that any opening in the top has something in it too."

"Yes master," Gretchen agreed.

"Elizabeth," Ron barked. "Put up the anti-transport wards. I don't want them to find any other way out."

"Got it, Master."

"Fred, George. You and your people can start spreading your traps now, just make sure that none of my girls get hurt or caught in them."

"Got it, Dark Wizard Jeremy."

"Fox, Hound."

"Yo."

"You do that voodoo that you do so well."

“Huh?”

“He wants us to take down the wards, Hound.”

“You got it, Fox,” Harry agreed.

“I love it when a plan comes together,” Ron purred.

“Check this out,” Hermione muttered. “They really are idiots.”

“Hiding the house but leaving a driveway to nowhere,” Harry laughed.
“That’s basic stuff.”

“You can start casting spells on the place now,” Hermione said conversationally to the nearest Dark Bunny. “Their wards are toast.”

“So soon?”

“Would have taken less time but I wanted to get a look at them,” Harry said with a yawn. “From the looks of them, they were put up by a drunk insane homeless person.”

“With Syphilis,” Hermione agreed.

“Why Syphilis?” Harry asked.

“Rots the brain,” Hermione explained. “Makes them even nuttier.”

“Ah.”

While Harry and Hermione had their conversation on the relative intelligence (or lack thereof) of whoever put up the wards, Ron and his followers began casting their own set of spells. Lust charms, snugglebunny spells, stamina spells, and a curse designed to stave off climax and prolong activity were all continuously cast over the area. Ensuring that the unlucky Death Eaters would experience what would seem like a never-ending orgy.

“Thank you, Fox, Hound,” Gretchen said. “And Master sends his thanks, too. It’s just too bad you didn’t manage to break the Fidelius.”

“Oh but we did,” Hermione said with a smug grin.

“You did?” Gretchen said in shock.

“Or rather we found a way around it,” Harry explained. “It’ll probably destroy the charm over the next few days, but you should be able to take advantage of it soon.”

“So?”

“So cast your spells and wait,” Harry said. “Or cast your spells and disappear, let the Aurors deal with it.”

“Doesn’t matter to us,” Hermione agreed.

“Shall we cast the mark?” Harry asked.

“I think we shall,” Hermione agreed. A few seconds of incantation produced a quick red fox jumping over a lazy brown dog, a hound to be specific. The hound then jumped over the fox and the two began tussling in midair.

“Shall we add our own brother of mine?” Fred asked.

“Not yet,” Angelina said. “Let our host cast his first.”

“Thank you,” Ron said. “Gretchen.”

“Yes, Master.” And a hazy monochromatic stag film began playing, complete with seventies era porn music.

“Now,” Alicia said.

“Right,” Fred agreed and the triple W took its place proudly alongside the other two.

“Time to break this party up,” Ron said with a grin.

"It's been fun," Harry said. He took Hermione's hand and the two of them vanished.

"It has," Fred agreed. "I'll have my bodyguards report this so you don't have to do your own mop up."

"Thanks," Ron said. "Girls, it's time to go." The Dark Bunnies took hold of the Portkey and returned to their dark lair for the post attack cuddle.

AN: The ongoing list of people that contributed to this fic without whom, it would not have been nearly as good . . . one might go so far as to say it would be quite bad: nonjon, Ed Becerra, ausfinbar, David Wangen, , dogbertcarroll, hattenjc, the caitiff, AlanP, Lone Wolf, meteoricshipyards, Shawn Pickett, Morris Rague, Iuinlothana, Treck, Drake, moshehim, Arthur Hansen, Marneus Calgar, Goblin214, Chris LeBron, and everyone else on my yahoo group. They gave me scenes, ideas, and all sorts of other things. Tell me if I missed you so I can add to this list. Another thanks goes to meteoricshipyards who wrote the majority of the continuing adventures of the tentacle monster. Anything I wrote on that sub plot was fairly minor so kudos.

More Omake by Andrew Joshua Talon

Omake 11:

Draco yawned, feeling more rested than usual. He got out of his bed and walked downstairs, smacking his lips.

'Why do I taste sleeping draught?' He absently wondered as he entered the kitchen.

"Morning Draco," Remus said pleasantly. Draco nodded as he grabbed some eggs and bacon from the oven.

"Morning," he mumbled. Narcissa kissed her son on his forehead.

"Good morning Draco," she said happily. Draco yawned... He blinked.

His mother was dressed in a man's shirt. Not his father's, he'd only wear silk. The werewolf was dressed in a bathrobe at the table. His mother had a dreamy expression on her face.

Draco dropped his breakfast plate, curled into a fetal position and began muttering "There's no place like home, there's no place like home..."

Remus raised an eyebrow. Narcissa sighed.

"Probably shouldn't have drugged him last night. Maybe he wouldn't be so shocked now?"

"I think hearing... Us, would have been far more traumatizing," Remus coughed.

Omake 12:

"So, you wish to join me because...?" Voldemort asked.

"You want to destroy Harry Potter, right? So do I. Bloody lucky bastard," Dean snarled. "You don't er... Have any old women here, do you?"

"Just the cleaning lady, Mertyl," Voldemort said. Dean paled as said cleaning lady winked at him.

"OH GOD IT'S A CONSPIRACY!" Dean screamed, turning and running for his life. Voldemort grumbled.

"Why does my organization attract all the bloody weirdos?"

Omake 13: (DUN DUN DUN...)

"Harry, I think you're going to like this new spell I found," Hermione said with a smile. Harry nodded.

"Okay, what?"

The two were standing in Knockturn Alley in the dead of night in their Fox and Hound costumes. A random thug (Let's call him... Stebbins) meandered towards them.

"Oi, you! Circus clowns! Hand over your pretties or I'll down you!" He growled. Hermione produced, instead of her wand, a dagger. She seemed to blur and a moment later, the thug fell unconscious, Hermione now behind him holding several valuables.

"Brilliant!" Harry grinned. "What is that called?"

"It's a move that's simply called 'Mug'. Found it in one of your father's books."

"What's it called?"

"Locke's Guide to Theft... I Mean Treasure Hunting. Yeah. Treasure Hunting," Hermione quoted. Harry blinked, and Hermione shrugged.

"If it doesn't break, don't fix it...?"

Disclaimer: If you ever become a Dark Lord, don't forget to give your full timers benefits. It's the right thing to do and it'll ensure their loyalty.

Dental Plan

"But seriously," Hermione said as she leaned back into her friend's arms, "where are we going to put all that loot?"

"It would get a bit cramped in here," Harry agreed. "I suppose we could get a warehouse or something."

"But then we wouldn't be able to have easy access to all those books," Hermione sighed. "So that plan's out."

"If you say so."

"What if we could expand the size of the apartment?"

"What if we get searched?"

"Well... how about if we were to... uh, put it in a closet but keep the closet the way it is?"

"Two things in the same space?" Harry asked. "Ward the door so that only certain people get the room with the contraband?"

"Yeah," Hermione agreed. "Something like that."

"You know anything about how to do that?" Harry asked.

"I've got a few ideas," Hermione mused. "And I think I saw a book in our last shopping trip that could help."

"Really?"

"Yeah, could you go get it for me?"

"Why do I have to get it?"

"Because I'll be busy with my research," Hermione replied.

“I thought you needed the book?”

“Not need so much as want,” Hermione replied. “It’ll be much easier to figure this out if I had it with me.”

“How interesting.”

“Please?” She looked up at him with puppy dog eyes. “Harry.”

“Damn it, that’s not fair.”

“Mum taught me,” Hermione said smugly. “Here, let me write down the title.”

“Yes, dear.”

“And while you’re there, you might as well pick up these books, too,” she mused as she wrote down several more titles.

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Elizabeth and Gretchen shared a worried look. They hated to do this; they really hated to question such a wonderful and powerful master. But events had forced their hand and they’d just have to accept whatever punishment he saw fit for their defiance.

“I’m sure he’s just forgotten,” Gretchen tried to reassure her friend.

“Forgotten what?” Ron asked as he eyed the two nervous girls.

“You... your responsibility to us as our Dark Master,” Elizabeth seemed to shrink as she said the words.

“What is it?” Ron demanded.

“You haven’t set up a dental plan master,” Gretchen wailed.

“Dental plan?” Ron asked in shock. “Sure, whatever you girls want.”

"Really, Master?" Elizabeth asked hopefully. "You're not angry we questioned your dark wisdom?"

"After that attack we just carried out?" Ron asked. "Nothing could anger me... well, nothing much anyway. So what kind of dental plan do Dark Wizards normally give their minions?"

"I think Voldewarts likes to have any bad teeth pulled out with a rusty pair of pliers doesn't he?" Gretchen asked.

"Then he'll give a tooth regrowing potion," Elizabeth agreed.

"That's..." Ron's eyes lit up. "Gretchen, I've got a friend I want you to speak with. Ask her what you need to set up a dental plan and then do it."

"Ok master," Gretchen agreed. "Who is he?"

"She," Ron said. "She's married to my best mate Harry and her parents are Dentists."

"I understand," Gretchen said. "Thank you, Master."

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"This where it is?" the Auror asked cautiously, he and his team were the best the Ministry had. Accustomed as they were to facing the worst that the wizarding world had to offer, they had been assigned by order of the Minister to find and defeat the newest threat to their society... Ron Jeremy.

"Where his mark showed up," the other Auror agreed. "Sure was nice of him to send us the magical signature."

"Polite anyway." They froze as several pops announced the arrival of several more people. "Freeze, put your hands on you... Max?"

"Ed?" Max asked in shock. "What are you guys doing here?"

"What are you doing here?" Ed demanded.

“Mop up,” Max replied. “Death Eaters did something to anger the Dark Wizard Jeremy.”

“And the Fox and the Hound, not to mention future Minister Weasley,” one of the other Aurors said in shock.

“What makes you say that?”

“Look at the dark marks,” he replied.

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“So I was thinking,” Hermione began.

“Always a dangerous thing.”

“Shut up,” Hermione said absently. “Like I was saying, we need to plan out our next target.”

“Hmmm, that gives me an idea.”

“I can see the smoke coming out of your ears,” Hermione say with false sympathy.

“Just to show that I’m the more mature person in this relationship,” Harry said arrogantly. “I’m going to ignore that. Anyways, my idea was that there were all those shops outside just asking to be emptied. And to appease the lest morally ambiguous among us, there’s always...”

“Knockturn,” Hermione purred. “Ooooh, think of all the rare books we could fine.”

“And acquire,” Harry agreed. “Think of the size of the library we’ll have after that.”

“Kiss me now, Harry,” Hermione demanded. “Oh god.”

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“So you able to take prisoners, then?” Amelia asked with a pleased smile.

“Yes, Madame Bones,” Auror Max replied. “Mostly intact, too.”

“Mostly?”

“Uh... mind taking this one Ed?”

“I’d rather not ol’ buddy.”

“I saved your life.”

“Fine, but this makes us even.”

“Just spit it out,” Amelia growled.

“They were suffering from severe dehydration and friction burns,” Ed said mechanically.

“Friction burns?”

“Don’t forget that the Dark Wizard Jeremy was involved,” Max said helpfully.

“What does that... you mean?”

“Yes, Madame Bones.”

“Be sure the Healers at St. Mungo’s are informed,” Madame Bones said after a few moments of contemplation. “Specifically the ones dealing with the Snape case.”

“Yes, Madame Bones.”

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“Excuse me,” Gretchen called into the fireplace. “Is anyone there?”

“What can I do for you?” Hermione replied.

“I’m the Dark Bunny Gretchen,” the girl introduced herself. “And I need your help.”

“Oh?”

“Yup,” Gretchen agreed. “Master told me to contact you about setting up a dental plan and he wants it to be better than the other guy’s.”

“Uh huh.”

“He mentioned that your parents were dentists,” Gretchen said slowly.

“You want an introduction?”

“Yes please,” Gretchen said enthusiastically. “I don’t think Master would be happy with me if I didn’t get the best treatment for his minions too, so... could you mention that to them?”

“Are you planning to harm my parents in anyway?”

“We’re not that sort of Dark Organization,” Gretchen said primly. “And your parents are dentists, we’d have left them alone out of professional courtesy anyway.”

“Professional courtesy?”

“Dentists are muggle torture experts aren’t they?”

“Right, you have a phone?”

“Do I need one?” Gretchen asked with a puzzled look on her face. “Is it like in-sewer-ants?”

“It’s like a floo, a muggle way of communication.”

“Oh... we don’t have anything like that.”

Hermione sighed, "Oh, how about you do this. I'm going to contact my parents and I'll try to get a meeting for you."

"Where do you want me to wait?"

"You're willing to go somewhere without any guarantee?"

"It's important to Master," Gretchen explained. "I think he's embarrassed that he forgot about setting up our benefits... and I've got a sore tooth."

"There is a small coffee shop about two blocks up from the Cauldron," Hermione said. "Take a left after you go out the front door, it has a green awning."

"Green awning, right."

"Were you planning to change?"

"To something other than my dark uniform?" Gretchen asked in horror.

"Never mind, just try to stay out of trouble. If my parents can't come, I'll try to get someone to look in on you later."

"Thank you very much," Gretchen squealed. "You've been a big help in the advancement of our dark plan."

"Just to satisfy my curiosity, what is your dark plan anyway?"

"I'm not sure," Gretchen confided in her newest friend. "I think it's to raise the population a bit, it's been dropping because of all these damned Dark Lords."

"Uh huh, well I have to go."

"Me, too," Gretchen agreed. "Thanks again."

"That was... different," Hermione said to herself. She moved away from the fireplace and dialled her parents. "Mum?"

"What is it, dear?" Her mother's voice replied.

"Feel up to meeting a very confused young woman about setting up a dental plan for her dark master?"

"I've got a few hours free," the woman replied. She was sure the whole thing had to be a joke.

"Great, her name is the Dark Bunny Gretchen." Hermione said. "And she's waiting for you in that coffee shop we always go to when we make a trip to Diagon."

"Dark Bunny?" She snickered. "What's she look like?"

"Blond... has a rather large pair of... uh, personal floatation devices. Wearing almost nothing."

"I'll be there in a few minutes," her mother agreed. "Was there anything else you needed?"

"Nothing I can think of," Hermione said nervously. "Well... nothing that can't wait until much later then now, bye mum." Hermione slammed the phone down and unplugged it. Her mother was starting to get suspicious, she couldn't be thinking... could she? Who told her?

A few miles away, Hermione's mother looked at her mobile and giggled. Her daughter didn't sound like she was in the family way, so what was it? Well, whatever it was sure to be amusing.

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"Tell me, Snivvy, was their predilection for engaging in orgies one of the reasons you decided to join the Death Eaters?"

"What?" Snape asked in shock. "There were orgies?"

"I see, so was the fact that the others refused to allow you to participate one of the reasons you started abusing the Headmaster?"

“I never abused the Headmaster.”

“I really thought that we’d moved past all this,” the healer sighed. “So why didn’t they allow you to join in? Was it because you were too ugly or because your tastes were too disgusting even for the other Death Eaters?”

“I am not ugly,” Snape screamed.

“We both know that you’re very ugly and there is no point in denying it,” the healer said firmly but gently. “That sallow skin, greasy hair, and those malformed features are indeed very ugly. But that’s not important, your ugliness isn’t what we’re talking about here. Your perverse sexual habits are, so tell me about your first victim. Was it a human or an animal... a chicken perhaps? You look like the kind of guy who likes chickens.”

“DAMN YOU POTTER.”

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“Thank you all for coming,” Fudge said to the crowd of reporters. “It is my pleasure to announce a great victory over the... dark... thingy.”

“Which one?” One of the reporters interrupted. “The Dark Wizard Jeremy or what’s his name?”

“The uh... second chap,” Fudge said nervously. “As I was saying, this victory was only made possible by my leadership and vision. I think you’ll all agree that this shows that the old axiom is true, you don’t change horses in mid-stream.”

“What the hell are you talking about?”

“He’s trying to take credit for the good work of Fred Weasley,” one of the others cried. “It was Fred who, by sheer force of personality. Convinced the Dark Wizard Jeremy and the Fox and the Hound to participate in the attack.”

"I heard Fred did most of the work himself," another added. "And that he only invited the others along to give them a chance to redeem themselves a bit."

"And that bastard Fudge is trying to sneak in and have sloppy seconds after Fred has gotten the job done."

"Three cheers for Fred, our next Minister."

"FRED! FRED! FRED!" Behind Fudge, one of the Aurors cast the triple W announcing to all that Fred had won another debate despite his absence.

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"You must be the Dark Bunny Gretchen," Hermione's mother said as she took in the nearly naked young woman.

"And you must be Doctor Granger," Gretchen replied. "Can I order anything for you?"

"No thank you, and please call me Jill."

"Ok Doctor Jill."

"Just Jill," she said firmly.

"Then please call me Gretchen."

"My daughter tells me you want to set up a dental plan for your Dark Master?"

"Yes," Gretchen agreed. "Don't get me wrong, Master's a great master but he can be a bit absentminded and he forgot all about this. That's why he sent me to you, he told me that he wants only the best for his minions."

"Alright, what sort of thing do you need?"

"Um... the other guy has teeth pulled out with rusty pliers and then if you're lucky you get a potion to regrow the teeth. Pain Potions are strictly forbidden."

"How barbaric," Jill recoiled in horror. "You don't expect me to do anything like that do you?"

"Master said that we were to do whatever you suggested," Gretchen said with a shrug. "If that's the best care, then that's what Master wants us to get."

"Let me see your teeth," Jill demanded. "Hmmmm."

"What is it?"

"You're not keeping very good care of them, how often do you brush?"

"Brush?"

"I see," Jill muttered. "You say teeth can be regrown?"

"Yes."

"What about parts of teeth?"

"Like if one got broken?"

"Or if I drilled a hole in one,"

"I suppose," Gretchen said nervously. "Did I do something to make you angry?"

"Why do you ask that?"

"Because you're talking about drilling holes in my teeth," Gretchen explained. "Whatever it is I'm sorry."

"It's a way of treating cavities," Jill said absently. "How many minions are there?"

"I'm not sure," Gretchen said. "Master has ten girls in his personal harem, another thirty hard core followers, and I don't know how many part time minions... not to mention Tim."

"Tim?"

"The tentacle monster."

"Of course, the tentacle monster. How could I forget?"

"So?"

"I'm going to need you to set up an office space near your clubhouse," Jill said after a moment of thought. "I'd use mine but I'm planning to mix a bit of magic with my normal treatments so it might be best if I keep my practices separate."

"You could have a room or two in our Dark Headquarters," Gretchen suggested. "Or we could buy you a building if you want."

"How about I give you a list of things," Jill said calmly. "At the top will be a meeting with one of your magical Doctors, one specializing in teeth if possible."

"I'm not sure we have those," Gretchen admitted.

"Just do your best."

"Ok."

"One more thing, I noticed that you were favouring one side of your mouth?"

"I have a sore tooth," Gretchen explained. "I think that might be why Master assigned me to this project."

"Which one?" Jill demanded. "Oh you poor thing." She dug around her purse for a few seconds. "Take this and put it on your tooth every hour or when it starts to hurt again."

"Thank you," Gretchen said. "What is it?"

"It's a gel with a mild pain killer and antiseptic," Jill replied. "Nothing special."

"Um... I think I understand."

"Good," Jill said firmly. "In the meantime, I want you to meet me here tomorrow at the same time we met today."

"I'm not sure I'll be able to have everything ready by then," Gretchen said nervously. "But I'll accept any punishment you care to give if that's your wish."

"You aren't being punished," Jill said quickly. "You're going to take me back to your Dark Headquarters and I am going to give a class on how to brush and floss. After that, we'll see what we can do about your tooth."

"I'll make sure everything is in readiness for your visit," Gretchen agreed.

AN: The ongoing list of people that contributed to this fic without whom, it would not have been nearly as good . . . one might go so far as to say it would be quite bad: nonjon, Ed Becerra, ausfinbar, David Wangen, , dogbertcarroll, hattenjc, the caitiff, AlanP, Lone Wolf, meteoricshipyards, Shawn Pickett, Morris Rague, Iuinlothana, Treck, Drake, moshehim, Arthur Hansen, Marneus Calgar, Goblin214, Chris LeBron, and everyone else on my yahoo group. They gave me scenes, ideas, and all sorts of other things. Tell me if I missed you so I can add to this list. Another thanks goes to meteoricshipyards who wrote the majority of the continuing adventures of the tentacle monster. Anything I wrote on that sub plot was fairly minor so kudos.

Disclaimer: Try asking before you resort to kidnapping, it sometimes works.

Election Woes

"Hermione," her mother began sternly. "Have you been brushing your teeth while you are at school?"

"Yes, mum," Hermione agreed.

"What about Harry?" She did not want a possible son in law that didn't appreciate proper oral hygiene.

"Him too, mum," Hermione said. "I bullied him and Ron into developing a good habit in first year."

"Good."

"What brought this on?"

"I talked to Gretchen and she'd never heard of brushing," Jill explained. "And the poor girl had an abscessed tooth in her mouth."

"Oh."

"Didn't seem to think there were any magical dentists either," she said with a slightly accusing tone.

"I haven't gotten around to reading much about healing, mum," Hermione admitted. "And what I have read has mostly been about trauma and battlefield injuries."

"Alright then, but next time be sure to warn me about these things. I hate to think what your father will say when he learns how... primitive things are in the magical world."

"I know, Mum."

"Well... I won't keep you, good night, Hermione."

“Good night, mum.”

“Don’t forget to brush your teeth.”

“I won’t, mum.”

“Be sure Harry brushes his, too.”

“I will, mum.”

“Goodbye.”

“Bye, mum,” Hermione said. Hanging up the phone, she unplugged it again. Why in the hell had she ever gotten this thing anyway? Oh... right, it was so she could keep in contact with her parents... she wouldn’t make that mistake again.

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“Healer Jameson?”

“Yes?” The man asked, he had just left St. Mungo’s and was on his way home. He looked at the group of scantily clad girls. “Can I do something for you?”

“Do you know anything about tooth magic?”

“Tooth magic?”

“Magic to heal teeth,” Elizabeth explained.

“As much as anyone else I guess,” the man agreed.

“Seize him,” Elizabeth ordered. The Dark Bunnies threw a sack over the Healer’s head and cinched it tight. “Our master requires your presence.”

“Mumph.”

"That's something you don't see every day," Angelina said to herself as she watched a man get kidnapped by several attractive young women.

"Yeah... lucky bastard."

"What?"

"Well he is," Fred maintained. "Not as lucky as I am of course," Fred back-pedalled. "But it would be a good second place."

"So I'm just a prize to you?" She growled.

"First prize," Fred agreed.

She glared at him for several seconds before a smile bloomed on her face. "And don't you forget it."

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"You have everything figured out?" Harry asked.

"Most of the charm work," Hermione agreed. "With any luck, a few minutes of casting will turn our broom closet into a multi room storage space complete with a well lit library."

"Great," Harry enthused. "Get to it then."

Hermione took a deep breath and began casting. "That's my part. Ward it."

"Right," Harry agreed. He cast a few wards and completed Hermione's plan. "Shall we check it out?"

"Yeah," Hermione agreed. "Let's." They opened the broom closet and found themselves in a great expanse of nothingness. "Hmmm, what colour do you think we should paint it?"

"Can we paint it?"

“Who knows,” Hermione replied. “But one thing’s for sure.”

“What’s that?”

“You’re going to need to put up some book shelves.”

“I’m going to have to?”

“Uh huh,” Hermione agreed.

“And what are you going to be doing while I do that?”

“Uh... give me a minute.”

“Why don’t we just take the bookshelves, too?” Harry suggested. “We can just empty the place and sort through it later.”

“Ok,” Hermione agreed. “Shall we change?”

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“You sent for me, Master?” Wormtail simpered. While outwardly cowed, inwardly he was annoyed. He had paperwork to do damn it; he didn’t have time for all this.

“I have a new plan to take over the world,” Voldemort hissed. “Have everyone sign this petition.”

“Petition master?” Peter fought the urge to sigh. More paperwork.

“Don’t question me again,” Voldemort growled. “Crucio.”

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“That’s a nasty charm,” Harry muttered.

“Which one?” Hermione asked.

“The one on the left... the purplish one.”

“Ah, skin boiling?”

“Looks like it,” Harry agreed. “Could you hand me the number three hook?”

“Here,” Hermione said as she gave her friend his tool. “What are you doing?”

“Snapping the monitoring charm that alerts the owner if anything happens,” Harry replied. “They did a fairly good job... for not being a Potter.”

“Lots of traps,” Hermione said. “But not so many wards.”

“The wards that are here aren’t anything I recognise though,” Harry mused. “Might be a good idea to make a house call at some time in the future.”

“I’ll make a note of it.”

“We’re in,” Harry said. “After you my lady.”

“Thank you, good sir thief,” Hermione replied. “So how are we going to get everything out?”

“Shrinking charm, packing charm, and a quick get away?”

“How long do you think it’ll take for the Aurors to arrive?”

“In this neighbourhood?”

“Good point, I’ll shrink you pack.”

“On three.”

“One.”

“Two.”

"Three," Harry said as the pair began casting charms. "Next room."

"Done," Hermione called out.

"Me too, next room." They raced through the shop grabbing everything and leaving nothing. "Time?"

"Four minutes," Hermione called out. "What's that?"

"Secret door," Harry replied. "It'll have to wait."

"Yeah," she agreed. "Let's go." They climbed out of the shop and took to the roofs just as the alarm began to sound. "Pity we couldn't have stayed longer," she sighed.

"We can finish up later," Harry assured his friend. "For now, let's just go home and get some rest."

"Something tells me we'll have a busy day tomorrow," Hermione agreed with a smile.

The pair of thieves made their way home and stowed their loot. "Ready for bed?" Harry asked.

"Are the Luna wards up?" Hermione replied.

"Won't let anyone in that isn't wearing clothing that covers up all the naughty bits," Harry agreed.

"Ok," Hermione said as she stole most of the covers. "Good night."

"Don't I get any of the covers?" Harry asked.

"Mmm no."

"Fine," Harry sighed. Taking a handful of the precious blankets, he pulled hard to steal back his fair share. "Good night."

Hermione woke early the next morning and sighed. “Luna, go get fully dressed!”

“But I am fully dressed, Hermione.”

Hermione opened her eyes fully, and propped herself up on the bed and looked at Luna. Luna was, surprisingly enough, fully dressed. But a moment later she thought, “Turn all the way around slowly, please.”

Luna cheerfully complied, and to Hermione’s amazement was as clothed from the back as she was from the front. Perhaps it was this bizarre way to wake up that made Hermione lower her guard when Luna asked, “Can I ask you for a favour?”

“What is it?”

“Could you make sure the weather’s lovely the day you propose to me?”

“I’m not going to propose to you.”

“You really shouldn’t try and restrict your future like that. It only makes you angrier when you turn out to be wrong.”

“But I know I’m not going to marry you.”

“You’re not being logical, again.”

“What do you mean?

“Well, if we do marry, you’ll be proved wrong, and you can never be proved right because it might still happen in the future. It’s Occam’s Razor.”

Hermione sat stunned for a bit before rallying, “It’s more like Pascal’s Wager.”

“I don’t know anyone named Pascal, are you sure?”

"Yes, it refers to the suppos... wait a minute, why are you asking me to make sure it's a nice day?"

"Because I want to treasure the memory of it, silly. I suppose if a suitably romantic setup came along, the weather would be less important, but still..."

"I mean why do you think I'm going to propose to you?"

"Don't be silly, it's obvious! Harry wouldn't propose or accept a proposal from me unless you approved, and you know I'm going to say yes, so you'll have to ask me. Mind you, you shouldn't know I'm going to say yes, so keep it to yourself; it'd make it less romantic otherwise. Of course, I'm not ready to get married now, I'm too young; but I'll be ready before you are ready to ask me, so it's practically the same thing."

With some relief, Hermione hoped to differ the rest of this conversation, "You're not ready to get married?"

"Heavens no, I'm only old enough for kinky sex right now."

Hermione decided that this would be a really good time to go and take her morning shower. Anything but continuing this conversation, which started well before her morning tea.

She quickly gathered up the clothes she was going to wear, rushed to the bathroom, locked the door, cast coloportus on it, then put up a locking ward. She adjusted the shower to the proper temperature, and removed her bedclothes.

Then she threw them back on, tore down the wards, finite'd the door, undid the lock, and charged back into the bedroom to see Luna peeking under the covers at Harry, "Luna, wait in the living-room for me to finish my shower, please."

"Oh, poo."

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"You're sure?" Amelia demanded.

"Yes Madame Bones," the flunky agreed. "By law, there's nothing we can do about it."

"But he's a bloody criminal?"

"Unfortunately the law doesn't address that point," the flunky said weakly. "Only think we can do is hope he loses."

"I'm going out," Bones growled. "I'll be back later."

"Yes Madame Bones."

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"Luna stop playing with your food," Hermione ordered.

"Why?" Luna looked up from the sculpture of Harry, Hermione, and herself in an unclothed and very pornographic pose that she'd been sculpting out of two scones and a scoop of scrambled eggs. "Did I make your breasts too large?"

"That's not... why did you choose to come over this morning Luna?"

"To have breakfast," Luna replied as she put the finishing touches on her masterpiece. "Oh, and to tell you something important that daddy learned this morning."

"What did your father find out Luna?" Harry asked.

"Well, he learned that..."

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"That's the way it is then?" Fred asked. "You really can't do anything about it?"

"I don't make the law, Mr. Weasley, I just enforce it out. The fact remains that Lord Voldemort has acquired the necessary number of

signatures and, barring unforeseen circumstances, will be on the ballot with you and Minister Fudge. It is just a courtesy that I am even telling you this.”

“Thank you, Director Bones. I can’t see anything good coming from this.”

“Neither can I. We’re checking the signatures, of course. Unfortunately, along with all the dead people who signed, there does seem to be a good number of living people who also signed. We’re investigating how the petition was passed among the inmates of Azkaban, but that’s my worry.”

“We need to think about this. We’ll get back to you.”

After the director left the twins’ shop, Angelina turned on Fred. “No way! Oh sure, it’s all fun and games to run for Minister of Magic against a corrupt politician but this is completely different!”

George looked thoughtful, “Yes, it’s all fun and games until someone gets AK-ed. You can’t go head to head with You-No-Poo, Fred.”

“I’m glad you’re seeing reason,” Katie added.

“Hey! We like pranks—”

“—but we don’t want to end up dead—”

“—it makes it hard to keep the shop running.”

“I’m glad you’re showing some sense here, George,” Katie said.

“You too, Fred,” Angelina agreed. The ladies, satisfied for the moment, went back to the bookkeeping.

“So you really going to drop out of the race?”

“Not sure, depends on how things go.”

“Angelina?”

"Yeah, and Katie. I don't mind the risk if it's just us -"

"- but it's different when you have to worry about someone else."

The twins cut their conversation when the door opened and smiled when they saw who their visitors were.

Fred smiled and said, "Welcome! What can we do for our silent partner?"

"And his lovely lady," George added giving a pleased smile when Hermione blushed at the compliment."

"How are things going with the shop?" Harry asked.

"We've branched into home security -"

George pulled out a box about the size of a jewellery box used to hold rings. "Acromantula in a box! Shrunk and in a suspended state. There are several ways to install it."

"Placed above a window with a trigger spell that will drop it on anyone opening the window from the outside..."

"Wait!" Harry halted the sales pitch.

Hermione spoke up, "Actually, we were wondering if you had heard Voldemort's campaign slogan?"

"No, we just heard that he was in the race a few minutes ago." Fred said.

"What's the slogan?" George asked.

Hermione answered, "Quote, You might as well vote for me because the other candidates will either drop out or be killed. Unquote."

Fred said, "Not very catchy."

George agreed, “But to the point.”

Fred looked at Harry and Hermione, “I don’t think I can stay in this race. If only there were some way to spoil his signatures...”

Harry suggested, “Or lose his paperwork?”

“That might do it. But it’ll be in the Ministry office of public records. That place has got more anti-theft and anti-tampering wards than Hogwarts’ has got ghosts. I think it has its own set of ghosts, too.”

“Well, don’t do anything hasty,” Harry said. “Let me see what I can find out.”

After they left, Fred turned to George. “Think he can do anything?”

“I’m not sure, but did you notice the look in his eye when we mentioned the wards? I think we challenged him.”

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“Good afternoon Healer Jameson,” Jill Granger said. “So good of you to agree to speak with me.”

“Agree?” The man asked sullenly. “Is that what you call having your goons throw a sack over my head and keep me here until you arrived.”

“Gretchen?” Jill turned to the girl with a frown.

“Elizabeth did it,” Gretchen was quick to shift the blame to her friend.

“We’re sorry,” Elizabeth said quickly.

“There you see,” Jill said with a satisfied smile. “They’re sorry.”

“Fine,” the Healer sighed. “What can I do for you?”

"I just wanted to find out what kind of Dental care is available in the magical world," Jill replied. "After that, we're going to take care of this poor girl's tooth. How's the gel working by the way?"

"It feels much better now," Gretchen chirped.

"Well, it'll feel even better after we get it fixed."

"Are you a healer then?" Jameson asked hopefully.

"A dentist... oral surgeon if you want to get technical."

"I see... always good to meet a colleague."

"That it is."

"Regarding your question, there isn't much in the way of magic specialising in teeth beyond a couple potions to regrow missing teeth and another potion to repair damaged teeth."

"Would you mind securing me some of each?" Jill asked. "I'm hoping to take care of Gretchen today."

"Of course," Healer Jameson replied quickly. "Had they told me what was required then I would not have been so reluctant to go with them."

"You hear that girls," Jill said sternly. "Next time, try asking before you resort to kidnapping."

"Ok," Elizabeth agreed. "We will."

"Good."

"I'll be back soon," Healer Jameson volunteered. "I just need to go pick up a few things."

"Do you need any help?" Jill asked. "I could send one of the girls along."

"Quite alright," Jameson said with a smile. "I don't need much and shrinking charms will allow me to get all of it myself."

"If you're sure then," Jill said. "While he's gone, we're going to have a little class on proper oral hygiene. I want everyone to take one of these packets containing a tooth brush, tooth paste, and dental floss."

Jameson watched the class for a few moments before taking his leave. He had entertained the notion of calling the Aurors down on all of them once free, but the muggle healer, the . . . dentist had changed all that. He now regarded the situation as a chance to learn more about his craft, perhaps even the chance to open a new branch of medical magic.

AN: Sorry it took so long to polish and put this up, been a bit busy. The ongoing list of people that contributed to this fic without whom, it would not have been nearly as good . . . one might go so far as to say it would be quite bad: nonjon, Ed Becerra, ausfinbar, David Wangen, , dogbertcarroll, hattenjc, the caitiff, AlanP, Lone Wolf, meteoricshipyards, Shawn Pickett, Morris Rague, Iuinlothana, Treck, Drake, moshehim, Arthur Hansen, Marneus Calgar, Goblin214, Chris LeBron, and everyone else on my yahoo group. They gave me scenes, ideas, and all sorts of other things. Tell me if I missed you so I can add to this list. Another thanks goes to meteoricshipyards who wrote the majority of the continuing adventures of the tentacle monster. Anything I wrote on that sub plot was fairly minor so kudos.

Omake by hattenjc

The Auror looked in shock how the dark mark did its usual porn movie commercial then switch in to a healthcare instruction. Showing them the best way to take care of your Teeth...

Tonks sighed. "Yesterday he had one taking care of your body keeping yourself strong and healthy by exercise... That was really good." She shivered as the Dark mark showed them how Teeth could be cured by drilling... Uh she'd rather be crucioed.

Disclaimer: Being a Dark Lord is lucrative, but it's not for everyone. Be sure that it's something you really want to do before taking the plunge, it's not a job you can resign from.

Knocked Up

Ron held Gretchen's hand as Hermione's mother worked on her teeth, cursing himself again for not noticing his minion's discomfort.

"Could I get that potion now, Healer Jamison?"

"Certainly, Dr. Granger," he agreed. "Here you are."

"How do I use it?"

"Just place a few drops on the tooth," he replied. "Yes, just like that."

"Thank you, Healer."

"Not at all, Doctor."

"There you are, dear," Jill said with a smile. "How are you feeling now?"

"Much better," Gretchen said. "Thank you."

"You're welcome, dear," Jill said with a smile.

"Could you two check the other girls to make sure that there's nothing wrong with them?" Ron asked.

"I have the remainder of the day free," Healer Jameson offered.

"And I pushed all my work onto my husband," Jill agreed.

"Thank you," Ron said simply. "Have the girls give you your payment before you go." With that, Ron took Gretchen into his arms and left the room.

"Me next," Elizabeth demanded. "The sooner I get checked, the sooner I can join master and Gretchen."

The other girls' eyes widened in shock and the scrambled to make a place for themselves in the line.

"So are all of the Dark Wizard Jeremy's followers girls?" Healer Jameson asked as he began casting diagnostic spells.

"All except Peter the Dark Enforcer of the North," Elizabeth agreed.

"Keep your mouth open," Jill commanded. "Unless you want to be here for a long time."

"I'm sorry," Elizabeth said quickly.

"Looking good here," Jill said. "I'm going to want all of you to come to my office for a cleaning later but everything looks good here."

"Hmmmm," Healer Jameson cast another spell. "Interesting."

|||||||

"Wonder what this Cabinet does?" Harry muttered.

"Who cares, it doesn't go with my other furniture." Hermione dismissed the object as unimportant. "Slap a ward on it to prevent any mischief from happening and get to the next object."

"Were you planning to do anything besides go through those books?"

"No, why?"

"Just asking," Harry sighed. "And by the way, don't touch that next book."

"Why?"

"Because your hand will explode if you open it," Harry replied. "And I may be old fashioned, but I'd like my wife to have both hands."

“Oh?”

“Lots of things you can do with your hands that you can’t do with a hook.”

“Like what?” Hermione asked slyly.

“Like making me a sandwich,” Harry replied.

“But you do all the cooking,” Hermione protested.

“I know, that was what we like to call a hint.”

|||||||

“I’m what?” Elizabeth demanded.

“Pregnant,” Jameson said. The man cast several more spells. “In fact... all of you are.”

“All of us?” Jill asked hopefully.

“All of them rather.”

“Pity,” Jill sighed. “I had hoped that... no matter.”

“I’m sure Master could help you,” Elizabeth told the woman. “He’s really good with that sort of thing.”

“It should work,” Healer Jameson offered. “And it wouldn’t violate the law since you already know about magic.”

“I... thank you, I’d like that very much. I do have one daughter already and I’d always planned to have more children, but it never seemed to take.”

“Your daughter is magical isn’t she?”

“She is, Healer, why do you ask?”

"Just wanted to make sure," Healer Jameson said. "As magic runs in families then I suspect that any other children you have will also be magical... assuming the father is the same."

"He will be," Jill said firmly. "Thank you, Elizabeth."

"No problem, Jill."

|||||||

"And that's that," Hermione said with a satisfied grin. "The books are all sorted, catalogued and shelved."

"And I've got all the other stuff warded," Harry offered.

"All we have to do now is get some new shelves," Hermione continued. "I was always partial to mahogany."

"You were huh?"

"Yeah, with glass doors to keep off the dust."

"Really?"

"But that's something for later," she said firmly. "Right now we have work to do."

"Back to the Ministry then," Harry agreed. "Not sure why everyone seems to think it's so heavily warded."

"Let them have their illusions," Hermione said firmly. "It's not polite to point out all their flaws."

"Take too long."

"Uh huh." She kissed him on the cheek. "One more thing you need to do."

"What now?"

“Get a razor,” Hermione said firmly. “Or learn a better shaving charm.”

“Don’t like my manly stubble?”

“It scratches.”

“Quid pro quo?”

“Fine.”

“Good, because that moustache of yours has been bothering me.”

“You utter bastard,” she said in shock.

“Not right for a bloke’s girl to have better facial hair then he does,” he added with a grin.

“Come back here,” she giggled as she chased him around their apartment.

|||||||

“Master?”

“What is it, Elizabeth?” Ron asked.

“We’re pregnant,” the girl blurted.

“Both of you?”

“All of us, Master,” Gretchen said with a weak smile.

“I see... well, nothing to do but to call mum.”

“You’re not angry, Master?” Elizabeth asked hopefully.

"Why would I be angry?" Ron demanded. "S'my fault for not thinking of this before, always wanted a big family and now I have a chance to get one."

"Can I be the one to tell mother?" Gretchen begged.

"If you like," Ron agreed.

Gretchen bounced out of the room and towards the nearest fireplace.

"You're really ok with this, Master?" Elizabeth persisted.

"I'm really ok with this," Ron assured the girl. "As a Weasley, I always expected to have a big family. Just never thought it would be this big."

|||||||

Harry and Hermione ghosted across the roof of the Ministry building towards the roof access that they'd turned into their private entrance.

"Ready, Fox?" Harry whispered.

"Ready, Hound," Hermione agreed. "Any new wards or charms?"

"Not even one," Harry replied. "Not sure we should be doing anything this early."

"It'll be fine," Hermione waved off his concerns. "Be a perfect time to leave that note on Madame Bones' desk too."

"Well...yeah, I suppose." They crept through the halls and made their way to the Department Public of Records. A quick search revealed what they'd been searching for.

"Here they are, Hound!"

"Good, Fox. Let's take 'em and go."

"Wait. I don't think so."

“Why not?”

Hermione pulled out a pen and made a few quick changes. “Look at that.”

“Is that enough?”

“I would guess the Ministry would jump at any chance to invalidate this.”

“It’s a bit suspicious, but Let’s give it a try.”

They made their way out of the building as silently as they had come in with only a brief stop at the Director of Magical Law Enforcement’s office before they left.”

|||||||||

“Hello son.”

“Dad?” Ron asked in shock. “What are you doing here?”

“Your mother insisted I come to meet all my daughters-in-law.”

“Oh.”

“Knocked ‘em all up huh?”

“Yeah,” Ron agreed. “Not sure how I managed to impregnate all of them at the same time.”

“It’s not surprising,” Arthur said with a smile. “Seeing as how you used the family version of the dark mark on your minions.”

“What’s that have to do with anything?” Ron demanded.

“Well... among other things it increases fertility. It is a family charm after all.”

“Guess that makes sense... where’s mum?”

"Last I saw her she was hugging your girls and muttering something about hundreds of grandbabies."

"Oh... I should have suspected that."

"So how were you planning to support all of them?"

"Dad, I'm a Dark Lord. Do you have any idea how well that pays?"

"That good huh?"

"It's kind of strange," Ron said. "The girls give me their loyalty and their families give me a tithe, and all they ask for is a dental plan and some health coverage."

"Tell me more," Arthur said slowly. "How does one become a Dark Lord?"

"Dad?"

"Just curious son," Arthur said quickly. "To start with, your mother would kill me if I started building my own harem."

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Harry and Hermione returned to their apartment and began getting ready for bed.

"So how'd the Luna wards work today?" Harry asked as he took off his shirt.

"Didn't get a chance to find out," Hermione replied. "She was dressed when she showed up."

"Maybe she's sick?"

"Nah, she just wanted to make a request." Hermione said. "And was a bit more serious than she normally is."

"Ah, what was the request?"

"I'd rather not say."

"Ok, good night, Hermione."

"Give me my blankets, Harry."

"You've got all the blankets you're going to get Hermione."

"Fine." She snuggled up closer to her friend. "Now we both have all the blankets we need."

"Good night, Hermione."

"Good night, Harry." They were both sound asleep a few minutes later and that was how Luna found them a few hours later when she arrived.

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Disclaimer: Tampering with official paperwork is a crime . . . or at least, I'd assume it is.

Lucy's Ink

"Good morning, Luna," Hermione said without opening her eyes.

"Good morning, Hermione. Did you sleep well?"

"Yes, thank you," Hermione replied. "You're naked aren't you?"

"Maybe."

"Were you planning to put any clothes on?"

"Nope, no plans to put on any clothes."

"One of Harry's shirts should be sitting at the foot of the bed," Hermione began.

"I've found it."

"Put it on," Hermione said firmly.

"But..."

"Now."

"Do I have to?"

"Yes."

"Will I get punished if I don't?" She asked hopefully.

"Not in the way you'd like to be."

"Ok," she said in disappointment. "But before I do."

"What is it?"

"I need you to check something out for me," Luna said.

"What is it?" Hermione felt Luna grab her wrist and place her hand on the other girl's breast.

"Does that feel like a lump to you?"

"Let me see," Hermione said. She spent a few minutes examining the area.

"Ooh."

"I'm not doing this for your enjoyment, Luna."

"Maybe not," Luna gasped. "But I'm enjoying it anyway."

"I think it's just scar tissue," Hermione said after a few minutes. "You might want to get it checked out anyway though."

"Thank you, Hermione," Luna said with a smile. "Good morning, Harry."

"Good morning, Luna."

"How long have you been up?" Hermione demanded.

"Since you started groping Luna," Harry replied. "Keep the shirt, it looks good on you, Luna."

"Thank you, Harry," Luna said with a pleased smile.

"You know," Hermione said, "if you had a belt, it would look like you were wearing a dress."

"I like things the way they are," Luna replied with a pleased smile. The hem of the shirt was just above her knees.

"So what'd you come visit us for today?" Harry asked.

"Three things," Luna said. "Breakfast, to tell you about the latest news, and a uh... private matter I need to speak with Hermione about."

"Are you blushing?" Hermione asked in shock.

"I'm sure I'm not."

"Harry, why don't you take your shower first while I speak with Luna?"

"Fine," Harry agreed. "I'll be about ten minutes."

"What do you need, Luna?" Hermione asked after their friend had left.

"I need to go to the Healer," Luna whispered.

"Because of that thing on your breast?"

"And some other things," Luna got quieter. "I'd like you to come with me."

"Afraid of Healers?"

"Just nervous about them," Luna said quickly. "You never know what they could do."

"I'll go with you," Hermione assured her friend. "Just make sure you tell me when you're appointment is scheduled for."

"Thank you."

"Any time, Luna," Hermione said gently. "Now what should we make Harry cook?"

"Pancakes?" Luna asked hopefully.

"Again?"

"I like pancakes."

"Agree to putting blueberries in them and it's a deal."

“Ok.”

“I’ll get started while you get your showers then,” Harry said as he walked out of the bathroom.

“You know Hermione,” Luna began. “We could save water by...”

“No,” Hermione interrupted. “There’s plenty of water.”

“Ok.” Luna wandered into the kitchen and watched Harry work for a few minutes. “What are you doing?”

“Mixing the dry ingredients,” Harry replied. “Mostly flour but there are a few other things like sugar, salt, baking powder, that sort of thing.”

“Why not just mix everything at the same time?”

“Won’t mix right,” Harry explained.

“What if you used a charm?”

“Don’t know any cooking charms.”

“Oh.”

“Shower’s yours, Luna,” Hermione said.

“Ok, thank you.”

“When did Luna move in?” Harry asked absently.

“Not sure of the exact moment,” Hermione replied. “But it looks like she found another way around the wards.”

“Forgot to put ‘em up last night.”

“Ah, that explains it.”

Luna came out of the shower with a towel wrapped around her head and sat at the table waiting for her breakfast.

“Aren’t you forgetting something Luna?” Hermione sighed.

“No, I washed my hands.”

“You’re naked again.”

“Hmmm, so I am.”

“Wrap another towel around your body or put Harry’s shirt back on.”

“Whatever makes you a happy, Hermione.”

“Thank you Luna.” Hermione noted with satisfaction that Harry’s back had been turned for the exchange.

“You’re welcome, Hermione.” Luna noted with satisfaction that there was a mirror in front of Harry and he’d seen everything. It was so nice when everyone got what they wanted.

Harry walked to the table juggling three plates and placed them down in front of the girls. “Breakfast is served.”

“Thank you, Harry,” Luna said with a smile. “They’re very good.”

“Mmmm blueberries,” Hermione groaned in pleasure. “Strawberries next time, ok Harry?”

“Remind me then.”

“I will,” she agreed.

“What was it you wanted to tell us, Luna?”

“Daddy says that there’s an irregularity on Voldemort’s petition to run for Minister of Magic,” Luna replied. “Apparently he did something weird to it and it might be enough to disqualify him.”

"Imagine that," Harry said.

"How interesting," Hermione purred.

"Well, I've got to get home." Luna said as she cast a quick cleaning charm on her dishes. "I'll see you two tomorrow."

"Bye Luna."

"See you tomorrow, Luna."

"Let's go tell the twins," Hermione giggled.

"Yeah," Harry agreed. "It'll be fun." They finished their breakfast and went downstairs to the twins' shop.

"Morning Fred," Harry said smugly.

"Hey George," Hermione added just as smugly.

"Harry-

"-Hermione-

"-what can we do for you?"

"It's what we can you do for you," Harry said with a slow grin.

"Why don't you take a look at O'mouldy Volde's paperwork."

"We'll do that," Fred agreed.

"Great," Harry said. "Now if you'll excuse us-"

"-we have to go shopping for bookshelves."

"We do?"

"Yes we do," Hermione said firmly. "Mahogany, with glass doors."

"So... they certainly looked smug didn't they?"

"Drowsy, too."

"Our little Harry got lucky last night," Fred sighed.

"I'm so proud."

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"Was there something I can do for you Mr. Malfoy?" The former Malfoy family solicitor asked with a sigh. "Or did you just call me here to show off your tattoos?"

"I called you here so you could get me the hell out of here," Lucius screamed. He had a tattoo on his forehead proclaiming that he was named bitch number five and another on his lower back telling the world that he was the property of cell block D. He had a rather tastefully done tattoo of a nude woman spread out over his back and a pictorial of a well endowed house elf on his chest. All of his teeth had been knocked out and he had several broken fingers. "Are you too simple to realise that?"

"Uh huh," the solicitor was nonplussed. "And how do expect to pay for this? You do realise that it will be quite expensive don't you?"

"Hang the expense," Lucius growled. "Just go to Narcissa and have her give you whatever you need."

"You weren't told?"

"Weren't told what?"

"Ms. Black left you," the Solicitor said with a smile. "Congratulations, Mr. Malfoy, you're single again."

"Then have the goblins take it out of my account," Lucius demanded.

"I'm afraid that Ms. Black made a rather... large withdrawal before she left you," he sighed dramatically. "So sad."

“The mansion?”

“Sold.”

“Then use the proceeds to...”

“By Ms. Black for two knuts,” the man interrupted. “And I’m afraid my fee will be significantly higher than that. Now if you’ll excuse me, as amusing as this was my time is much too valuable to waste here.”

“Wait, come back.” Lucius screamed at the back of the retreating Solicitor.

“And that is that,” he said with a satisfied grin.

“Just remember our deal,” Narcissa said firmly.

“A copy of the memory,” the Solicitor agreed. “And forget the fee, that was so enjoyable that I should have paid you. Always hated that fool.”

“Lucius did have a knack for that sort of thing didn’t he,” Narcissa said with a smile. “Good work anyway.”

“Thank you, Ms. Black.”

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Meanwhile, Fred and George were waiting for the Department of Public Records to open.

“Sure this is a good idea?”

“Harry told us to take a look at his application,” Fred said firmly. “And he’s never let us down before.”

“Good point,” George agreed. “But I was referring to the fact that we ditched the girls to come here.”

"Oh... that, I'm sure we'll think of something." The door opened magically when the office hours started and the twins walked in and to the desk.

"What can the Department of Public Records do for you, Candidate Weasley?"

"I'd like to see Lord You-Know's application to be on the ballot."

"Very well. Here it is."

Fred and George gave each other a look of pleasure.

"And you're sure that it wasn't modified after it came in?" George asked.

The office worker was insulted. "This is the office of Public Records. We do not allow that!"

"Just wanted to make sure."

"And since we did, we'll need a blank signature form, too."

"But you're already a candidate."

"Yes, but we think someone else wants to enter the race."

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Disclaimer: Never vote for the lesser evil.

Excalibolg is not in this Chapter

“Still not done with my shelves yet?” Hermione demanded.

“If you think you can do better, then you’re welcome to try.”

“What’s in it for me?”

“I’ll take you book shopping again,” Harry said with a grin. “Let you buy the bloody place out, too.” Even if she pulled it off, it’d be worth it to see her struggle for a little while.

“Really?” She asked in excitement. “Do you mean it?”

“Of course I do,” Harry said. “Not like it would cost me much, you’ve already got half the books the bloody store sells.”

“Congrego,” Hermione incanted. Harry watched in shock as the shelves assembled themselves.

“How?”

“I read the directions,” Hermione explained. “Oh, and I made you some tea.”

“Thanks.”

“We can go get my new books when you’re done drinking it,” she said firmly.

“Whatever you say dear.”

|||||||

In the throne room of the Dark Lord Jeremy, the prospective Minister of Magic faced the Smiley-masked master of chaos.

“So, Fre... I mean Candidate Weasley. Why do you want me to run?”

“It seems that You-Know-Who put his hat in the ring, and we modified the form the same way he did. So, there will be two elections this time.”

“And this is legal? Crossing out “Minister for Magic” and writing in “Dark Lord” makes this...?”

“Yes, an election to see who is the official, duly-elected Dark Lord. You can’t let He-Who-Must-Not-Be-Named run unopposed.”

“Very well. Gretchen? Ask the girls to sign this if they want.”

“Will you reward us if we sign?” she asked, excitedly.

“Yes,” Ron answered, tiredly.

“WEEEEEE!” the Dark Bunny ran out of the room.

|||||||

“So how’s the mosquito treatment working out?”

“Just starting, Healer Brown,” Healer Smith replied. Snape was locked in an airtight room wearing nothing but a straight jacket.

“How many did they decide to use?”

“I’m not sure.” A panel in the wall opened and the room was flooded with the little bloodsuckers. “Quite a few I’d say.”

“Must be millions of them,” Healer Brown said in shock.

“Not that many I’m sure,” Healer Smith chuckled. “But enough. Good thing they took the time to put a silencing charm on the room, I hate to think of the kinds of things he’s yelling at us.”

“Perhaps some day he’ll realise that all this was done for his own good.”

“Perhaps...”

Snape was screaming insults and thrashing around, the mosquitoes blanketed his body and there was hardly a patch of skin that didn’t have one feeding. Behind each one, a queue had formed made up of hundreds of mosquitoes each waiting their turn to drink the greasy man’s blood.

“... in time.”

|||||||

“Hello, Gretchen. What’s that?”

“Hi, Luanne. It’s a form like the one master asked us to sign. But it doesn’t say anything about Dark Lords.”

“Then what good is it?”

“It says “Minister”. I suppose if someone wanted to run for minister they would get people to sign this.”

“My daddy said that one of the requirements to be Minister is that it can’t be human.”

Gretchen nodded and said, “That would limit who could run, wouldn’t it. It would explain Fudge, too. So what are we going to do with the form?”

“We could sign it. Maybe master would reward us again.”

“But whose name do we put at the top? We can’t put Master’s. He’s human. Very male human.” They shared a smile.

“What about, Tim?”

“OK.”

"Let's get the girls together," Luanne suggested. "Then we can all go down to the Ministry and get all the paperwork done at the same time."

"And then we come back-

"-and Master rewards us all." With the promise of THAT spell, they had no problems in gathering up all the followers and sprinting to the Ministry. The slow were carried by their faster companions and the fast were spurred on by the thought of their reward.

The clerk at the Department of Records was more then a bit surprised to see a group of Dark Bunnies walk into his office, but in the tradition of his branch he did his best to hide it.

"And what can I do for you ladies?" the clerk asked.

"We'd like to drop off this stack of paperwork," Gretchen replied. "And we'd like the paperwork to run for Dark Lord."

"Certainly," the clerk agreed. "We just ran up a bunch of the forms to run for Dark Lord this morning. If I can just have you ladies sign your names, everything will be in order."

"This is a lot easier then the paperwork to become Minister," Gretchen remarked.

"Potential Ministers are less likely to come to your house and rip out your spleen," the clerk explained dryly.

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Luna hummed to herself as she put up her new poster. It was a rather tastefully done shot of Hermione in the shower; her eyes closed as the stream of water hit her face.

"This must be some of my best work," Luna said to herself with a satisfied smile. "Almost as good as my picture of Hermione examining Harry's injured groin. I never get tired of looking at that."

Luna did a slow spin around her room. “It’s so grand being in love.”

|||||||

“Wormtail! Have you told him yet?”

“I’m not going to tell him. You tell him.”

“Let’s get Mikey to tell him.”

“Yes, Mikey likes being put under the Cruciatus. Weirdo.”

Macnair and Pettigrew found Mikey relaxing on the rack. They let him out, and gave him his assignment.

Voldemort was in a slightly disagreeable mood. He was happy about the election plan. There was no way he was going to lose. But he wasn’t sure about the current crop of Death Eaters. Since they had moved in, the place was kept very clean. Voldemort wanted to feed Nagini, but no matter how often he Accio’ed rats and mice, he didn’t get any. Finally he had had to send the snake out to feed on its own.

He was brooding about that when one of the new Death Eaters came in. Definitely something wrong with them. Especially this one, he was smiling. Why wasn’t he cowering in fear?

“Yes? What is it?” the Dark Lord demanded.

“My Lord, I have come to tell you about the election.”

“Have the other candidates dropped out of the race?”

“No master, even better. You’re in a completely different race!”

“What?”

“Yes, when you crossed out ‘Minister’ as the position you were going for, and wrote in ‘Dark Lord,’ you ended up not being in the race for the position of Minister of Magic. You’re currently the only candidate for position of official Dark Lord!”

"WHAT! Crucio!" He didn't remember crossing out 'Minister' and replacing it with 'Dark Lord.'

"Ow! Ow! Ow! It hurts so good!"

Voldemort gave up far sooner than he normally would have. It wasn't any fun if they liked it.

As he was wondering what to do next, another Death Eater came in.

"My Lord, I have some bad news."

"What is it now?" How had things gone so wrong?

"Today's Prophet has announced that there's another candidate for position of 'Dark Lord.' Ron Jeremy had entered the race."

"Crucio!"

"Ow! Ow! Ow! It hurts so good!"

|||||||

"Healer Smith."

"Healer Brown. How's The Patient." The capital letters came through in his tone.

"No change for the better. But you have to expect that."

The other healer nodded. He glanced at the schedule on the wall of the Healer's Lounge. He wasn't scheduled to have a go at Snape for a few days. He sighed.

"Have you seen the paper?"

"You mean the new candidates on the ballot?"

“Yes. How are we supposed to pick? Are we expected to pick the lesser of two evils?”

“It always seems to come down to that, doesn’t it? Don’t you ever want to just vote for the greater of the evils?”

“Yes, but Snape isn’t running.”

The two Healers looked at each other in surprise, and smiled.

|||||||

“Those ones, too,” Hermione purred. Her hands rubbed together as she thought of the long hours of reading ahead of her. “Oooh, I’ve got to have everything on this shelf.”

“Right away, Ms. Potter,” the clerk agreed. Hermione didn’t even notice what she’d been called as she stalked towards another shelf of helpless books that she had to have.

“So how much is this going to cost me?” Harry asked glumly. He’d learned something today, the next time he offered a bet to Hermione he was going to make damn sure to limit the cost of losing.

“I’ve talked to the Goblins, it won’t make too big a dent in the Potter account.”

“Thanks.

“No thank you, because of your need to keep her happy. You’ve just tripled my profits for the year.”

“Great,” Harry said dully.

“Remember us, some girls like flowers. Yours likes books, don’t waste money on a florist the next time you anger her.”

“Didn’t anger her, bet her she couldn’t put up her new book shelves better than I could.”

“She read the directions and you didn’t?”

“Yeah,” Harry sighed.

“I feel for you, Mate; that’s the same thing that got my wife a dozen new shoes.”

“How?” Harry demanded. “What’s she going to do with more than two pairs?”

“You know, I asked that same exact question and you know what she told me?”

“What?”

“She just sniffed and said I’d never understand.”

“Done here, Harry,” Hermione said. She was red faced and panting. “Now all we have to do is get more shelves.

“Wait... why?”

“Because now I don’t have anymore shelf space,” Hermione explained slowly as if she were talking to a child. “Come on Harry.”

“As you wish,” he sighed. He was never going to ignore the directions ever again.

“Care for some spare change, mister?”

“What was that?” Harry asked. He noted with some concern that they’d been surrounded by a group of Dark Bunnies.

“I asked if you’d care for some spare change,” Gretchen replied.

“Sure,” Harry agreed. “Thanks.”

“No problem sir,” Gretchen said happily. “And remember, vote Jeremy for Dark Lord. You’ve seen the rest, vote for the best.”

"The Dark Wizard Jeremy isn't planning to kill Harry Potter is he?"
Hermione asked suspiciously.

"Of course not," Gretchen said quickly. "See?" She pointed to a pin on her bra stating 'not planning to kill Harry Potter.'

"Great," Harry said. "You've got my vote."

"Thanks," Gretchen said with a pleased grin. "I knew that would be a good slogan but the other girls didn't agree."

"Well, we like it." Hermione said firmly. "Have a good day."

"You too."

|||||||

"Hey Frank?"

"Yeah?"

"I saw the Tentacle monster the other day, you know the sixteen different absolute babes that are using him for sex?"

"Yeah." Frank slumped. I'm really worried about him, I just don't know what's going through his mind, dating sixteen different women at once, just for the sex."

"Yeah." The Auror frowned. "You've been working the Cells for at least twenty years, haven't you? I think you need to get out more, perhaps get a girlfriend of your own. Anyway, it turns out that he isn't just having sex with them; he's also living with them. I spoke with one of the girls and apparently, once he's cleaned off, he can make a fantastic eggs Benedict. He is not only capturing Death Eaters, but has sixteen live in lovers at his new place and everything."

Frank nodded and wiped a tear from his eye. "I know, he's all grown up and moved out of home. I'm so proud."

|||||||

"So how'd the campaigning work out?" Ron asked.

"Terrible master," Elizabeth replied.

"Well?" Ron demanded.

"Only one person took any change," Gretchen said. "Though we did make almost ten thousand galleons."

"Wha... how?"

"Fifteen people dropped their wallets and ran off screaming," Gretchen said.

"And two others offered each of us a large sack-o-gold to go away," Elizabeth added.

"I think we can count this as a victory," Ron said after a few moments of thought. "We did make almost ten thousand galleons didn't we?"

"Yay master."

"Will you reward us now?" Gretchen asked hopefully.

"Sure," Ron agreed. "Come here girls."

|||||||

"Hey Dean..." Neville said walking up to his dorm mate, somewhat curious as to why he wouldn't meet Neville's eyes.

"What can I do for you, Neville?" Dean asked quietly.

"Well I'm having a birthday party, and Gran was quit insistent that I invite you. Would you be able..." Neville trailed off as Dean screamed at the top of his lungs and ran off into the night. "That was different."

"Rude, too," Daphne said in annoyance. "You see, that's why I don't like Gryffs."

"We're not all like that," Neville protested.

"You just pretended to be a Gryff to fool everyone," Daphne said in what Neville termed her 'naughty' voice. "It's one of the things I love about you." She stepped in close and her hands disappeared under his robes.

"What about Harry?" Neville gasped, it was getting... hard to concentrate. "Or Hermione?"

"From what you tell me, Harry's the same as you." She said with a lazy grin, pleased at how she was affecting him. "And anyone with half a brain knows that the hat meant to put her in Ravenclaw and just won't admit that it made a mistake."

"Whatever you saaaay dear," Neville agreed. "Why don't we find someplace more private to discuss this further?"

"Ok," Daphne agreed. She'd have to make a note to herself to thank her mother for that method of winning an argument, she had yet to lose one since she'd started using it.

|||||||

"We have to end this mockery of our electoral process," one of the representatives on the Wizengamot shouted. "Electing a Dark Lord, what's next... making Hogwarts conform to muggle standards of safety and teacher quality?"

"I still maintain that it's a good idea to make Hogwarts a better place to learn," Dumbledore said serenely.

"Yes... well," one of the other reps looked around for someone else to make a comment. "Very good Headmaster."

"Yes," another agreed to break the uncomfortable silence. "You've done it again."

"Thank you."

“Back to the subject at hand,” Representative Chang said firmly. “The wizarding world has no place for elections for Dark Lords.”

“There’s no law against elections to become a Dark Lord,” another offered.

“In my day, Dark Lords just happened. None of this fancy electing.”

||||||||||

“Hello, Neville. How are you dear?”

“Oh I’m alright, Gran, but I don’t think Dean will be coming over for my birthday. I tried to invite him, and he ran off. His mum told me he’s been acting a bit off lately and probably wouldn’t be up to it,” Neville answered.

“That’s all right, dear, just invite your other dorm mates over, you should probably ask your dark master Jeremy if he and his followers would like to attend as well. Actually, you should invite all of your friends from school, especially the sweet young boys...” Neville’s Gran trailed off dreamily.

“Ooookay, I’ll just be going to my room now, Gran.” Neville said backing out of the room carefully.

“Be sure to take Daphne with you.”

“I will, Gran.”

||||||||||

“Thank you for meeting with me, Ms. Black.”

“Not at all,” Narcissa agreed with a smile. “I am always happy to meet with a member of the legitimate press.”

“My first question is about the relationship you’ve entered with a known werewolf.”

"Remus is a darling man with one small flaw," Narcissa replied. "But that small flaw has its advantages."

"Oh?"

"His little... condition gives him a lot of stamina," she said in a low voice. "And it's also nice to have a man who appreciates me."

"Your ex-husband did not I take it?"

"No, Lucius never showed much interest in me," answered Narcissa.

"But you are damn hot!" was the baffled reply. "Forgive the outburst, Ms. Black."

"I'll take it as a compliment," Narcissa laughed. "But to answer your question, Lucius was always the type who'll kidnap a poor muggle kid or two, have his way with them, then Obliviate them and send them away. Or just kill them, if he thought he could get away with it".

"And you were ok with it?"

"No, but there wasn't much I could do, could I?"

"The authorities..."

"The ministry of Magic is run by Fudge, Lucius buttered him up with enough money to last him till kingdom come. Were I to complain, Lucius would pay Fudge to make the problem disappear, and probably myself along it. More likely then not, he'd give Fudge a boy or two as well. You saw how powerless the Aurors were after Lucius attempted to buy those young boys in Diagon."

"You don't think Mr. Malfoy and the minister were..."

"Oh, no," laughed Narcissa. "Lucius was always attracted to pretty things and Fudge is so repulsive. He gives our old school's name a whole new meaning. No, Lucius would have run to the other corner of

the earth if that idea ever came up. No, he is a sucker for a pretty face.”

“What if anything do you have to say about your ex-husband’s relationship with Severus Snape?”

“Severus was never one to show affection for any, save my son.” Narcissa replied. “I’m guessing that their common interests are what drew the two of them together.”

“You don’t think?”

“My son,” Narcissa gasped, slouching in her chair a bit “I love him dearly, but he’s never been that bright, I always wondered why his potions grade was so high, and Severus favoured him so highly when the rest of the Professors’ spoke so poorly of him and his grades were mediocre to high average.” Then Narcissa’s face brightened “He did do better in Defence against the Dark Arts this year.” then her face clouded over again “he said he was spending a lot of his free time doing special favours for that toad Umbridge. Oh my lord! I think I need to speak with my son!” Narcissa gasped springing from her chair.

“I just hope that nothing was ever done to the boy, I’ll not write any of this in the paper out of respect for you and your son, madam.”

“Thank you, though you may want to spend some time digging into what Umbridge got up to at Hogwarts last year.” Narcissa called over her shoulder as she ran out.

AN: The ongoing list of people that contributed to this fic without whom, it would not have been nearly as good . . . one might go so far as to say it would be quite bad: nonjon, Ed Becerra, ausfinbar, David Wangen, , dogbertcarroll, hattenjc, the caitiff, AlanP, Lone Wolf, meteoricshipyards, Shawn Pickett, Morris Rague, luinlothana, Treck, Drake, Moshehim, Arthur Hansen, Marneus Calgar, Goblin214, Chris LeBron, and everyone else on my yahoo group. They gave me scenes, ideas, and all sorts of other things. Tell me if I missed you so I can add to this list. Another thanks goes to meteoricshipyards who

wrote the majority of the continuing adventures of the tentacle monster. Anything I wrote on that sub plot was fairly minor so kudos.

Disclaimer: I'd advise you to learn how to cook, your diet will improve and it'll also be cheaper . . . failing that and if you're as lazy as I am, find a significant other (or others I suppose, I don't judge) that can cook.

Humbldings and Wuffels

"Master."

"What is it, Elizabeth?" Ron asked.

"Have you heard the horrible things that the Wizengamot has been saying about you?"

"No, I have not," Ron said.

"We can't let them get away with this," Gretchen said firmly. "Think of how it could hurt your bid to become Dark Lord if the people thought you were soft on being criticized."

"Very well," Ron agreed. "Get me a list of names."

"Yay, Master," the girls cheered.

"Will you reward us now, Master?" Gretchen begged. "Please master?"

"Sure," Ron agreed. "Who wants to eat my posing pouch?"

"Me."

"I do, I do."

|||||||

"Good day, Madam Bones."

"Hello, Mr. Lovegood. I must warn you, I have no new information on any of the exotic magical creatures you have asked us about. I'm up to my neck in maintaining order while our world undergoes the triple

threat of two Dark Lords and an election. So what can I do for the voice of the people today?"

"I was looking for some background information, mostly. You have a tentacle monster working for the DMLE?"

"That's right. He's been working here for years."

"And recently you assigned him to street duty?"

"And from the reports I've heard, crime is down during his watch, so I'd have to say he is carrying out his duty quite well. He's also been extremely successful in foiling several Dark attacks."

"Isn't there a morals clause in the employee handbook?"

"What are you implying, Mr. Lovegood?" The Director's voice, which had a warm tone that she always had while speaking about her underlings suddenly turned icy.

"Do you know that your Tentacle Monster is carrying on a relationship with sixteen girls? Doesn't this violate the morals clause of their employment contract? Wouldn't such a thing bar him from being an Auror?"

"I think if you check the clause, you'll see that it applies to human employees."

"What other non-humans are you employing here, Director?"

"We have a full kennel of bloodhounds, Mr. Lovegood. Do you think we have nothing better to do than enforce the morality clause on our four or sixteen legged, er ... whatever, employees?"

Lovegood was in his full "Confrontational Newsman" mode, now, and wasn't going to let up. "That may very well be true, director, but wouldn't such behaviour bar someone from running for Minister of Magic?"

"Considering the depths of corruption we are currently investigating in our current minister, a simple case of polygamy would almost be welcome."

"Thank you, Madam Bones."

"Not at all, Mr. Lovegood," she said coldly.

That out of the way, the man shifted from 'newsman' to 'father' in a flash. "I was hoping that you'd have a word with my daughter."

"About what?"

"Well... her mother died when she was rather young and... well... there are some things that a girl should learn from another woman... and... well... you know how it is... humbldings and wuffels?"

"I... see," Amelia said uncertainly. "I'll look into it."

"Thank you."

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"Thank you, for taking time to see me, Mr. Weasley."

"Not at all, I'm always happy to talk to the press about my campaign, and Fudge's incompetence," Fred replied.

"Well I suppose this relates, though I was here to find out about Delores Umbridge at Hogwarts last year," the reporter replied.

Fred's countenance clouded over, he turned and yelled over his shoulder "George, Lee, get back here! Reporter wants to ask about her toadliness." George, Lee, Angelina, Alicia, and Katie came into the back room.

The reporter got a lot more than he bargained for with this interview, hell this story had it all, abuse of authority, invasion of privacy, and the torture of students when Lee mentioned his detention with Umbridge using the blood quill. Little did he know...

"So, Mr. Jordan, were any other students given detentions like this with her." the reporter asked, figuring to get a few other names to corroborate things.

"Well, I heard a couple of other kids talking, you'd probably do well to talk to the other students we mentioned," Lee concluded

Angelina chimed in "Of course her favourite target was Harry Potter, it seemed like his hand was gushing blood ever night, usually because he was in detention for 'lying' about You Know Who's return."

At this point a familiar voice yelled into the back "Oy, Fred, George, where are you lot?"

"I'll go get him," Fred said pointing to the reporter "You'll want to stay here." He then got up and walked to the front of the shop.

"Harry, Hermione, delightful to see you, how would you like to stick it to Fudge and Umbridge?" Fred said with a grin.

"Huh?" Harry replied with some eloquence.

"A reporter stopped by, turns out someone put him on the trail of what Umbridge got up to last year at the school." Fred explained.

Harry and Hermione both got a wicked gleam in their eyes and said, "Gladly." at the same time.

Walking into the back room, the reporter looked up and responded with the usual hysterics when confronted with the boy who lived.

"Just Harry, please," Harry said, cutting the reporter off, "and this is Hermione."

"Pleased to meet you both." the reporter replied.

"Now, I understand you had some questions to ask us about the last year, before we began, a few ground rules. Needless to say, we are a bit leery of the press after this last couple of years, so this

conversation will be recorded. Any, shall we say, embellishments, and you will find yourself in a great deal of trouble. Are we clear on this?" Hermione started off.

"Perfectly, I understand your position, and I'm grateful that you're taking the time talk to me," the reporter replied.

This turned into a very long conversation recapping a lot of what was covered in Harry's interview with Rita last February, as well as some other significant details, such as a certain Dementor attack at Privet Drive, numerous detentions, attempts to dose Harry with Veritaserum, Umbridge's aborted attempt at a Cruciatus curse that culminated in the trip to the Forbidden Forest. Then things moved onto some background, including Fudge's conduct at Harry's trial for underage magic, Hagrid being carted off to Azkaban just so the ministry could be seen as doing something, and Fudge having Barty Crouch, Jr. kissed without even a trial, to cover things up, a lot of careful and quick thinking was put forth by Hermione and Harry to keep certain details secret, but they managed. Then it was time for the final bombshell, they proceeded to explain their third year, and how Fudge was willing to take the word of Snape over Harry regarding the events in the Shrieking Shack and Sirius's innocence.

The reporter then looked at his watch when the interview concluded and said "My lord look at the time! I've got to get back to the Prophet!" and ran out of WWW down the street to the papers offices.

Dashing up the stairs, the editor caught him. "Where the hell have you been? I sent you out to get a quote from Ms. Black about her ex-husband and you miss deadline on that simple assignment?"

The reporter rolled his eyes, shoved a sheet of parchment at the editor "Here's the quote, but it's not important, you'll never believe what I stumbled onto." and proceeded to explain his day to the editor.

The editor stood up. "Great Merlin's ghost, what a story. STOP THE PRESSES! Jimmy, get every reporter up here five minutes ago!"

The reporter's eyes widened. "Chief, this is my story."

The editor cut him off “Yes, it is, but you’ll never get all of those students interviewed in time for tomorrow’s edition. You’ll had the lead on this but we are going to be working through the night to put this issue to bed.”

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“You wanted to speak with me, Madame Bones?” Luna asked with a vacant smile.

“Yes... well, your father asked me to explain a few facts of life to you and uh... I asked you here to explain them.”

“Ok.”

“Well... you’re at an age when many things will seem strange and perhaps a bit embarrassing...”

“Like the wart on my toe that looks like Minister Fudge?” Luna said with an understanding nod. “I’ve been meaning to have it removed but I can never seem to find the time.”

“Not exactly,” Amelia said with a frozen smile. Why oh why hadn’t she pawned this off onto someone else? Come to think of it... Tonks should be in the office about this time. She hit a button under her desk to summon the Auror.

“Then what?”

“Well... you’re going through a lot of changes and you might be having some unfamiliar urges.”

“Like... I’m afraid I don’t know what you mean, Madame Bones.”

“Uh...” Where in the hell was Tonks? “Have you started to notice boys lately? Or... or perhaps girls?”

“It would be rude not to take notice of people,” Luna agreed.

"No, not like that. Like uh... like you want to kiss them and maybe more? Would you like me to explain that?"

"Are you trying to talk about sex?" Luna asked slowly.

"Yes," Amelia agreed. "Now you see..."

"But daddy already explained about sex," Luna interrupted. "He had pictures and diagrams and told me what mummy used to like."

"But he asked me to give you the talk."

"What talk was that?"

"Humbldings and wuffels?"

"But humbldings and wuffels don't have anything to do with sex," Luna said with an odd frown. "Well... I guess they could if you were into that sort of thing and while it might be fun to try, I'd..."

"Then what does humbldings and wuffels," Amelia asked through clenched teeth.

"Cooking," Luna said slowly. "Everyone knows that."

"Your father wanted me to give you a talk about cooking?"

"Uh huh."

"Why?"

"Because daddy can't cook," Luna explained. "Harry's doing all the cooking for us right now and I thought it would be nice to serve breakfast in bed."

"For Harry?"

"And Hermione, yes," Luna agreed. "I want this relationship to work."

"I see," Bones said. Her eyes were focused on a distant object that no one else could see and she had a blank expression on her face. "The important thing is that you don't let magic do all the work and it's not like a potion, you can't just follow the instructions."

"Don't follow instructions, right."

"You have to taste it as you make it and make adjustments as you go," Amelia giggled.

"You called, boss?" Tonks stuck her head in.

"Take Ms. Lovegood to the bookstore and get her a copy of the book De Re Coquinaria by Marcus Gavius Apicus. Be sure to get the most recent copy you can find."

"Yes, boss."

"Do you know how to cook, Tonks?"

"Not really, boss," she said. "I can make pancakes and that's about it."

"Then you two can learn together," Bones said with a vacant smile.
"Take the rest of the day off."

"Thanks, boss."

|||||||||

"Good work everyone," the editor of the Prophet said with a pleased smile. "You've done more than anyone could have asked and I'm proud of you all. Thanks to your hard work, we've got what I would guess will go down in history as the best issue ever produced."

"Thanks, chief."

"I hate to ask it of you," the editor said. "But I'd like everyone to be up early tomorrow and ready to take down everyone's initial reaction to the news."

“Speaking for all of us,” one of the reporters said. “We’ll do it. This isn’t a job to us, chief.”

“It’s a duty,” the man agreed. “A duty to bring the light of truth to the Wizarding world.”

“Good to have you with us, chief,” another reporter said with a smile. “The last guy was easy going but...”

“But he was also an incompetent gossip hound and shill for Fudge.”

“You said it better than I could have, chief.”

“I have been in this business for a while,” the editor said smugly.

“What ever happened to him anyway?”

“Think he got hired on at teen witch.”

|||||||

“Good morning, Hermione.”

“Good morning, Luna,” Hermione replied. “Are you dressed?”

“Sort of.”

Hermione opened her eyes to look. “You’re supposed to wear the apron over other clothes,” she sighed.

“I am.”

“Really?”

“Uh huh,” Luna agreed. “I’m wearing shorts too... see?”

“Well... good job, I guess.”

"Thank you Hermione," Luna said proudly. "Now, stay in bed and wake up Harry. I'll be right back."

"Ok, why?"

"I made you breakfast in bed," Luna said proudly. "Tonks taught me how to make pancakes."

"With strawberries?" Hermione asked hopefully.

"Of course," Luna agreed. Daddy had always said that listening was the key to a successful relationship.

"Thanks, Luna."

"I also brought you the papers," Luna called over her shoulder. "Both the Quibbler and the rag."

"Uh... thanks." Hermione shook her friend awake and handed him the Quibbler. "I'll give you the Prophet when I'm done with it."

"Why don't I get the Prophet first?"

"First come, first serve," Hermione said smugly. "If you weren't so lazy, you could have had whichever paper you wanted."

"Fine." Harry opened the paper and froze. "Hermione."

"Yes Harry?"

"Is the headline in your paper as odd as the one in mine?"

"Fudge in bed with Paedophile's, the tawdry tale of ministry corruption!"

"Madam Bones welcomes the entrance of Polygamist As Minister for Magic. Then right below it, it says: Tentacle Monster successful Auror, but does that make for a good Minister of Magic?"

"What do you say we stay in today?"

"Took the words right out of my mouth."

"A day in is what we all need," Luna agreed. "I'll help you organise and catalogue your new books if you like Hermione."

"Thanks, Luna."

AN: The ongoing list of people that contributed to this fic without whom, it would not have been nearly as good . . . one might go so far as to say it would be quite bad: nonjon, Ed Becerra, ausfinbar, David Wangen, , dogbertcarroll, hattenjc, the caitiff, AlanP, Lone Wolf, meteoricshipyards, Shawn Pickett, Morris Rague, Iuinlothana, Treck, Drake, Moshehim, Arthur Hansen, Marneus Calgar, Goblin214, Chris LeBron, and everyone else on my yahoo group. They gave me scenes, ideas, and all sorts of other things. Tell me if I missed you so I can add to this list. Another thanks goes to meteoricshipyards who wrote the majority of the continuing adventures of the tentacle monster. Anything I wrote on that sub plot was fairly minor so kudos.

Disclaimer: Despite Luna's best efforts this story isn't H/Hr/L . . . yet.

Let's See You Dance Sucker

"Ahhhh, cobras." Snape screamed. "Get 'em off, get 'em off."

"Seems to be getting a response... good work Healer Brown."

"Thank you, Healer Smith," the girl said proudly.

"Wherever did you get the idea," he asked, "After seeing the ineffectiveness of the wasp treatment, the fire ant treatment, the cockroach treatment, and the leech treatment?"

"I figured that if invertebrates weren't working, why not try vertebrates."

"Excellent work then," he said proudly. "I think that this could be the basis for your first article in the Syringe."

"You really think so?"

"Maybe... what else were you planning to prescribe?"

"I was planning to give him plenty of calomel," the girl replied. "Followed by electro shocks, twenty gallons of yogurt, alternating showers of freezing and boiling water, followed by the potion treatment."

"Planning to keep him drugged to the gills again?"

"I think that going back and fourth between heavy stimulus and drugged stupor might be good for him."

"In that case..."

"Yes, healer?"

"We might try alternating the Contrecto charm with a sensory deprivation chamber."

“Isn’t that the charm that enhances the senses?”

“Yes, he’ll alternate between having his senses magnified by one hundred fold to... nothing and back. It’ll be interesting to compare it to your research anyway.”

||||||||||

“Well,” Luna said with a satisfied smile. “That’s that, all your books are catalogued and shelved.”

“Oh, yes,” Hermione screamed.

“Mumph.” Luna’s eyes closed in pleasure. “Mmmmm.”

A few minutes later, Harry was surprised by the sight of a flustered Hermione and a Luna that looked dreamier than normal coming out of their library.

“It was just a heat of the moment thing,” Hermione protested. “It won’t happen again.”

“Mmmm, did you say something, Hermione?”

“Got excited by cataloguing your books again?” Harry asked mildly.

“Shut up, Harry.”

“Just mumph.”

“What are you doing Luna?” Hermione growled.

“Just comparing,” Luna replied.

“Comparing mumph?”

“I wanted to see if it was different with a boy,” Luna explained. “And it was.”

“So that was your first kiss?”

“Uh huh,” Luna agreed. “And then my second and third. This has been a day of firsts for me, first kiss, first kiss with a girl, first kiss with a boy. It’s so exciting, I wonder what kinds of firsts I’ll have later.”

“You’re not having anymore firsts today, Luna.”

“Not even one?”

“No.”

“Awww.”

|||||||

“I’d just like to start this debate by emphasizing how much I respect my opponent,” Fred began. “We may not always agree on the key issues, but nothing I have seen has done anything to detract from the respect I feel for... er... him I guess.”

“Thank you Candidate Weasley,” Fudge said. “I...”

“I was talking about the Tentacle Monster,” Fred interrupted.

Tim signalled his appreciation and extended a tentacle to shake han... tent... uh... appendages.

“You I have nothing but contempt for,” he said to Fudge. “Nothing personal, but I’ve never been all that fond of corrupts Quislings.”

Tim signalled his agreement and the debate started in earnest.

|||||||

The Dark Wizard Jeremy and his followers broke into the house two hours after all the lights had gone dark and stunned the inhabitants. It wasn’t the first house they hit that night, nor would it be the last.

"Tie them up and put them on the couch in the front room," Ron ordered.

"Yes master," Gretchen agreed. She returned after it was done and informed her master.

"Wake them up."

"Who are you?" The father asked fearfully.

"I am the Dark Wizard Jeremy," Ron replied.

"No," he gasped.

"You defied my will and for that... You must pay." Ron said, forcing the father's eyes to meet his own.

"No please... I'll do anything just don't kill my family."

"Oh, we're not going to kill you. We're going to... DANCE!" Loud bass music filled the room and Ron took a seat on the couch between the cowering people. One of the girls began transfiguring large brass poles and a line of girls dressed in an assortment of outfits such as healer's robes, Hogwarts student's uniforms, and Auror uniforms came dancing in.

"Yeah," Ron cheered. "Shake it."

The stunned and confused couple watched in shock as one of the girls detached herself from the group to give the Dark Wizard a personal and thoroughly professional lap dance.

"Am I pleasing you, Master?" the lap dancer asked as she kissed him on the cheek.

"Quite a bit," Ron said with a smile. "To the kitchen table."

Out of the corner of their eyes, the couple could see the Dark Wizard Jeremy christening their table, stove, and counter over and over again. When one of the Dark Bunnies got tired, she'd change places

with one of her fellows and the scene went on for what seemed forever.

The tempo changed and the girls formed a Congo line that passed their hosts on the way out the door. Following it up was the Dark Wizard Jeremy holding a pimp cane and a top hat doing jazz hands as he made his way out the door.

The couple enjoyed a brief moment of respite before the Dark Wizard Jeremy stuck his head back in. "And don't make us come back here!" Leaving his confused victims behind with one thought in their heads, what the HELL was that?

"Honey," the father began.

"Yes dear?"

"I think I'm going to withdraw my opposition to the Dark Lord election."

"Good idea... I think my bonds are starting to loosen."

"Mine, too."

|||||||||

"Good morning, Hermione."

Good morning, Luna," Hermione said with a yawn. "Nice outfit." Luna was dressed in a plaid skirt and a white, button-down blouse. "When did you start wearing glasses?"

"Don't you think I look like a Librarian?"

"A little," Hermione agreed. "About the glasses?"

"They've got a couple charms on them to help me catalogue books," Luna explained.

"Think you could get me a pair?"

“Sure.”

“Thanks, Luna,” Hermione said with a smile.

“Hermione, can I ask you a question?”

“Sure, Luna.”

“When were you planning to enslave me in your kinky sex triangle?”
Luna crawled up on the bed till she and Hermione were nose to nose.

“What?”

“It’s just... Teen Witch says that you’ve enslaved Harry and me in a
kinky sex triangle, and I was wondering when you’d get to the...”

“When did they say that?” Hermione demanded.

“Next issue.” Luna cupped Hermione’s cheek. “Be gentle, it’s my first
time.”

“How do you know what’s in the next issue?”

“Do you know how printing works in the magical world?” Luna asked
in a husky voice.

“No.”

“There are only two print shops for periodicals,” Luna explained. “The
Prophet has one and the Quibbler has the other. Daddy makes most
of his money printing off a few master copies for the other assorted
periodicals and they use duplication charms to make the copies they
put on the news stand.”

“So... give me a little space, Luna.”

“Awww, good morning, Harry.”

“Morning, Luna,” Harry groaned.

"How long have you been awake?" Hermione asked curiously.

"Long enough... I'll be in the bathroom."

"Doing what?" Luna asked.

"Taking a shower," Harry said quickly.

"As I was saying, so your father doesn't make his living printing the Quibbler?"

"Not enough people are interested in learning the truth," Luna explained. "Daddy really doesn't make much from printing the Quibbler, he says that he mostly does it as a public service."

"Oh... so what did Teen Witch say about me again?"

"I brought you a copy," Luna said with a dreamy smile. "Here."

"Muggle Born Slut Seduces Harry Potter and Pureblood Luna Lovegood in Kinky Triangle of Sexual Slavery?" Hermione growled. "When's this going on the newsstands?"

"Tomorrow," Luna replied. "Why?"

"Because I have a feeling that this will never hit the stands," Hermione replied with an ominous laugh.

"I hate to disagree, but they'd just have daddy print up another copy."

"Could you get your father to refuse?"

"Maybe," Luna agreed looking very uncomfortable.

"What is it, Luna?"

"Daddy would lose the account if he did that," Luna explained. "And there's a good chance he'd lose the others, too."

“So there’s nothing we can do?”

“Daddy would be happy to print up some more master copies,” Luna said brightly. “That have been slightly modified of course.”

“Of course.”

“Then if someone were to replace the copies they already have in the Teen Witch office...”

“Thank you, Luna,” Hermione said with a smirk. “Now why don’t we work on that article?”

“What should we write?”

“How about we write about Voldemort’s past?” Hermione suggested. “His real name, his background, that sort of thing?”

“Ok.”

|||||||

Elsewhere, one of the victims of what would later be called the night of Bunny Terror had just received a response to the report he’d sent to the media on the treatment he’d received at the hands of the Dark Wizard’s followers.

Dear Daily Prophet,

I never thought it would happen to me, but I was visited by three of the followers of the Dark Lord Jeremy last night...

... and they gave me a chastising I’ll never forget. Then they took all my clothes and lashed me to my front door! Well, everyone could clearly see my predicament..."

Sincerely

Kai Kane Chang

He glanced over the letter he'd sent once more, then eagerly turned to read the response.

Dear Mr. Chang,

Stop writing us, if you must continue with these stories then we suggest you send them to 'Naughty Witch Magazine.' We're told that they buy things like this.

-The Editors

Cho's father read the letter again. "But every word was true," he said to himself. "On the other hand, it does say here that they pay for that sort of thing at Naughty Witch..."

Dear Naughty Witch,

I never thought it would happen to me...

|||||||

"And I'm finished," Hermione said with a satisfied smile. "Have a look."

"Hmmm." Luna shook her head. "We can't print this Hermione."

"Why not? It's all true."

"It may all be true, but you wrote like you were going to hand in an essay." The Journalist's daughter explained. "Give me a few minutes and I'll have everything rewritten."

"I... ok Luna thanks."

Luna took a quill and spent a few minutes rewriting Hermione's article.
"Here you are, finished."

"Luna? What's this bit about Moaning Myrtle and cosmetic charms?"

"We have to speak to our audience, Hermione."

“And that audience is?”

“Young Witches filled with self doubt about their looks and how their peers see them. Cosmetic charms and fashion help are very important to them. Myrtle, poor soul, is the epitome of what they fear they are.”

“I see. Is that why you rewrote my section to be a side bar?”

“Audience, Hermione. The girls won’t be so interested in who he killed and when, as much as how handsome he was when he was in school, and how his dark rituals and rebirth have made him a hideous person who’s too ugly for even Umbridge to go out with. I kept most of the information, just shortened it up a bit.”

“But I worked so hard on that...”

“And we still have your copy right here,” she held up the scroll, “and you can use it when you write your book The Definitive History of the Dark Lord.”

“A book? ME?”

“Yes, you.”

“Oh Luna,” Hermione said joyfully as she pulled the other girl close.

“Mumph.”

It was an odd scene that Harry walked in on; Hermione had just released Luna and was cheerfully babbling to herself about something.

“Luna?”

“Yes, Harry?”

“Why is Hermione muttering something about a book?”

"But she's always muttering about one book or the other."

"Not like this."

"I'm sure she'll come out of it eventually. In the meantime..."

"No," Hermione said firmly. To Luna's extreme disappointment, she wasn't that far gone.

"Awwww."

AN: The ongoing list of people that contributed to this fic without whom, it would not have been nearly as good . . . one might go so far as to say it would be quite bad: nonjon, Ed Becerra, ausfinbar, David Wangen, , dogbertcarroll, hattenjc, the caitiff, AlanP, Lone Wolf, meteoricshipyards, Shawn Pickett, Morris Rague, Iuinlothana, Treck, Drake, Moshehim, Arthur Hansen, Marneus Calgar, Goblin214, Chris LeBron, and everyone else on my yahoo group. They gave me scenes, ideas, and all sorts of other things. Tell me if I missed you so I can add to this list. Another thanks goes to meteoricshipyards who wrote the majority of the continuing adventures of the tentacle monster. Anything I wrote on that sub plot was fairly minor so kudos.

Disclaimer: Splish Splash Applesauce . . . let's see if anyone else remembers that shall we?

Lies, Damn Lies, and . . .

"I'm back," Luna announced. "And I had daddy print off some new master copies."

"Thanks, Luna," Hermione said. "You've been a big help."

"I always being helpful Hermione," Luna said seriously. "For example, if you ever find yourself frustrated, and unable to find a way to relax. Then I'm always willing to lend a hand... or a mo..."

"I'll keep that in mind," Hermione interjected quickly.

"That goes for you too, Harry," Luna said happily.

"Thanks, Luna."

"Now then," Luna said as she began unbuttoning her blouse, "The Teen Witch office should be closing soon and I..."

"What are you doing Luna?"

"Taking my clothes off," Luna replied as if it were the most natural thing in the world. "Can't you see? Harry, make a note to take Hermione to an opti-mage to get that checked out please."

"Why are you taking off your clothes, Luna?" Hermione tried another track.

"Because I intend to help you and Harry break into Teen Witch's offices," Luna said in exasperation. "It's not like either of you have any experience doing this sort of thing."

"And you do?" Harry asked.

"Daddy says that there are a number of skills a good reporter must master," Luna replied.

"How is taking your clothes off going to help?" Hermione asked through clenched teeth.

"Really Hermione, over three fourths of all criminals are identified by the clothing they wore when committing breaking and entering."

"Just a second," Hermione said in triumph. "Put this on Luna."

"One of your kinky sex outfits?" Luna said in excitement. "Does this mean..."

"No."

"But how are we going to..."

"No."

"Fine," Luna agreed. "Humph."

It seemed odd to both Harry and Hermione to have a third person along as they crept across the rooftops towards the Teen Witch offices.

"This skylight is above their printing room," Luna whispered to her two companions. Harry and Hermione nodded in understanding as they set to the task of removing the glass.

"How are the wards?" Hermione asked.

"Child's play," Harry replied. "Where do you think the master copies will be?"

"In the safe," Luna said as she walked over to the aforementioned item. "Twenty four, forty four, ten and open."

"How'd you know that?" Hermione demanded.

"It was easy to guess," Luna explained. "Twenty four was the age of the owner when she opened the business, issue forty four was on the

newsstands exactly two hundred days ago, and ten is the number of fingers most people have.”

“I....” Harry and Hermione shared a look of confusion. “Good work Luna.”

“Thank you,” Luna accepted her praise with a smile. “Would you like to switch the master copies now?”

“Done,” Hermione said. “Let’s get out of here.” They quickly climbed back up to the roof and replaced the glass.

“Let’s get home,” Harry suggested. “I’m hungry.”

“Can we have a Potato?” Luna begged.

“There is a place close to the apartment,” Hermione added with puppy dog eyes.

“Fine,” Harry sighed. “But you two are coming with me to help carry everything.”

“Ok Harry.”

“Love to.”

|||||||

“Another one?” the clerk asked in disgust.

“We just don’t think the other candidates are dark or perverse enough,” Healer Brown explained. “None of them ever attempted to kidnap Harry Potter for their own sick pleasure.”

“The Dark Wizard Jeremy might,” the clerk protested weakly.

“His followers might,” Healer Smith corrected. “And even then, it’s unlikely that they’d do what Snape was planning to do.”

“You know what the man likes to do with Dragons don’t you?”

“Yes... it was in the Prophet.”

“So everything is in order then?” Healer Brown demanded. “We had everyone at St. Mungo’s sign the petition.”

“Before I file this, I want to be sure of one thing.”

“What’s that?”

“You’re never letting the bastard out are you?” the clerk asked nervously. “It’s just... I really don’t want to take the chance of walking home late some night and running into him.”

“We might bring him out of the hospital for fundraising events,” Healer Smith mused. “But he’ll be strapped down and drugged to the gills at all times.”

“No chance of ever allowing him out into the public,” Healer Brown agreed. “I’m afraid that his psychosis is much too deep seated to ever be completely cures.”

|||||||

“Something wrong Luna?” Harry asked, the girl seemed a bit more spaced than she normally did.

“Why would anything be wrong Harry?” Luna replied after a few seconds of silence. “Would you like to go shopping after this Hermione?”

“Shopping?”

“Uh huh,” Luna agreed. “I hear that they have a sale on new books at...”

“Let’s go, Luna,” Hermione said as she grabbed the girl by the hand. “We don’t want to be late.”

“Can we get ice cream after that?”

“Sure,” Hermione agreed. Luna blushed as Hermione led her out of the building by the hand. Daddy would be ever so proud when she told him that she finally had her first date.

Luna’s shoulder was close to giving out when Hermione finally slowed to open the door to the bookshop. “Come on Luna, don’t dawdle.”

“Ok,” Luna agreed as she popped her shoulder back into its socket. “Not so rough next time.”

“Hmm?” Hermione looked up from a book. “Did you say something?”

“Ohhh, look at this,” she said cheerfully. “Hmm.”

“Right.” Hermione picked up another book and began idly flipping through it.

“Don’t bother with that book, Hermione,” Luna said absently as she flipped through a book on cooking charms.

“Why not?” Hermione asked. “Cryptography could be a useful thing to know.”

“That book isn’t very good,” Luna explained. “If you want something better, take the one with the red cover. It’ll at least explain how to use magic in codes, for something better you’ll really need to go to the muggle world.”

“Wha... how’d you know that Luna?”

“Hmmm?” Luna looked up from her book. “Grammy’s family was into codes.”

“Oh... ok.”

“It’s how she met Grampy,” Luna continued. “They were working on codes during the war, Grampy was a mathematician and Grammy had special permission to use magic.”

“Your grandfather was a muggle then?”

“Uh huh,” Luna agreed. “Why?”

“Just curious,” Hermione replied. “Which side of the family was this?”

“Mummy’s side,” Luna replied. “But I’m still heir since there’s no one else in direct succession.”

“You can be heir to more than one group of family spells?”

“Of course you can,” Luna said. “I’m heir to the Lovegood spells, mummy’s spells, and my Grammy from daddy’s side’s spells... not that I’d want to use them.”

“Why not?”

“Grammy was Grindelwald’s chief enforcer before Grampy Lovegood convinced her to stop,” Luna sighed. “It’s so romantic.”

“Let me guess, he took off all his clothes and chased her around until she finally gave up?”

“You’ve heard the story?”

“It was a lucky guess,” Hermione deadpanned. “So what were your grandmother’s spells?”

“Dark magic,” Luna said. “I remember one that could shred souls, it’s all icky stuff. But like Grammy likes to say, you never know when you might want to shred someone’s soul so it’s best to be prepared.”

“She’s still alive then?”

“She retired with Grampy and they live in a house in Spain,” Luna said. “Do you want to visit them?”

“Maybe some other time.”

The girls gathered up their purchases and headed to the cash register. "And how would you like to pay for these?" The clerk asked as he put the books into an expanding and magically lightened bag.

"Charge it to the Potter account," Hermione said automatically. "When is the new shipment coming in?"

"She's with you then Mrs. Po . . . Ms. Granger?"

"She is," Hermione confirmed. "Well, about that shipment?"

"Reprints in two weeks," the clerk replied. "New books won't arrive for another five I'm afraid."

"Why?"

We're ramping up for the school year," the clerk explained. "Unless it's a textbook, we're not going to have any new stock."

"I see," she sighed. "It can't be helped I guess, thank you."

"Thank you Ms. Granger."

"Come on Luna," Hermione said. "Let's go get that ice cream now."

"Yay, ice cream." Luna cheered. "Hurry up Hermione."

They walked into the shop and Luna made a bee line to the counter.

"One strawberry milkshake, two straws." Luna ordered with a bubbly smile.

"Two strawberry milkshakes, one straw in each of them." Hermione said firmly.

"Are you sure you can drink two all by yourself?" Luna asked in concern. "And even if you can, won't it all go to your thighs?"

"One milkshake for me then," Hermione corrected. "And one for Luna with two straws."

"Much better," Luna said in approval. "You don't want to loose your figure."

"I suppose not," Hermione agreed. She should have known, she really should have known.

"Hermione, I've got a question for you."

"What is it Luna?"

"What's an Acomoclitic?"

"A what?"

"It says here that Harry is an Acomoclitic and I don't know what that means," Luna explained. "I was hoping you would."

"What book are you reading?" Hermione demanded. "The Vampire with Hierophilia?

"I'm not sure what it's about," Luna admitted. "But they've got these fun little tests. It says here that I'm a Gymnophilic Gynonudomanic . . . I'm not sure what that means either."

"Neither am I Luna," Hermione admitted. "I can guess some of the meanings by breaking them down and looking at the roots, but . . ."

"Oh how fun." Luna clapped her hands together. "A chance to learn a whole new set of words."

"You like learning words huh?"

"Daddy says that a good journalist has to know a lot of good words and several of the bad ones."

"I agree," a woman said as she approached their table. "May I have a moment of your time Mrs. Potter?"

"Who are you?" Hermione asked bluntly.

"Morganna Halaman," the woman replied. "I own Teen Witch magazine."

"How fascinating," Hermione dead panned. "Don't you think so Luna?"

"Not really," Luna replied. "Why?"

"Forget it Luna," Hermione sighed.

"Ok."

"I came here to offer up my apologies," Morganna said with a smile. "I notice that my chief editor had dedicated a section of my magazine to his odd vendetta against Harry Potter. Upon seeing this, I immediately had him sacked and rushed out of my office in an attempt to stop the issues before they shipped, alas I was too late. Imagine my surprise to learn that the article in question had been swapped out at the last minute for one about 'he-who-has-bad-fashion.' I was quite pleased to find that my little magazine had not just declared war on the powerful Potter family, and even more pleased to find an informative article written in such a way that my targeted audience will read it."

"Uh . . . that is . . . well . . ." Hermione stuttered.

"Here," Morganna laid a sack on the table. "We're having to make a special reprint, the demand is so high that we've already sold every issue on the stands. This is your share of the profits, I'll send the rest of your royalties later."

"What?"

"Who else has the ability to go through my wards like they weren't there?" She asked in amusement. "Who else has the knowledge to write this article? And who else has the motivation?"

"Uh . . ."

"If it's not too much to ask, I'd really like more articles for this series."

"I can't," Hermione said quickly.

"Why not?"

"Because we both wrote it," Luna said with a dreamy smile.
"Hermione provided the information and I rewrote the article for the audience."

"Ah, should have guessed. I thought it looked like your father's style."

"Thank you," Luna said primly. "We thought it would be good publicity for Hermione's upcoming book."

"I hadn't realised there would be a book too," she mused. "Tell you what, you two write another book in the same style you wrote this article and I'll talk to some people I know in the business. For now, could you please send me more stuff? It doesn't even have to be about the same stuff, just something."

"Hermione?"

"Ok," Hermione agreed.

"Thanks," Morganna said as she stood up. "I look forward to seeing more from you ladies, have a good day."

"Farewell," Luna said happily. "That was fun wasn't it Hermione?"

"We're published," Hermione gasped. "Do you know what this means?"

"That you're going to kiss me again?" Luna asked hopefully.

"No, it means that we're authors."

"And we might have a book deal," Luna added.

"That's right," Hermione agreed. "This is so mumph."

"I got tired of waiting for you to do it," Luna explained. "Oh it will be so much fun to write a few books together."

AN 01: There was a baked potato stand in Hiroshima run by Brits who told me it was common in the UK. Fairly good stuff, you'd get a potato and it would have tomato sauce or something on it, just the thing after a night of drinking . . . or before a night of drinking . . . or during a night of drinking.

AN 02: The ongoing list of people that contributed to this fic without whom, it would not have been nearly as good . . . one might go so far as to say it would be quite bad: nonjon, Ed Becerra, ausfinbar, David Wangen, , dogbertcarroll, hattenjc, the caitiff, AlanP, Lone Wolf, meteoricshipyards, Shawn Pickett, Morris Rague, Iuinlothana, Treck, Drake, David Brown, Moshehim, Arthur Hansen, Marneus Calgar, Goblin214, Chris LeBron, khadon99, Freddie and everyone else on my yahoo group. They gave me scenes, ideas, and all sorts of other things. Tell me if I missed you so I can add to this list. Another thanks goes to meteoricshipyards who wrote the majority of the continuing adventures of the tentacle monster as well as several others. Anything I wrote on that sub plot was fairly minor so kudos. And still another goes to who wrote a large number of scenes.

Disclaimer: Understanding of bad Latin isn't necessary for the enjoyment of this fic, it will let you understand a few bad jokes mostly pertaining to spells but not all of them. The last chapter had a goodly number of them. Oh, I loaded an incomplete chapter 43 for about five minutes, if you missed the conversation about Luna's book then check again.

It's the Final Countdown

Hermione woke up and was surprised to find that, for once, Luna wasn't sitting next to her side of the bed. With a sigh, she turned and found Luna sitting on Harry's side.

The tip of Luna's wand was up one of Harry's nostrils and the girl seemed to be peering intently up his nostril.

"Why do you have your wand up Harry's nose?" Hermione asked with a long-suffering sigh.

"Because it's too dark to see without a light spell, Hermione," Luna answered.

"Why are you looking up Harry's nose then?"

"The Quibbler is running a series of articles about proper nose care," Luna explained. "And I wanted to make sure that you and Harry don't have a Snozdoodle infestation."

"Take your wand out of Harry's nose," Hermione said firmly. "And don't think for a second that I'm letting you do that to me."

"I already got you earlier Hermione," Luna said absently. "All clear here."

"That's... good to hear," Hermione said with a fake smile. "Now, why don't you clean off your wand and wait for me to finish my shower in the other room."

"Ok."

Luna waited until she heard the water running before joining the other girl in the bathroom. Hermione stepped out of the shower and growled.

"What are you doing in here, Luna? I thought I said to wait in the other room."

"This is another room."

"That's not what I meant."

"It isn't?"

"Just wait outside," Hermione sighed.

"Ok," Luna chirped.

"Thanks Lu..." she froze. "Outside in the sitting room." She called after the retreating Luna.

"Oh poo."

|||||||

"Wake up, Master," Elizabeth said softly.

"What is it?" Ron groaned.

"It's time for your morning exercise," she replied. "And then it's time for breakfast."

"Who's morning exercise?"

"Gretchen and myself," she said with a smile. "Ready master?"

"I love morning exercise," Ron said happily.

"We do, too, Master," the girls agreed as they crawled up the bed towards him.

|||||||

"That was a good meal, Harry."

"I agree."

"Thank you Luna, Hermione."

"I'm going into the library," Hermione announced.

"Can I come, too?" Luna asked hopefully.

"Sure," she agreed. "Education is important."

"Uh huh."

The girls pulled down their chosen books and settled down for a long day of learning. Luna was engrossed in her book, who'd have thought there'd be a spell just for transfiguring dung beetles into blond headed gits? Maybe that was how the Malfoy family reproduced itself? Her musings cut off when a sound sounding very much like 'gerteek' came from Hermione's side of the table.

"Why are you so red, Hermione?"

"No reason," Hermione said quickly. There was no way in hell she was going to admit that she looked up the words in that damn book.
"Well... actually, it's because..."

"Yes?"

"Do you know any good hair removal charms?" Hermione stuttered.
"Good for... sensitive areas?"

"Like nose hair?"

"Among other places," Hermione mumbled.

"Ohh, it will be so much fun," Luna enthused. "We can have a shaving party."

“What?”

“I’ll do your sensitive areas and you can do mine,” Luna explained.
“Now let’s take our clothes off and...”

“I’ll think about it,” Hermione said firmly. But only after she checked those books they stole from the Malfoy family and checked the available books in Diagon Alley. “Why don’t we go badger Harry into making us something to eat?”

“Ok.” They walked out of the library and Hermione undid the top two buttons on her blouse.

“Harry, we’re hungry,” she moaned. “Please feed us.”

“Uh huh,” Luna agreed as she undid the last button on her blouse.
“Please, we’d be ever so grateful.”

“Luna put your blouse back on,” Hermione said when she’d noticed the other girl’s state of undress.

“But you started taking yours off first,” Luna protested. “So I thought it was ok?”

“I...” Hermione’s reply was cut off by a knock on the door.

“Why don’t I get that?” Harry suggested, a bit disappointed that his entertainment was being interrupted.

“Only undo the top two,” Hermione whispered fiercely. “It’s not about showing everything, it’s about giving a hint of skin. Mum says that his imagination will do the rest and... what am I saying?”

“Imagination, right.” Luna agreed. “So you’re saying I should...”

“Good afternoon Harry, Hermione, Ms. Lovegood.” The woman’s lips twitched as she watched the two girls argue. “I do hope that I’m not interrupting anything?”

"Not at all," Hermione said quickly. "We're always happy to have you here."

"Afternoon, Madame Bones."

"Amelia, please."

"Amelia then," Harry agreed. "What can we do for you? Has there been another break in?"

"No," Amelia replied. "They've finally decided when they're holding the election."

"When?"

"I'm afraid I can't tell you with Ms. Lovegood in the room," Amelia said with a fake smile. "Fudge is abusing the secrecy oaths every Ministry employee has to swear and has classified the election date."

"Luna could you wait in our bedroom for a bit?" Hermione asked with a smile.

"Now you both have to promise me that you won't tell this to any reporters," Amelia began. "The only reason I can even mention this to you is due to your status as independent consultants." She did her best to ignore the still open door leading to the couple's bedroom, and the fact that Luna was writing down every word she said.

"We agree," Hermione said.

"You must also agree to have everyone else agree to those conditions," Amelia continued. "Sorry, but that's the way things are I'm afraid."

"Sure," Harry said. "Why not."

"The election will be in three days," Amelia said.

"What was that?" Luna asked.

"Three days," she said louder.

"Thank you."

"You can come back in now Luna," Hermione called the girl in. "Sorry, but I'm afraid that we can't tell you what we discussed."

"That's ok, Hermione," Luna said with a serene look on her face. "Will you make us lunch now Harry?" Luna said with a pout.

"Please?" Hermione agreed with puppy dog eyes.

"Care for something to eat, Madame Bones?" He sighed.

"Can you have it done soon?" Amelia asked hopefully. "I've only got forty-five minutes left in my lunch hour and I'd rather not extend it. Sets a bad example if the boss isn't willing to follow the rules."

"Sure," Harry agreed. "I know a few charms that will speed things up."

"Excellent. Thank you, Harry."

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"Time for lunch, Master," Elizabeth said.

"Great," Ron replied. "Whose turn is it to be the plate today?"

"Gretchen's master," she said with a smile. "And it's my turn to be dessert."

"What are we having then?"

"Chocolate sauce and whipped cream, with cherries on top."

"I love lunch," Ron said with a content smile.

"We do, too, Master."

|||||||||

"What do you wanna do tonight, Harry?" Hermione asked after Luna had drifted home to write the election story.

"Same thing we do every night, Hermione."

"Rob the wizarding world blind?" Hermione suggested.

"Yep," he agreed. "Thought we might drop by the polling station and unstuff the ballot box, too."

"That Fudge," Hermione said with a laugh. "What wacky thing will he do next?"

"Why are you talking that way?"

"Trying to set the mood."

"Ah."

"Can we drop by Borgin & Burkes again, too?" she asked hopefully. "There might be some interesting things under that secret door."

|||||||

Ron was whistling a happy little tune as he walked through his Dark Lair. He had been going through the family spells and decided to make his own contribution. It hadn't been easy, but after two weeks of work, he had a new spell to add to the book, but first he really wanted to find one of his bunnies to test it on. Hermione would be so proud, not only had he invented a new spell, he even planned on properly testing it. Unfortunately for once he couldn't seem to find any of his girls.

Ah, there, bent over was one of the nicest behinds he had ever seen and in his position of Dark Lord he had seen plenty.

He took careful aim, whispered the incantation and watched happily as the target fell to the floor moaning and writhing in delight.

Ron was so happy with the success of his new spell that he didn't immediately recognize the face of the person on the floor but he was sure he hadn't seen her before, probably a new recruit.

Doctor Jill Granger had just finished with an exam of one of The Dark Lord Jeremy's Harem and was now trying to draw as much fresh air into her lungs as she could after the poor girls horrible breath. She was bent over with her hands on her knees when the intense waves of pleasure rolled over her and sent her to the floor.

Ron was going to be sick. This was bad... oh so bad... he was dead and not just dead dead, but painfully-tortured-to-death-for-weeks dead. The target of his new spell had finally regained control of herself and was now berating him about something called sexual harassment, hostile working conditions and boundaries. Oh Hermione was going to kill him for using one of the family spells on her mother.

Ron had a brilliant solution to his problem, "Can't we just go our separate ways and forget this ever happened?" He really couldn't believe he had checked out one of his friend's mum.

"We most certainly can not," Hermione's mum growled. "I demand an apology."

"You've got it," Ron agreed quickly. "I just have one question?"

"What is it?" she snapped.

"Why were you dressed in that uniform anyway?" Ron asked nervously, fearing the answer. "You aren't thinking of joining are you because if you are, no offence but..."

"I'm not planning on joining," she said quickly. "It's... well."

"Yes?"

"My husbands birthday is coming up and..."

"Got it," Ron said as he began backing out of the room.

"Before you go, you wouldn't mind doing something special for me would you?" Man, for a Dark Wizard of lust and perversion he sure was squeamish.

"What?" Ron's eyes were squeezed together.

"Could you cast one of those fertility spells on me?" She asked hopefully. "I was hoping to give my daughter a sibling or two."

"So long as we agree to never mention this ever again," Ron said firmly.

"Agreed."

"Facundia Inclino." With that, Ron wandered off muttering something about memory charms.

|||||||

"Why don't you take this one?" Harry suggested.

"Really?"

"You know almost as much about it as I do," Harry assured her. "I've just got the edge on experience."

"Ok," she agreed. "Hmmm... hand me the number four... no five hook."

"Alright." He watched Hermione work on the wards for several seconds before she managed to get open.

"Got it," she said with a satisfied smile.

Harry opened the trapdoor and whistled in shock. "Wow," Harry muttered. "That sure is a lot of books."

"Oooooo," Hermione moaned. "Mmmm."

"Mumph." Harry's eyes widened in shock as his best friend did her best to clean his tonsils. "And those dark items," he added in a daze.

"Do you know what this is?" Hermione asked. Her eyes were half closed and she was giving Harry a rather predatory look.

"What?"

"A portable library," she replied. "And it looks like it's full."

"I... mumph."

She released him and darted to another corner of the room. "And here's another... oh and a trunk full of books."

"Mumph... not that I don't like the kisses," Harry said with a content smile. "But we still need to pack everything up."

"Be sure to check for more secret passages," Hermione requested. "I don't want to miss anything."

"Fine," Harry agreed. "Looks clean."

"Yeah," she agreed. "Pack up and go?"

"Lets."

AN: The ongoing list of people that contributed to this fic without whom, it would not have been nearly as good . . . one might go so far as to say it would be quite bad: nonjon, Ed Becerra, ausfinbar, David Wangen, , dogbertcarroll, hattenjc, the caitiff, AlanP, Lone Wolf, meteoricshipyards, Shawn Pickett, Morris Rague, luinlothana, Treck, Drake, David Brown, Moshehim, Arthur Hansen, Marneus Calgar, Goblin214, Chris LeBron, khadon99, Freddie, Musings of Apathy, Brian Arcis, and everyone else on my yahoo group. They gave me scenes, ideas, and all sorts of other things. Tell me if I missed you so I can add to this list. Another thanks goes to meteoricshipyards who wrote the majority of the continuing adventures of the tentacle monster as well as several others. Anything I wrote on that sub plot

was fairly minor so kudos. And still another goes to who wrote a large number of scenes.

Disclaimer: Be sure to secure your evil plan in a secure place . . . like inside your skull.

Customs and Courtesy

“Mmm, not so rough Harry,” Hermione muttered. “They’re very sensitive you know.”

“Sorry, Hermione,” Luna replied. “How do you like this?”

“Mmmuch better,” she purred. Her eyes shot open, wait a minute. “Luna?”

“Yes, Hermione?” Luna asked innocently.

“Stop groping me.”

“Ok,” Luna agreed.

“Where are your clothes?”

“In a pile at the foot of your bed,” Luna replied. “Why?”

“Never mind,” Hermione sighed. “Just get dressed and wait for me in the living room. I’m gonna go take a shower.”

“Wash your back?” Luna offered hopefully.

“I have a back brush.”

“Wash your front then?”

“No.”

“Oh poo.”

Making a mental note to have Harry update the Naked Luna Wards, she got into the shower and let the hot water run down her body.

“What are you doing, Luna?” Harry asked.

“Looking through the keyhole,” Luna replied. “Why do you ask?”

“Just wondering,” Harry said. “Wanna help me make breakfast?”

“Ok.”

“You might want to put some clothes on first,” Harry said conversationally. “There are some rather... sensitive areas that you don’t want grease splatters.”

“Do I have to?”

“No,” Harry said. “I’m the last person that’s going to make someone do something for their own good, but it is a strong suggestion.”

“Ok Harry,” Luna agreed as she bent over and reached for her skirt.
“So what are we making?”

“Hmmm?” Harry’s eyes jerked away from the rather tantalising sight.
“Breakfast sausage and eggs, with muffins and jam.”

“Oh goody, I like jam.” She followed him into the kitchen and watched in fascination as he got things started.

“Could you hand me that cast iron pan, Luna?”

“Cast iron?”

“The big heavy black one,” Harry said. “Yes, that’s the one.”

“Here you are Harry,” Luna said. “What are you doing now?”

“Letting it heat up. So how do elections work, Luna?”

“Everyone who can legally use magic tells the polls their choice between midnight and noon tomorrow. Then everything gets counted and the winner is announced by six that evening... usually a lot earlier though,” Luna explained. “What are you doing now?”

“Making patties out of the sausage,” Harry replied. “Wanna help with this part?”

“Sure.”

“Were you able to get the word out about the election?”

“Daddy printed a special edition of the Quibbler,” Luna agreed. “Can I taste your sausage now Harry?”

“Sure,” he agreed. “A good cook always checks the food.” He cut off a small chunk for the girl. “Here.”

“Thank you Harry. Mmmm, your meat is so flavourful.”

“That’s the spices,” Harry said absently. “I worked out a deal with the butcher.”

“Good morning Hermione,” Luna said to the other girl. Hermione was wide-eyed and had only a towel wrapped around her body.

“What are you two doing?” She demanded.

“Cooking,” Harry replied. “Why?”

“I... I just misunderstood something I heard,” Hermione muttered.
“Never mind.”

“You should really take the time to savour Harry’s sausage,” Luna said innocently. “It’s quite good.”

“I’ll keep that in mind, Luna.”

“Good, because I can’t wait to get it in my mouth.”

“Glad you like it, Luna,” Hermione said as she walked back into the bedroom to get dressed. She returned a few minutes later, fully dressed and ready to help out. “I’ll set the table,” she volunteered.

“Thanks, Hermione.”

"Yes thank you Hermione," Luna agreed. "Don't forget what I said about Harry's meat."

"I won't, Luna."

"Would you like some fruit with your breakfast?"

"What kind of fruit?"

"I brought over some peaches," Luna said. "Would you like to taste my peaches, Hermione?"

"Maybe later."

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"Morning, Gretchen."

"Master," the girl replied coldly.

"What is it?" Ron sighed.

"You shouldn't treat Doctor Granger like that," Gretchen said with her nose in the air. "It isn't proper." She and the rest had viewed Hermione's mother as something akin to a saint after the miracles that she'd performed on their teeth.

"I thought she was one of you," Ron tried to defend himself. "She was wearing the uniform and everything."

"Be that as it may, we're still angry about it."

"I'm not too happy about it myself," Ron agreed. "She's my best friend's mum... do you know how creepy that is? If Hermione finds out she'll kill me... Harry'll probably help, too, just to avoid getting cut off. Sad day when a bloke's best mate picks happy time over friendship."

"I'm so sorry, Master," Gretchen said sympathetically. "I didn't look at it from your point of view."

"Worst thing is that I can't find anyone willing to perform a memory charm," Ron continued. "I'm gonna live with what happened for the rest of my life."

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"Harry..."

"What is it?"

"Well..."

"Yes?" Harry sighed. "Just spit it out."

"I talked to my mother earlier today," Hermione said nervously. "She wants us to go out to dinner with them. I'd also like to pick up Crookshanks, he must miss me terribly and I was hoping that since we've got an apartment now..."

"Sure," Harry agreed. "If you like."

"Thanks Harry," she said giving him a warm hug. "I don't know why I got so worked up about this."

"Don't worry about it," Harry said. "It happens to the best of us."

"With that out of the way, why don't we move onto more important things."

"Like what?"

"Like the election," Hermione replied. "Fudge is going to try something."

"You want to disrupt his plans?"

"I was hoping to," Hermione agreed. "Please?"

"I suppose we could consider it our civic duty," Harry said dryly. "So long as we get it done before the election."

"Why before the election?"

"Well, I'd rather not tamper with the election box after the election has started. I'd also like to take the opportunity to empty Fudge's accounts while we still have the chance."

"How do you plan to do that?"

"He's still the Minister for a few more hours," Harry said mysteriously.

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"This just doesn't seem right sir," Percy protested.

"What would be right then?" Fudge challenged. "To turn power over to an irresponsible prankster in the middle of a war? How about a tentacle monster, would that be any better?"

"No but..."

"The thing you have to understand," Fudge interrupted. "Is that the public is stupid, they'll go rushing off without thinking and without considering the consequences, they're sheep... they can't think for themselves."

"I..."

"That's why they need leaders to do their thinking for them," Fudge continued. "That's why I did my best to conceal the return of 'you-know-who' after Potter reported that he was back, it was my responsibility to prevent a panic that could have hurt several people."

"Sir I..."

"Don't you understand, man?" Fudge demanded. "Without me, they're nothing. Without me to lead and protect them, 'you-know-who' will take the Ministry and kill hundreds of people, is that what you want?"

"No I..."

"Of course not," Fudge agreed. "That's why we have to do everything we can to insure that I am re-elected. It may be distasteful but sometimes you must do something distasteful if it is for the good of the people, the good of our people. So can I count on you? Will you do what's best for the people under our care?"

"Yes sir," Percy agreed. "I will do what's best for the people... no matter what the consequences might be."

"Good man," Fudge said proudly. "Here is a spare key to the ballot box, I need you to..."

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Hermione took a deep breath as they walked up the street to her parent's house. "Remember the plan."

"If they try to give us any more advice, we jump through the nearest window and run as fast as we can," Harry pitched in. "Every man for himself and kicking you in the knee so you can't run as fast is perfectly ok. Remember that old adage; if you're being chased by a bear you don't have to be faster than the bear, you just have to be faster than your former friends."

"What... no, where'd you get that plan?"

"You left it on the bedside table," Harry said with a mellow smile. "You really need to learn to keep your evil plots in a secure place."

"Yes... well... I was referring to the plan where you help my mother in the kitchen while I tell my father what's happened between us."

"You mean how your poor research skills led to our accidental marriage?"

"Yes, Harry," she agreed through clenched teeth. "That's exactly what I mean."

"You better get to studying then," Harry mused. "We wouldn't want to accidentally propose to Luna or anything would we?"

"I don't think there's a chance of that happening, Harry," Hermione laughed. "Come on, no sense putting this off any longer."

"Yeah," he agreed. "Good luck."

"Thanks," Hermione whispered. She opened the door and walked in. "Mum, Dad, we're here."

"Welcome home, Hun," her mother said with a smile.

"Harry was hoping he could help you in the kitchen," Hermione said subtlety. "He does all the cooking and was hoping to pick up a few tips from you."

"That'll be fine, dear," she said with a knowing grin. "Coming Harry?"

"Yeah," Harry agreed. "See you soon, Hermione."

"Bye Harry."

"So you can cook then, Harry?" Hermione's mother asked.

"Yes ma'am," he agreed.

"Call me, Jill."

"Phil and Jill?"

"Phillip and Jillian," she said with a shrug. "It's only the diminutives that rhyme."

"Sorry."

"It starts to get old after you've heard it a few dozen times," she replied with a shrug. "So about your cooking?"

"I used to do it all for my relatives," Harry explained. "I'm also good at landscaping, can fix most of the minor issues that crop up around the house, and can change the oil on a car."

"They're lucky to have a nephew that likes to do so many things," she complimented him. Jill was impressed; her husband could barely burn toast and was useless around the house. Making a mental note to impress on her daughter the rarity of her find, she turned back to her pot.

"Yeah," he agreed. "Lucky."

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"Hello Daddy," Hermione said sweetly. She walked up, sat herself in his lap and kissed him on the cheek.

"What is it, princess?" he asked wearily.

"Daddy, you know how some people legally marry so that foreigners can live in Great Britain, even though they don't behave in any other way like a married couple?"

"Yeeeess?"

"Well, even though we're only dating, and are nowhere near ready to get married, we kind of, well, accidentally performed the wizarding world's equivalent of a common-law marriage by mistake."

"What?" Common-law spouses in his world revolved around long-time cohabitation, sex, and children. And they'd only been travelling together a few weeks.

"Legally, we're married, but otherwise we're just boyfriend and girlfriend." Hermione didn't think this would be a good point to mention they were partners in crime. "Oh, and we may be working together pooling our knowledge and resources in a business

partnership.” Hermione was thinking about the warding business, as this was a safe profession to tell her parents about. “That’s actually what started this whole thing; the wizarding world has some very sexist rules that we didn’t know about until it was too late. Only the goblins, and a few people in law enforcement know about our marriage.”

“But what did you do that made you married in their eyes?”

Hermione blushed. “I read a book I probably shouldn’t have.”

“And reading this book means in their eyes you’re married?”

When Hermione nodded, her father lost his composure, and for the first time in Hermione’s memory, laughed so hard he couldn’t speak coherently. Eventually he said, “What a dastardly trap! If there was a book that’d make you married, you were doomed since you entered Hogwarts.”

“It’s not that funny,” she protested.

“The amazing thing about this is that you only got married once,” he teased. “With all the books you read.”

“Stop laughing,” she demanded. “This is serious.”

“Any way out of this then?”

“Maybe if it had been another family,” Hermione replied. “Harry’s family is rather… paranoid. The spells they have protecting their family spells are rather… uh, comprehensive.”

“These spells are what makes you married?”

“These spells are what enforces the contract,” Hermione corrected. “Custom is what got us married and we could have ignored that if it weren’t for the spells.”

“Can you take these spells off?”

"No," Hermione said firmly. "I can't."

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Disclaimer: Be VERY clear when you ask someone to violate the law if they're reluctant.

Democracy in Action

Percy crept into the room holding the ballot box and gave it a measured look. With a sigh, he pulled out his wand and set to work.

"What's best for the people," Percy muttered to himself. "That's a laugh." He eyed his handiwork, his resignation would be found in the morning and it wasn't like losing this job would be too much of a hardship was it? After all, Penny had just gotten that job offer... granted it would require moving away from England, but it would be good to broaden their horizons. "Besides, there's no way I'll live in a country run by any of the candidates," Percy added aloud. "Not my brother, not a tentacle Monster, and certainly not..."

"What exactly are you doing Mr. Weasley?" Madame Bones asked calmly.

"What's best for the people," Percy said firmly.

"Oh?"

"I'm doing my best to ward this box so it can't be tampered with."

"And you're a ward specialist then?"

"No Madame Bones," Percy replied. "The only wards I know are the ones I read up on before coming here."

"Then why are you warding that box?"

"The Minister ordered me to do what's best for the people," Percy explained.

"I see... what's in that bag there?"

"Pre-filled ballots," Percy said promptly. "The Minister instructed me to bring them to this room."

“And what is that in your hand?”

“A spare key to the ballot box,” Percy replied. “The Minister gave it to me earlier today.”

“And with those things you came here to ward the ballot box to prevent tampering?”

“I am following my instructions to the letter,” Percy said stiffly. “I was ordered to take that bag of ballots to this room and to do what’s best for the people. I believe that I have done so, were there any other questions Madame Bones? If not, I really must be going.”

“In a hurry then?”

“I still need to pack up my desk and put my resignation in the Minister’s in box,” Percy agreed. “Then I am going to call my girlfriend to tell her that I changed my mind and think it a marvellous idea for her to take that job abroad.”

“Not to mention the fact that you’ve decided to go with her,” she said dryly.

“Quite.”

“When were you planning to leave the country?”

“As soon as possible,” Percy said promptly. “Why?”

“Be sure not to leave before morning,” Bones ordered. “Understand?”

“I shall do my best to accede to your request, Madame Bones,” Percy said with as much dignity as he could muster. “If that is all, then I wish you good day.”

“That’s all.” She waited till she left the room before she called out, “Auror Tonks.”

“Yes Madame Bones?”

"See if Mr. And Mrs. Potter can join me will you?"

"I'll see if I can find them."

"Get them here before midnight," Bones said firmly. "Move."

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"Hermione told me an interesting story while you were in the kitchen."

"Oh?"

"Apparently, you can get married by reading a book in the magical world."

"Uh huh?"

"And she just happened to have accidentally read the wrong book and gotten married to her friend Harry."

"Well," her mother said after a moment of thought. "It's better than getting knocked up."

"You think the story's true then?"

"I think it's true that you can accidentally get married," she agreed. "Not sure if our daughter wouldn't have done the legwork first. Though I do wish she'd waited until she got older before trying this, or that she'd at least tried dating him longer."

"They have known each other since they were children," he mused. "Though I am a bit worried that she decided to do things the way she did. Would have been nice to give her away."

"You can still do that, we'll have a ceremony after they leave school. And what did you expect? He can cook, clean, do jobs around the house, and landscape. She's always been sensible about these things."

"And she's never been much good at cooking, cleaning, doing jobs around the house, or landscaping."

"True."

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"Come on Harry," Hermione demanded. "We don't have much time, we still have to change and go to the Ministry."

"I still don't see why we couldn't have gone there before we went home," Harry sighed.

"Because we have to take Crookshanks home first," Hermione said firmly. "Don't we baby," she cooed. "You'll like your new home so much and tomorrow we're going to go out and get you some toys so you won't get bored. Could you get the door for me, Harry?"

"Sure," he agreed. He opened the door and walked into the apartment, holding it open for his friend.

"Ow, he scratched me." Crookshanks had jumped out of Hermione's arms and was refusing to go through the door. "What's wrong?"

"Maybe he can sense the Dark Arts books you have in here," Harry suggested. "We could always..."

"Don't you dare suggest getting rid of my books," Hermione said quickly. "Come on Crookshanks, this is your new home. Besides, he never seemed to mind the forbidden section of the library."

"Oh."

"Could you open a can of tuna?" Hermione said without taking her eyes off the cat. "Maybe that'll convince him to come in."

"Sure," Harry agreed.

It was a rather odd scene Tonks came upon when she arrived a few minutes later. Hermione was on the ground eating tuna out of the can

while muttering about how yummy it was and how it was too bad a certain cat wasn't in the apartment so that he could enjoy it too. While Harry seemed to be doing his best to pretend that the whole thing wasn't happening.

"Did I come at a bad time?"

"Crookshanks won't come into the apartment," Hermione said absently. "Mmmm, doesn't this tuna smell yummy? Tastes yummy too," she added while putting a pinch in her mouth. "You sure you don't want some?"

"Right." Tonks turned her attention to Harry. "Madame Bones was hoping that the two of you could meet with her."

"When?"

"Now if possible," Tonks replied. "But if you want to drop Hermione off in the St. Mungo's psychiatric wing on the way, I'm sure she'll understand."

"I'm not crazy," Hermione said firmly. "I'm trying to coax Crookshanks into the apartment. He doesn't want to come in for some reason."

"No one thinks you're crazy," Tonks said calmly. "We only want to go there to... uh... prove that you're sane."

"The cat really won't come in," Harry said with a yawn. "Come on Hermione, let's go."

"But Crookshanks..."

"Take him with you," Tonks suggested. "But we gotta go now."

"Fine," Hermione agreed. She walked out of the apartment and picked up her cat. "This isn't over," she whispered to the ugly beast.

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"What's wrong Percy?"

"I did something that I believe will be good for the people but not necessarily good for me personally," Percy replied. "Is that job offer still good?"

"Yeah," she agreed. "I haven't sent in my rejection yet."

"Would you still like to take it?"

"Yes but..."

"Then please do so."

"But what about your career?" She asked. "I don't want to leave without you."

"I tendered my resignation before I left," Percy said pompously. "So I have no career and nothing to keep me from going with you. I am sure that I will be able to find an opportunity for employment once we get to our new home."

"Oh Percy," she moaned. "Um... wanna say goodbye to our apartment?"

"I don't see the..." His eyes lit up when he saw the expression on her face. "Need to delay any further," he added quickly. "Let us be about it then."

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"Mr. Potter," Amelia said warmly. "So good of you and your wi... Ms. Granger to join us."

"What can we do for you, Madame Bones?"

"I was hoping that you'd be willing to take these wards off of the ballot box," she replied. "And after assuring yourself that it hasn't been tampered with, replace them with your own."

“Of course,” Harry agreed. He spent a few seconds examining the box. “Hmmm, basic but creative.”

“Oh?”

“I can remove them, but it would be difficult to modify them.”

“Could you?”

“Oh yes,” Harry said quickly. “But like I said, it would be difficult. Take me maybe... fifteen minutes?”

“Twenty here,” Hermione muttered.

“And for a non Potter?”

“Without the family spells... a few hours maybe, there are some good non-family texts on the market.”

“Thank you,” Amelia said. “But please hurry, we’ve only got a few minutes before the election starts.”

“Right.” Harry’s wand was in his hand and he removed the wards with a flick. “Wards are off.”

“I don’t see any obvious signs of tampering,” Hermione volunteered.

Amelia opened the box and checked for hidden panels. “Seems good to me,” she said slowly. “Could you replace the wards.”

“Lock it up,” Harry agreed. Harry spent the next few minutes raising wards, sweat poured down his face and he nearly collapsed when he was done. “That should do it,” Harry panted. “Be sure to get me or Hermione when the election is done.”

“Would you like the honour of casting the first votes?” Amelia asked with a glance at the clock. “The polls have just opened.”

Hermione took the ballots and handed one to Harry. “Done Harry?”

"Yeah," he agreed.

"I'll put it in the box for you." She cast their ballots and took the opportunity to speak to Madame Bones. "This sort of thing takes a lot out of Harry," she whispered. "But he's too stubborn to admit it, do you think you could ask us to meet in your office and... uh... take your time getting there?"

"Will an hour be enough time?"

"He should be rested up enough to go home then," Hermione agreed.
"Thank you."

"Not at all," Amelia said with a smile. It touched her to see the way they looked out for each other. "Mr. Potter, do you think you have time to meet with me tonight after I get done here?"

"Sure," Harry agreed. "I always have time to meet with the Director of Magical Law Enforcement."

"Good," she said. "Auror Tonks, please escort them to my office. I will be with you two as soon as I can."

"Come on you two," Tonks said.

Hermione took Harry by the hand and pulled him out of the chair.
"Get up Harry, let's go." She wrapped an arm around his waist to support him and the group left the room.

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"What are you looking for, my little kumquat?"

"The leather crafting supplies, Father," Luna replied. "I need to make a collar."

"In the safe to keep it safe from the Dingbats."

"Of course." Luna slapped her forehead. "How could I have forgotten."

"The brass tags are in the grandfather clock," he added. Being a father was so much work some times.

"Thank you, Father."

|||||||

"And that's the Minister's office over there," Tonks said. She was greatly enjoying being a tour guide. "And here we are at Madame Bone's office."

Hermione made sure that her friend was in a chair before walking over to the pink haired Auror. "Tonks, could you go find us some tea or something?"

"Sure Hermione," she agreed.

"Harry likes milk in his and I like enough sugar to make a spoon stand up." She glanced at Harry to make sure he wasn't paying attention. "And could you take your time about it? Say... fifteen minutes?"

"I wonder what you need to have fifteen minutes alone here for?" Tonks asked with a sly grin. "Surprised you can get everything done so fast."

"Harry gets grumpy when he's tired," Hermione whispered. "I don't need to cheer him up too much, just enough to be good company. I'll... I'll make sure to finish cheering him up when we get home later."

"Ok," Tonks said with a knowing smile. "Be right back," she said loudly as she left the room.

Hermione peeked through the window. "She's gone."

"Great," Harry said with a smile. His fatigue washing away. "I just need to drop something in Fudge's in box."

"What is it?"

"Bank transfer," Harry said. "From Fudge's vault into the accounts receivable vault the goblins set up. Seems that any money that goes into it stays off the books, washed clean."

"Hmmmm," Hermione said with a smile. "How nice of him to offer to compensate us for all the slander."

"I thought so," Harry agreed with a smile. "I also had something I wanted to stick to the bottom of Amelia's chair."

"Starting that already?"

"Yup."

"Harry, that's mean. I like Amelia," she added with a pout.

"Fine, we'll put it under Kingsley's."

"Ok."

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"Minister Fudge?"

"Director Bones. Shouldn't you be guarding the ballot boxes or something?"

"Don't worry, they are well protected by Potter Wards," she said with a lazy smile. "I was just on my way to meet with him when I met you."

"P-p-p-potter wards?"

"Yes, shortly after Mr. Weasley turned over a spare key to the ballot box."

"I hope you arrested that pretender to the office..."

"Mr. Percy Weasley, not Fred. Seems you gave it to him."

“Expletive deleted not! It’s obviously a ploy to help his brother by framing me.”

“Oh, good. Then you won’t mind if those Aurors take you to a Ministry Holding cell and ask you a few questions under Veritaserum.”

“I most certainly do...”

“Good. Take him away.”

“You can’t keep him boss,” one of the Aurors whispered. “Not until he’s out of office anyway.”

“I know,” Amelia replied. “But I just couldn’t wait... let him go back to his office in a few minutes. Be sure he has a chance to sample the food before he goes, I’m told it’s an experience.”

“Yes Madame Bones,” the Auror agreed. “I’ll see to it.”

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“Miss?”

“Yes,” answered Dark Bunny Gretchen.

“You just voted.”

“Yes, that’s true.”

“But you got right back into line.”

“Right.”

“You are only allowed to vote once.”

“What? What kind of democracy is this?”

“The kind where you are only allowed to vote once.”

"That's undemocratic! When my master's the official Dark Lord there will be changes around here!"

"Yes, miss, but until then, you are still only allowed to vote once, so you might as well not spend the time to wait in line again."

"Oh expletive!"

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"Thank you both for meeting with me again," Amelia said as she walked into her office to find Tonks smirking at a mellow Harry and a blushing Hermione. "I just wanted to ask you here to discuss your efforts to catch the Fox and the Hound."

"They've been fairly quiet," Harry said with a yawn. "So we haven't done much. We did find a dozen monitoring charms in your office while we waited though, I'd be happy to come back later to take another look if you want."

"A dozen?" She gasped.

"Thirteen," Hermione interjected. "You missed that one over there Harry, another point to me."

"Oh yeah."

"But I had my best people go over this... thank you, your offer is most appreciated and I would like you to clean out my office as soon as you can possibly manage it."

"How about after the election?" Hermione suggested.

"That will be fine." Amelia made a mental note to avoid discussing anything sensitive before the pair had a chance to sweep her office.

|||||||||

"You again?"

"I'm not sure I know what you mean good sir," the Dark Bunny Gretchen said in a deep voice. "As I am quite sure that I have never met you in my life."

"An enormous fake looking moustache isn't going to fool me," he replied. "I've told you, you can only vote once."

"You will rue the day you insulted my master like this," Gretchen threatened as she went off to rejoin the back of the line.

"Why me?" the man lamented. "It's a good job, she said. You only have to work every couple years and you can have the rest of the time off, she said. There's nothing more courageous than protecting our democratic process, she said. Professor McGonagall and I are going to have words the next time we meet."

|||||||||

Harry grabbed his friend as they walked towards their apartment. "Get your wand out," he said in a low voice. "The door's open."

"Right," she agreed. "Crookshanks." The cat had leapt out of her arms and pushed through the open door into their apartment.

"Would you like to share some of this yummy tuna I found on the counter?" Luna's voice asked. "Here you go, it's good isn't it?"

"Is that you, Luna?"

"I think so," Luna said uncertainly. "But one can never be sure about these things . . . but if I'm not me then who do you suppose I am?"

"It's Luna," Hermione said with a relieved smile. "How'd you get him to... I can't go in Harry."

"Neither can I," Harry muttered. "Hmmm."

"What do you think it is?"

"We're tripping the wards for some reason," he replied. "Open the door the rest of the way."

Hermione complied. "Luna, what are you doing?"

"Sharing some Tuna with Crookshanks," Luna replied as if it were the most natural thing in the world. She was lying on her stomach in front of the door wearing nothing but a leather collar and an innocent expression on her face. "Why?"

"Got it," Harry said triumphantly. "I know why we can't get in and I know why Crookshanks wouldn't earlier."

"What are you... you don't mean?" She asked with a horrified expression. "We have to take off all our clothes and put on collars?"

"Only if you want to," Harry said as he stepped into the apartment. "Evening Luna."

"Good evening Harry."

"Aren't you a bit cold?"

"Why would I be cold?"

"Never mind," Harry said as he walked into the kitchen. "Are you staying for dinner?"

"What are we having?"

"Welsh Rarebit with leek and potato soup," Harry replied.

"Ok," she agreed. "Hello Hermione."

"Hello Luna," Hermione said with a forced smile. "Could you put some clothes on?"

"Hmmm?" Luna looked like she was deep in thought. "I believe I could... why?"

"Why don't we find out," Hermione suggested. "You like Harry's shirts right?"

"Uh huh?"

"Go put one on."

AN: The ongoing list of people that contributed to this fic without whom, it would not have been nearly as good . . . one might go so far as to say it would be quite bad: nonjon, Ed Becerra, ausfinbar, David Wangen, , dogbertcarroll, hattenjc, the caitiff, AlanP, Lone Wolf, meteoricshipyards, Shawn Pickett, Morris Rague, Iuinlothana, Treck, Drake, David Brown, Moshehim, Arthur Hansen, Marneus Calgar, Goblin214, Chris LeBron, khadon99, Shawn Pickett, tekobaka, Freddie, Musings of Apathy, Brian Arcis, and everyone else on my yahoo group. They gave me scenes, ideas, and all sorts of other things. Tell me if I missed you so I can add to this list. Another thanks goes to meteoricshipyards who wrote the majority of the continuing adventures of the tentacle monster as well as several others. Anything I wrote on that sub plot was fairly minor so kudos. And still another goes to who wrote a large number of scenes.

Disclaimer: Be careful or your actions may come back to haunt you, and remember if you give one person power then you often give it to their successor.

Pardon Me

After talking his way out of the holding cell, Fudge rushed back to his office to do a bit of last minute ministering before he was forced to give up his office. Damn that Weatherly... Wintergreen... Wallaby... whatever his bloody name was. Why couldn't he have done his duty?

Fudge rushed to his desk and began signing as many papers as he could. This was his last chance to make his mark on the magical world, his last chance to transfer Ministry funds into his private accounts, and most importantly his last chance to grant himself a pardon.

|||||||

“Master!”

“What’s wrong Gretchen?” It was getting close to noon, and Ron was about to go and vote.

“I failed you!” The Dark Bunny started crying.

“What happened? I don’t remember giving you any orders, so I don’t see how you could have failed me.”

“I tried to vote for you but almost every time I got to the front of the line, they stopped me. I’m such a failure.”

“There, there, it’s alright,” he said, softly, holding the crying girl.

Several other girls, seeing what was going on, also broke into sobs.

“I only voted for you once! Please master, punish me and forgive me!” one cried.

“I, too, failed you at the ballot!” cried another.

"I'm not mad at any of you," Ron tried to calm them.

"But we failed you!" one said, kneeling in front of him.

After the results were in, Ron realized that his one vote could have changed the outcome of the election.

|||||||||

"Well?"

"The results are in, Master," Peter said nervously. "Fred Weasley is the new Minister of Magic."

"And the title of Dark Lord?"

"The Dark Wizard Jeremy narrowly defeated Snivvy the Snape," Peter said shrilly.

"Cru..."

"You did win the other election by one vote though master," Peter added quickly. "Narrowly defeating former Minister Fudge who got in as a write in."

"Oh?" Voldemort calmed down a bit. "Show me."

"Yes master," Peter said in defeat.

"Is this some sort of joke?" Voldemort demanded.

"Afraid not master," Peter said with a wince. "Guess you spelled it wrong when you changed the form."

"How am I supposed to inspire fear if everyone knows me as the DORK Lord Voldemort?"

"Look on the bright side master," one of the other Death Eaters said.

“What bright side?”

“Your initials are the same so you can keep your monogrammed towels.”

“CRUCIO!”

|||||||

“Can’t believe you wrote in Dork Lord,” Harry laughed. “It’s things like that that made me marry you.”

“But... but I didn’t,” Hermione protested. “I wrote Dark Lord not Dork Lord, I don’t understand it.”

“I do,” Harry said between giggles. “Your lower case ‘A’ looks like an ‘O.’ Like I said, it’s things like that that made me marry you.”

“Things like... Harry,” she said in outrage. The sight of her angry face prompted more laughter. “Stop laughing at me,” she demanded stomping a foot for emphasis which only caused Harry to laugh louder. “Why don’t we change the subject?” Hermione said firmly. “How was Hedwig able to get through the wards if Crookshanks wasn’t?”

“What’s Crookshanks?”

“A cat.”

“More broadly?”

“A mammal?”

“And what’s Luna?”

“Ah,” Hermione said with a nod. “I understand.”

“Good,” Harry said with a fond smile. “Now back to your books. We don’t want to take the chance that we’ll get engaged to Luna by mistake because you don’t know the customs do we?”

“I don’t think that will happen Harry,” Hermione said with a smirk.
“What are the chances that lightning will strike twice?”

“You’re the bookworm, you tell me.”

“I’ll check into it when I have time,” Hermione said with a dismissive wave.

“You sure?”

“I already skimmed through several books,” Hermione replied. “And the only way Luna can get engaged or married to us without one of us asking her is if she were to do it in the same way I did.”

“And those books are the most heavily warded things in the country,” Harry finished with a sigh. “Ok, I’m not worried about it anymore.”

“Glad you feel so confident in my research abilities.”

|||||||

“Hey Moody,” Tonks shouted. “Let me see your eye?”

“Why?” Moody asked suspiciously.

“Because it’s time for another episode of...”

“Aurors gone wild,” they said together.

“Gods lass, if only I were fifty years younger.”

“Yeah,” Tonks sighed. “Well?”

“Here you go lass, who was it this time?”

“Rose made comment about my mother that I thought was in rather poor taste,” Tonks explained. “Try to get the images to naughty witch soon, there’s this new broom I...”

"So Rose made a comment about your mother and there's a new broom on the market that you want?"

"Multitasking," Tonks said with a smirk. "You said it was the mark of a good Auror."

"That I did," Moody agreed grudgingly.

Tonks poked the eye and made her way to the woman's locker room. Stowing her clothes in the locker, she silently made her way back to the showers.

"Right then folks," Tonks wearing someone else's face said to Moody's eye. "It's time we explored the habits of the yellow-bellied loudmouth. Also known as Auror Rose, why don't we just take a peak at her in the shower shall we?"

Far away, a grin blossomed on Moody's scarred face as the show continued. He really did love that little bint.

|||||||

"Mum, are you here?"

"Percy?" Molly said with a hesitant smile. "Penny?"

"It's us mum," Percy confirmed. "We just thought we'd drop by to say goodbye before we go."

"Where are you going?"

"Penny got a job offer overseas," Percy explained. "And we've decided to take it. We already saw her parents and I wanted to see you before we go."

"Hi Ms. Weasley," Penny said nervously.

"Penny," she said absently. The girl jumped when Molly put a hand on her stomach and then moved it up. "Your breasts don't seem swollen... you're not pregnant?" The tone was slightly accusatory.

“No,” Penny replied quickly.

“Of course not,” Percy added. “We’re not even married yet.”

“Well you better get started soon then,” Molly sighed. “You were always my good boy Percy, so why don’t you continue to be my good boy and give me a few grandchildren.”

“What?”

“With Bill and Charlie being such late bloomers, I’m depending on you to give me a grandchild soon. Is it so much to ask for? I just want a few dozen, that’s not so much in this family is it?”

“A few dozen?” Penny gasped.

“Your quota is four dear,” Molly said to Penny. “Now, which country were you two planning on moving to?”

“I’m taking a job with Gringotts in...”

“Gringotts?” Molly said thoughtfully. “They do have a rather progressive maternity leave... continue.”

|||||||

“Good evening Harry,” Luna said as she walked through their front door. “Good evening Hermione.”

“Evening Luna,” Harry replied. “Here for dinner?”

“Yes I am,” Luna agreed. “You’re a much better cook than father is. He seems to think that everything needs to be charred on the outside and raw on the inside.”

“My father does, too,” Hermione said with a smile.

“We have so much in common,” Luna squealed. “How fortunate.”

"Uh... I guess so, Luna."

"Do you mind if I use your library before dinner?"

"Go right ahead," Hermione agreed. "What were you looking for?"

"I was hoping to get a look at some of your books on muggle animals," Luna replied. "I hear that some of them are simply fascinating." Luna leaned closer. "And between the two of us, I believe that some of them may be the animals written about in father's newspaper."

Hermione opened her mouth to reply and closed it again. She blinked once, twice, three times. It sort of made sense, a first for one of Luna's arguments. "I'm afraid I don't have much of a section on muggle books," Hermione said shamefully.

"Oh." Luna seemed to droop.

"But don't worry," Hermione said cheerfully. "Harry's taking me out to buy some tomorrow."

"I am?"

"You are," Hermione agreed.

"Before or after Neville's party?"

"What?"

"Neville's party," Luna repeated herself. "If you were planning to go after then may I join you?"

"I didn't know that Neville was planning to have a party," Hermione admitted. "Did you Harry?"

"Nope."

“Really?” Luna asked in surprise. “It must have been because he was unable to find you. May I use your floo to contact him to get your invitations?”

“Sure, Luna.”

“Thank you Hermione.” Luna walked over to the fireplace and threw in a handful of floo powder. “Longbottom Residence.”

“Yes?” The stern face of Neville’s Gran appeared in the flames.
“What do you want?”

“Is Neville there?” Luna asked politely.

“He’s out at the moment with his girlfriend,” Augusta replied. “Would you like to leave a message?”

“My name is Luna Lovegood,” she began. “And I was wondering if Neville would like me to bring Harry and Hermione their invitations?”

“Harry... Potter?” The old woman asked.

“Yes.”

“I can already give you the answer to that question,” Augusta replied happily. “He would like that very much. Thank you young lady, may I tell Neville that his friends will attend?”

Luna glanced back at Hermione who gave a firm nod. “Yes, they will be there.”

“Good, thank you dear. Goodbye.”

“Bye-bye.” Luna got up and returned to Hermione’s side. “About that shopping trip?”

“How about we go after the party,” Hermione suggested. “Harry.”

“What is it?”

“What should we get Neville?”

“I was thinking we give him the gift of closure.”

“Hmmm?”

“The Lestrange family spells, right, etc.”

“Are you sure he’ll like it?”

“We can pick up something more conventional, too, if you like.”

“Ok.”

“Hermione,” Luna lowered her voice and leaned in close. “Could you give me advice on what to get Harry for his birthday?”

“I’d love to Luna,” Hermione agreed. “How about we get him something tomorrow? We can coerce him into taking our purchases back to the apartment in the middle of the shopping trip so we have time alone to get him something.”

“Thank you, Hermione.”

“What are friends for Luna?”

|||||||

“Minister Weasley?”

“What can I do for you Madame Bones?”

“We can’t keep Fudge,” she said with an unhappy frown. “Bloody fool did one intelligent thing in his life and granted himself a bloody pardon before the election ended.”

“He also enacted several decrees,” Fred said cheerfully. “Including one that cut funding for the Department of Magical Law Enforcement by some two hundred percent... there’s a notation that states that Aurors shall have to pay for the privilege of protecting the Wizarding

world. Another that makes it a death penalty offence to be a Werewolf with a rider that states that being an accessory to being a Werewolf shall be punished by life in Azkaban. And several similar bits of garbage.”

“You’re not going to let that stand are you?”

“Normally it would take a full session of the Wizengamot to have them repealed,” Fred replied. “But another of the decrees he managed to get enacted changes all that. I am, in effect the sole and absolute ruler of the magical world. As such, I hereby rescind all of Fudge’s decrees except two.”

“Which two?”

“The one that makes me the absolute ruler for one,” Fred said. “Angelina demanded that I keep that one until we’ve managed to reverse all the damage caused by Fudge and his ilk.”

“And the other?”

“The one that gives the Minister the power to imprison anyone at any time for any reason. I believe he had that one passed after Harry was found innocent, I’m guessing he didn’t want to have to take the chance on another inconvenient trial. Especially one that didn’t give the verdict that he wanted.”

“Why in the bloody hell would you keep that bit of garbage?”

“One reason,” Fred’s voice hardened. “Madame Bones, you are directed to apprehend former Minister Fudge and keep him until such time as I deem he should be released. He may have signed that bloody pardon but it won’t do him a bit of good.”

“Yes Minister,” she said with a smile. “I’ll be sure to handle that matter personally.”

“Be sure to give Fudge a message from me when you arrest him.”

“What message Minister?”

"Harry Potter is a member of the Weasley family," Fred said. "If you attack one of us, you attack us all."

"I'll be sure to tell him sir."

"Thank you Madame Bones, but please call me Fred."

"Amelia."

"Alright, happy hunting Amelia."

"Thank you Fred."

Fred sighed as the woman left the room. If he'd had known that he'd win and have to deal with serious issues then he'd have never run in the first place. Perhaps it was for the best, he tried to convince himself. Angelina seemed happy about what had happened and when she was happy, she made sure that he was very happy.

"Bloody Fudge had to make such a mess of things didn't he?" Fred rubbed his eyes. "Bloody job wouldn't be so bad if I didn't have to fix so many things the first day."

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Disclaimer: What did you expect from the Weasley family spells?

Twins, Triplets, etc.

She crept into the house, intent on the mission her Lord had assigned.
“Mrs. Weasley,” the girl whispered.

“What is it dear?” Molly asked. “And didn’t I tell you to call me Mum?”

“Sorry Mum,” Gretchen said with a blush. “The Dark Lord Jeremy invites you to dine with him.”

“Today?”

“Now,” Gretchen corrected. “Sorry mum.”

“That’s ok dear.” Molly patted the girl on the cheek. “So why does Ron want me there?”

“It’s a surprise.” Gretchen was practically glowing. “None of the girls could agree on who got to tell you so master is going to.”

“Just let me get my purse.”

|||||||||

“If it isn’t Neville Longbottom,” Tom said with a toothless grin. “Table for two?”

“In a secluded corner,” Daphne purred. She leaned forward to whisper into his ear. “It’s his birthday tomorrow and I was hoping...”

“I’m afraid that I don’t have a table free,” Tom said regretfully. “Would a private room do?”

“It will,” Neville agreed. “Thank you, Tom.”

“No problem lad.”

"Yes thank you Tom," Daphne agreed. "It wouldn't do to give Neville his present out here in front of everyone."

"Take the room for as long as you need it," Tom said to the girl. "Just ring a bell when you're ready to order."

|||||||

Ron was sitting at the head of a long table when Gretchen and brought his mother in. "Hey mum," he said nervously.

"What is it Ron?" She asked. Sitting on either side of the table were several girls, each with a smug expression on her face.

"I... would you like to start eating now?" Ron asked. "Elizabeth, could you hand my mum the potatoes?"

"Just spit it out Ron," she growled. Whatever he did had to be really bad if he was trying to butter her up like this.

"It's wonderful news Mum," Gretchen said.

"Uh huh," Elizabeth agreed. "Master is just excited."

"Oh." Molly blinked. "Sorry Ron. Now what was it dear."

"You're going to be a grandmother," Ron said weakly.
"Congratulations mum."

"I know dear," Molly said with a smile. "You told me remember?"

"It's even better then before," Gretchen squealed. "We're having twins."

A smile grew on Molly's face as she looked around at the girls.
"Really?"

"Yes mum."

"Both of you?"

"Uh... all of them," Ron replied.

"Really?" Molly squeaked.

"Yes mum, except for the ones that are having triplets, quadruplets, quintuplets, and so on..."

"Oh Ron."

"Yes mum?" Ron's eyes closed and his shoulders slumped as he waited for the tirade to begin.

"I'm so proud of you," Molly gushed.

"You are?"

"I've been waiting and hoping that one of your older brothers would give me some grandchildren but do they?" Molly ranted. "No, they don't. I didn't expect you to start until after you got out of school and I was terrified that you'd take after your brothers and procrastinate but you didn't and don't think I wasn't pleased about that. And now . . . twins and more . . . I'm so proud of you Ronny."

"Thanks mum."

"Gretchen."

"Yes mum?"

"Are you and the others free tomorrow?"

"No mum," Gretchen drooped. "Elizabeth and I are going to a party with Master."

"And the rest of us are getting ready for another party the day after," Elizabeth added.

"Then be sure to keep the day after that open," Molly said firmly. "We're all going to go look at baby clothes."

"Can we have a baby shower?" Gretchen asked hopefully.

"Of course we can dear," Molly agreed. "Now, have you thought of any baby names?"

"If I have a boy, I was hoping to name him Ron after master."

"That's not fair," one of the others protested. "I wanted to name one of my babies after master."

"Girls. Girls," Molly called for order. "Now, I'm sure there's a perfectly logical way to settle this."

As he listened to them talk, Ron hung his head. This was much worse than anything he'd feared.

|||||||

Hermione dragged herself into the world of wakefulness and sighed. "Luna."

"Yes, Hermione?"

"What are you wearing?"

"What do you want me to be wearing?" Luna replied in a sultry voice.

Hermione opened her eyes and looked over to see Luna in a blue sun dress. "I... nice dress."

"Why thank you, Hermione," Luna said with a pleased smile. "I'm glad you like it."

"Is that for Neville's party?"

"Mmhmm."

"Looks good on you."

“Really?”

“Yes,” Hermione said firmly. “Really. What do you think, Harry?”

“Looks good,” Harry said with a yawn.

“I’m so relieved,” Luna sighed. “I was ever so worried that pink wouldn’t look good on me.”

“Your dress is blue Luna,” Hermione said in a tired voice.

“But these are pink,” Luna replied as she pulled up her hem. “See? Do you think they suit me, or did I get a pair with too much lace?”

Harry didn’t bat an eye as Luna exposed herself in front of him but Hermione sighed in frustration, she really should have known better.

“Whatever,” Hermione said. “I’m too tired to care at the moment, I’m getting a shower. Could we have something with meat today, Harry?”

“Sure,” Harry agreed.

“Not that,” Hermione said to Luna after the girl got a delightfully naughty look on her face.

“I’m sure that I have no idea what you’re talking about, Hermione,” Luna said innocently.

“Sure you don’t.”

“Any suggestions, Luna?” Harry asked as he walked towards the kitchen.”

“Link sausage and eggs,” Luna said firmly.

“Simple and easy.”

“Can I help?” Luna asked with a grin.

“Sure,” Harry agreed.

A few minutes later, Hermione was out of the shower and staring down at her plate. "Luna."

"Yes Hermione?"

"Did you put the food on my plate?"

"I did," Luna said proudly. "Why?"

"Just wondering why my sausages were protruding out from between my eggs," Hermione said calmly. "Any particular reason you arranged them in that shape?"

"No reason at all."

"So you weren't trying to make it look like... I don't know, part of Harry's body?"

"Hmmm." Luna reached under the table and made a quick inspection of a very surprised Harry. "We'd need bigger sausage for that," Luna said as she withdrew her hand.

Hermione opened her mouth to reply, then closed it with a snap. She really was too tired to deal with this today. "Ok Luna, could you please pass the juice?"

"Of course, Hermione," Luna agreed brightly.

"Bloody crime you've got so much energy this early," she mumbled. "You, too, Harry."

"What was that?"

"Just ignore her," Harry advised. "She had a late night and she gets grumpy when she's tired."

"Don't talk about me like I'm not here," Hermione muttered. "S'rude."

"How much time till the party, Luna?"

"Doesn't start till around one so we've got lots of time."

"Finish up your breakfast and take a nap," Harry advised. "Ok, Hermione?"

"But I have things to do," Hermione protested. "My research..."

"Can wait," Harry said calmly.

"I..." Hermione yawned and put her head on the table. "I'm just going to rest my eyes for a sec."

"She's snoring," Luna observed. "It's kind cute."

"I'm sure she did that so I'd carry her into the bedroom," Harry said with a smile. "Lazy witch."

"Can I take a nap, too?"

"Wouldn't that wrinkle your dress?"

"I can take it off."

"Not sure Hermione would like it if she woke up in bed with you if you weren't wearing any clothes."

"I could borrow one of your shirts," Luna said hopefully.

"Sure," Harry agreed. "So long as I don't have to carry you, too."

"Aww."

After Harry finished his meal, he got up picked his friend up. Cradling her in his arms, he carried her into the other room.

"Could you get her shoes off, Luna?"

"Ok," she agreed. "Do you want me to take anything else off her?"

"You wouldn't happen to know a charm that will... uh... remove any tight clothing and loosen the rest?"

"No... why?"

"Because I don't think she'd approve if I had you do it the fun way," Harry explained.

"I don't think she'll mind if you do it," Luna said hopefully. Really, they were such prudes that she was finding it difficult to keep her hopes up.

"Yeah," Harry sighed. "Show me how to undo the catch on this thing would you?"

|||||||

Dean was pacing back and fourth in his room as he tried to psych himself up for the upcoming event.

"I can do this," Dean said. "I can do this, there's nothing to be afraid of. Nothing will happen, no reason not to go. Neville's my mate; I've known him a lot of years. I can do this, I can do this, I can do this. I'm strong enough; I've put the... incidents behind me. I have nothing to worry about."

He grabbed a stress ball and began squeezing it. "Like my therapist said, I need to face my demons. I can do this." His face twisted into rage. "This is all the Dark Lord Jeremy's fault anyway. I just have to find a way to switch his attention from me to Harry... Dark Wizards like tormenting Harry, no reason they should want to go after me." He pushed down the momentary spike of sympathy he felt for his doormate. "Besides, it's not like he isn't compensated for his trouble. He gets girls, he's rich, and he kicks a lot of ass. Harry should thank me for sending another Dark Wizard after him. After all, his old nemesis got demoted... and who makes assless chaps and glittery masks part of their dark uniform? Honestly, I'm doing Harry a favour here."

|||||||

"Mmmm," Hermione had a content smile on her face as she cuddled up to Harry. She could feel his breath on the back of her neck, his arms wrapped around her body, his breasts... wait a minute. "Luna?"

"Mmmhmm?"

"Why are you in bed with me?"

"I wanted a nap, too."

"Were you the one that... uh..."

"Loosened your clothing to make you comfortable?"

"Yes."

"Harry did that." Luna cuddled Hermione. "He didn't think you'd like it if I did it and he wanted you to be comfortable."

"Oh." She was ok with that. "How long have we been asleep?"

"I don't know, Hermione. But Harry said he'd wake us up with plenty of time to go shopping and get something to eat."

"Ok." Hermione closed her eyes. "Night, Luna."

"I'm fairly sure it's day, Hermione," Luna replied. "But I'm going back to sleep."

Harry stuck his head in a few minutes later and smiled at the sight of the two girls spooning each other on his bed. "I'm gonna need another cold shower," he muttered to himself. "Still have an hour before I need to get them up."

|||||||

"Good morning Daphne," Augusta said as she ushered the girl in. "Here to wish Neville a happy birthday?"

"Yes Gran," she agreed. "I have twenty feet of silk rope and enough stamina potions to last a week."

"Well... have fun dear."

"Did you give Neville that book on knots yet?" Daphne asked hopefully.

"Of course I did dear, you don't think I'd spoil Neville's birthday surprise do you?"

"Sorry, I'm just nervous. I really want to make sure that everything goes right."

"I understand," Augusta said happily. "Be sure to remind Neville to cast a few charms to reinforce the frame of his bed."

"I will."

"And don't forget that the party will be starting in a couple hours."

"I won't forget."

"Then go up there and wish my grandson a happy birthday."

"Yes Gran," she agreed quickly. "Bye."

"Ah... youth."

AN: The ongoing list of people that contributed to this fic without whom, it would not have been nearly as good . . . one might go so far as to say it would be quite bad: nonjon, Ed Becerra, ausfinbar, David Wangen, , dogbertcarroll, hattenjc, the caitiff, AlanP, Lone Wolf, meteoricshipyards, Shawn Pickett, Morris Rague, luinlothana, Treck, Drake, David Brown, Moshehim, Arthur Hansen, Marneus Calgar, Goblin214, Chris LeBron, khadon99, Shawn Pickett, tekobaka, Freddie, Musings of Apathy, Brian Arcis, and everyone else on my yahoo group. They gave me scenes, ideas, and all sorts of other things. Tell me if I missed you so I can add to this list. Another thanks goes to meteoricshipyards who wrote the majority of the continuing

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Omake by hattenjc

Ron was furious "RON get here now" the sound of tiny feet running was his answer.. "Alright Ron who did it" He said staring at his children.. of the 25 kids present, 22 of them were named Ron swallowed nervously "Um.. Dad HE did it" Ronald said pointing at his sister Ronaldalda who started to cry..

Ron sighed.. Harry never had those kind of problem...

At Harry Potters home...

"Dad dad come... Helena summon a thingy" Selena a blond 9 year old girl screamed in panic.

Harry rolled eyes and rushed after... in the library he frowned.. "Agamenmon. Helena.. What are you two doing" he said in anger typical his two older 10 and 11 year old where scaring their younger children again..

Agamanmon frowned "Dad.. I hate my name I'm Potter.." He whined just like his mother Tonks..

Beside him Hellena (Hermione's daughter) tried to hide her bushy and wild hair clearly visible from behind her older half brother..

Harry was just about to read the kids their right when Luna came rushing in..

Luna "Harry.. Um.. You have to come to the bedroom Hermione managed to summon a Sex demon and it refuse to leave.. A female sex demon.."

Harry sighted "Again.." as he rushed to the bedroom.

Luna shrugged "She's nice.."

Disclaimer: What did you expect? I had to use it, just had to.

She's my Cherry Pie

Wake up, girls," Harry said gently. "It's time to go."

"Mm'ok Harry," Hermione agreed. "Come on, Luna."

"Ok, Hermione," the sleepy blond agreed. "Could you give me a hand, Harry?"

"Me, too," Hermione demanded. "Help us up."

Harry pulled the two girls to their feet and tried not to watch as they got dressed. "Ready?"

"Ready, Harry," Hermione confirmed.

"Uh huh."

"Let's go then," Harry suggested. "You got Neville's gift, Luna?"

"Right here," Luna agreed. "A toad care and grooming kit."

"And I've got Neville's presents in this bag," Hermione said. "You know, the ones we discussed?"

"Let's go then." They walked to the fireplace and threw in a handful of floo. "I hate travelling this way," Harry groaned before stepping into the flames.

They arrived in a carpeted room with mahogany trim and a smiling Neville. "Glad you three could make it," Neville said cheerfully.

"Here Neville." Luna handed her gift over. "I wrapped it in an issue of the Quibbler so it's like getting two gifts in one."

"Thanks Luna," Neville said warmly.

"We got you something, too," Hermione said as she handed Neville a large box. "And something else in case you didn't like the first gift."

"I'm sure it'll be fine," Neville assured them.

"Open them," Luna chirped.

"Alright," he agreed. Neville carefully unwrapped the package. "Thanks Luna, I've been needing one of these. Trevor will love it."

"Who's Trevor?"

"My toad."

"You have a toad?" Luna asked in shock. "I never knew."

"Then why?"

"Moving right along," Hermione said firmly. "Why don't you open our gift now?"

"It's the... Lestrange signet ring?" He said with a hopeful grin on his face. "Harry you didn't?"

"There are also the Lestrange family spells in there," Harry said. "And the ring carries with it the Lestrange seat on the Wizengamot."

"Then they're?"

"All except Bellatrix," Harry said. "She's locked up somewhere she can't hurt anyone again."

"It was part of the deal to get the other two," Hermione said quickly. "I'm sorry Neville."

"What deal?"

"With her sister," Harry said slowly. "We let them back in the family in exchange for the Lestrange brothers and the assets of the Lestrange and Malfoy families."

“You’re a Black then?”

“Head of the family.”

“I see.” Neville took a deep breath and let it out slowly. “I... I can accept that Harry, I’m not sure if my Gran can though.”

“I can,” the woman announced her presence. “Mr. Potter acted as he position demanded. It was his responsibility to rein in a member of his family and he did so. The fact that he destroyed the Lestrange family and handed it over to us clears away any debts. Than you, Mr. Potter.”

“It was my pleasure ma’am,” Harry said uncomfortably. “If it helps... Bellatrix isn’t quite right in the head. Mentally she’s a child, granted an extremely dangerous child. But after everything that happened to her, the Crucios, the time in Azkaban.”

“I understand,” Neville sighed.

The conversation cut off when the fireplace flared to admit the next guest. “Hey mate,” Seamus said. “How ya doin?”

“Great Seamus, how are you?”

“Heard you were dating Daphne Greengrass?” Seamus said. “Way to go mate, she’s a fox.”

“That she is,” Neville agreed. “My fox.”

“Where is she?” Luna asked.

“She’s all tied up at the moment,” Neville said smugly. “She’ll be here later.”

“Oh... ok.”

“Here you are, mate.” He handed Neville a bottle. “Oi got it from me cousin. He runs a pub just north of Belfast. Drink it in good health.”

“Thank you, Seamus.”

“Any time, mate.”

The next guest to arrive was Ron, flanked by his two top minions. “He Nev, got something for you... well, you and Daphne.”

“Mostly for Daphne,” Gretchen said with a happy smile.

“Lucky girl,” Elizabeth agreed.

“Ok?”

“Here you go, Nev, I got permission.” He handed over a roll of Parchment. “I think Daphne would be VERY grateful if you learnt these spells. Just don’t go sharing them, they are Weasley family spells you know.”

Neville took a few minutes to go over the scroll and he blushed a deep red. “Thank you mate... this means a lot to me.”

“You’d do the same for me, mate,” Ron waved it off. “What’re friends for?”

The fireplace flared again to admit a nervous and shaking Dean. “H... hi Neville... how ya doing?”

“Didn’t think you were coming,” Neville said with a pleased grin. “Good to see you again.”

“Yeah, my therapist says that I need to learn to face my fear before I can overcome it.”

“Ok?”

“Dean,” Neville’s Gran said happily. “You came?”

“You know him?”

"We shared a rather... passionate afternoon a few weeks ago," she said with a happy smile. "It was simply wonderful."

"Don't tell me you?" Neville said with a look of dawning horror.

"It was all the Dark Wizard Jeremy's fault," Dean cried.

"Wasn't me, mate," Ron whispered into his minion's ear. "I wouldn't do something like that."

"You... you shagged my GRANDMOTHER? YOU SICKO!"

"It just happened."

"I CAN'T . . . YOU SLEPT WITH MY GRANDMOTHER!"

"It's perfectly fine dear. I'm sure the young man is an educated young Gentleman; he knows the old laws for situations like this. We shall be married before school returns."

"YOU HAD SEX WITH MY GRANDMOTHER AND NOW YOU ARE GOING TO MARRY HER?"

"Dear Lord, please strike me dead that I may go to hell and suffer eternally, for nothing could make living here worse."

"So when do you wish to have the wedding dear?"

"I can't deal with this," Dean cried. "It's too much pressure." With that, a screaming Dean fled the room.

"Easy come, easy go," Augusta sighed. "Why don't you retrieve Daphne so that this party can get started in earnest."

"Yes Gran," Neville agreed dutifully.

"You know," Harry whispered to his girls. "If I'd known birthdays were like this in the magic world, then I'd have never felt bad about never getting one."

"I'm fairly sure this isn't normal, Harry," Hermione said dryly.

"Yeah," Luna agreed. "Usually someone doesn't sleep with your grandmum until after they'd been drinking for a while. Sleeping with her before the party is almost unheard of."

"People sleep with your grandmother at your birthday?" Hermione asked incredulously.

"Not my grandmum," Luna said firmly. "Grampy wouldn't like that."

"Then..."

"Then what?"

"Never mind, Luna."

"Ok."

They looked up when they saw one of Ron's companions walking towards them. "Hello," Harry said.

"Hello, Harry right?"

"Yes?"

"I'm Gretchen," the girl said cheerfully. "Mind if we borrow your girls for some girl talk?"

In response, Harry just looked towards Hermione and Luna.

"We'd love to," Hermione said warmly. "Wouldn't we, Luna?"

"Oh my yes," Luna agreed. The girls drifted off into a corner and began giggling loudly and Harry wandered over towards Ron.

"Hey mate," Ron said with a grin. "How's your summer?"

"Good. Yours?"

"Eventful," Ron replied. "Very eventful." Ron nodded towards the door indicating the return of Neville accompanied by his girlfriend. "Did you know Neville was dating Daphne?"

"Hadn't heard that one," Harry replied. "They look happy though."

"They are," Ron assured him. "Over here Nev."

Neville gave Daphne one last kiss before coming over to join them. "Thanks again for the spells Ron, Daphne thanks you, too."

"No problem, mate."

"So what do you think the girls are talking about?"

"Make up?"

"Sounds right."

|||||||

Gretchen and Elizabeth had just finished telling the other girls exactly how much pleasure Ron could and did give them when Daphne walked up.

"What about you Daphne?" Gretchen asked.

"Well." Daphne rubbed the rope burns on her wrists with a happy smile. "Let's just say that he knows exactly what I like, and how to give it to me. I was lucky to find a guy like Neville, very, very lucky."

"Good for you, Daphne," Hermione said happily. "You know, I was always worried that Neville would be too shy to find someone. Especially someone like you."

"What do you mean by that?"

"Well, you're intelligent, confident, beautiful, and you have the reputation of being the Slytherin Ice Princess."

"Neville thawed me," Daphne said in a husky voice. "It just took a lot of skin contact."

"Best thing to treat cold injuries," Luna piped in.

"Exactly," Daphne agreed with a smug grin.

"That's just it," Hermione said. "I'm proud of Neville."

"I am too," Daphne said with a sultry grin. "Very proud and very, very pleased." Daphne shivered in delectation for a few seconds before dragging herself back to the present. "So tell us Hermione, how's Harry?"

"What?"

"You know, how is he?" Gretchen prompted. "We told you."

The other girls leaned forward in anticipation. "We haven't... that is... uh..." The blushing Hermione stammered.

||||||||||

It was a measure of his distraught. Dean, as a result of meeting one of the women that haunted his darkest and most horrible nightmares, ran away from the fireplace... away from his way out. He didn't calm down until he was thoroughly lost in the sprawling Longbottom complex.

"It's ok," Dean said to himself. "I'll be ok... I've just got to find a place to hide for a little while. I've just got to stay calm and think things over." Dean crept through an unused room and into a closet at the back.

"S'bloody room fulla quilts," he said in relief. "Nothing can hurt with me, no one will find me. I just have to wait here for a bit and make my escape when things have cooled off."

||||||||||

"See you later Neville, Ron." Harry said.

"Bye Gretchen," Luna said cheerfully. "It was nice meeting you and Elizabeth."

"Bye Luna." They all bade their farewells and watched as Harry and his girls disappeared into the floo network.

"What's got you so pensive, Gretchen?" Ron asked with a worried frown. "Is everything ok?"

"It's your friends, master," Gretchen sobbed. "It's horrible."

"What is it?" Ron demanded.

"They haven't... they haven't."

"Haven't what?"

"They're sleeping together," Daphne interjected. "But they're not SLEEPING together."

"Oh... is that all."

"Is that all master?" Gretchen gasped. "It can't be healthy, they might explode or something if this isn't taken care of."

"Explode?"

"Think how pent up we get after an hour away from you," Elizabeth whispered into his ear. "Now imagine an hour with us without any... benefits."

"I'm sure they're just late bloomers," Daphne interjected calmly.

"All except Luna," Gretchen said firmly. "Girl's got her head on straight."

"Luna's got a her head on straight?" Ron tried to wrap his mind around the concept.

"That's what I was just thinking master," Gretchen agreed with a pleased smile.

"Maybe he's gay," Elizabeth mused. "I mean, he's living with one attractive witch and he's got another that's ready and willing."

"Harry's the kind of guy who'll take things slow," Ron said calmly. "He's probably just afraid that he'll push Hermione away if he pushes too hard."

"But he's not pushing at all, master," Gretchen protested.

"We have to help them," Elizabeth agreed.

"Fine," Ron sighed.

"Speaking of pushing." Daphne gave Neville the LOOK.

"I just remembered something I need to be doing," Neville said with a happy grin. "Later Ron."

"Later Nev."

|||||||||

Meanwhile...

Harry, Hermione, and Luna were shopping in a non-magical bookstore. Luna had immediately gravitated towards the zoology section and Hermione had reluctantly followed to keep the other girl out of trouble.

"Hermione look," Luna said. The girl was bouncing in excitement. "Look, look, look."

"What am I looking at?" Hermione asked.

"This, do you know what this is?" Luna was glowing.

"It says here that it's a horned lizard," Hermione said slowly.
"Commonly called a horned toad."

"The horns," Luna said happily. "Look at them."

"What about them?"

"Don't they look a bit... crumpled?"

"I..."

"Father will be so happy when he finds out. To think, we were looking in the wrong place. The Crumple Horned Snorkack wasn't in Sweden, it was in America the whole time."

"Luna that's not..."

"Let her go," Harry whispered into her ear. "She's happy and there's nothing wrong with giving something a new common name."

"Harry." Hermione opened her mouth to speak and closed it. "You're right." She raised her voice. "Good job, Luna."

"Thank you, Hermione," Luna said. "I owe it all to you, if you hadn't taken me to this muggle bookstore then I might have never found proof that the Crumple Horned Snorkack existed."

"I'm happy for you, Luna," she replied honestly.

Harry gave his friend a hug and walked to the counter. "How much for all of them?"

"All of what sir?"

"One copy of every book," Harry replied. "All the reference books anyway."

"Sir it would..." the clerk froze when Harry slid an ebony credit card across the table. "Just put it on that."

“Yes sir.”

“Could I arrange to have them boxed up?”

“I’ll have to talk to my manager...”

“Good,” Harry said. “Tell him that I need them delivered to the bank down the street or it’s no sale. Boxes aren’t required but would make things easier.”

“I’ll... I’ll be right back sir.”

“Thank you.”

The clerk returned a few moments later with an older woman. “It should be doable Mr. Potter,” the manager said quickly.

“Called the bank did you?”

“We did,” the manager confirmed. “And we can have the books delivered right away if you wish.”

“I do,” Harry agreed. “Excuse me.” Harry walked back to the girls.
“Ready to go?”

“Just let me ring up these books,” Hermione said absently.

“Just put them on the counter,” Harry said. “I’ve arranged to have everything delivered.”

“Where?”

“To the bank,” Harry explained. “We can pick it up from there.”

“Thank you Harry,” Hermione said with a pleased smile. She had such a thoughtful boyfriend. “Should we go get something to eat now?”

“Fine,” he agreed. “Any preferences?”

"Fish and chips maybe," Hermione said slowly. "Sound good Luna?"

"Sounds exotic," Luna chirped. "Is it a muggle thing?"

"I guess so," Hermione agreed with a shrug. "I never saw it at Hogwarts."

|||||||||

Dean woke up with a start. "Must have fallen asleep... well, the coast should be clear by now." Dean slowly turned the handle and crept into the adjoining room.

"Why look who's decided to join us girls," Augusta said with a sultry smile.

"No," Dean whispered. Before him was Neville's Gran and her bridge club. "No... NOOOOOOOOOOO!"

"Lock the door," Augusta said firmly. "I told you I'd provide the entertainment."

"That you did," one of her friends agreed with a sultry grin.

|||||||||

"This is delicious, Hermione," Luna said happily. "And it's wonderful the way they wrap it in a newspaper."

"Glad you like it."

"I simply must inform father of this discovery," Luna mused. "He'll be ever so pleased to learn that there's another use for the Quibbler."

Hermione opened her mouth to give a reply and then closed it abruptly. "Good for you Luna," she finally said.

Harry watched the girls interact with a sense of detached amusement. If one were to ask him, he would honestly say that he was pleased that they were getting along so well. He'd initially been a bit worried

that they'd clash over the odd creatures that Luna's father wrote about. Hermione insisting that they didn't exist and Luna being just as insistent that they did. Before he knew it, the girls had finished their conversation and were looking at him expectantly.

"Well?" Hermione demanded.

"I'm sorry, I didn't hear you. I was lost in thought."

"I said, Let's get ice cream before we go home," Hermione suggested.
"There's a shop right over there."

"I've never had muggle ice cream," Luna pleaded. "Please Harry?"

"All right." Harry helped the girls out of their seats and got to his feet.
"Shall we go?"

The group walked across to the ice cream shop and up to the counter.

"Do you have any preferences Luna?" Hermione asked.

"No," Luna replied. "What do you like?"

"Why don't we get a Sundae?" Hermione suggested. "With strawberry, vanilla, and chocolate. All covered in whipped cream and hot fudge with a cherry on the top."

"Ok," Luna agreed.

"One for me, too," Harry said.

"It's settled then," Hermione said with a satisfied smile. "Harry, you order for us while we get a table."

"Why can't you order while I get a table?"

"Because you have all the money," Hermione said reasonably.

"Oh... right."

“Come on, Luna.” Hermione grabbed the other girl by the hand and dragged her to a table.

Luna bashed when Hermione took her by the hand and refused to let go of it after they sat. “It will protect us from... um... table monsters,” Luna explained confidently.

“Table monsters?”

“Yes.”

“You just made that up,” Hermione accused.

“I’m sure that I did not.”

“Will we be safe when our ice cream arrives?”

“We should be,” Luna agreed. “At least until we finish.”

“Uh huh.” Hermione gave Luna a suspicious look and got an innocent one in return.

Harry walked up to the table and set a bowl in front of each of the girls. “Eat up.”

“What was this called again Hermione?”

“A Sundae,” Hermione replied.

“Oh.” Luna plucked the cherry off the top and put it beside the one in Harry’s bowl. “I want to give you my cherry Harry.”

Hermione frowned before replicating Luna’s action. “I want you to have mine too Harry, but I’m taking yours.” She turned and gave Luna a firm look. “Understand?”

“Of course Hermione,” Luna agreed. “I would never dispute that, you’re first. I just want to be next.”

“We’ll talk about it later,” Hermione said firmly.

"Ok Hermione." Luna was pleased that her request hadn't been rejected out of hand.

Harry frowned as he listened to the conversation. He was sure that the girls had just decided something, but for the life of him he couldn't figure out what.

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Disclaimer: These are a few of my favorite things . . .

Black Vinyl

“Madame Bones,” Kingsley shouted. “Take a look at this.”

“Shacklebolt, we will be robbing the Greengrass family on the first of August.” She read slowly. “Ha, ha, ha, there is nothing you can do to stop us. Ho, ho, ho, suckers.’ You’re sure this is real?”

“Fairly sure.”

“Hmmm.”

“We’ve got ‘em,” Kingsley said with a satisfied smile. “We’ve got ‘em.”

“Maybe,” Madame Bones said slowly. “I wouldn’t count on that until they’re in a holding cell and under Potter Wards.”

|||||||

“Harry,” Hermione began. “Do you think our books have been delivered yet?”

“Should be,” he agreed. “Why?”

“Could you pick them up and take them home?” She looked up at him with puppy dog eyes. “Please?”

Harry frowned and just looked at her.

“Luna and I need a bit of girl time,” she leaned forward to whisper into his ear. “Please, Harry.”

“Fine,” he sighed.

“Thank you, Harry.” She hugged him and gave him a quick kiss. “I’ll meet you at the Leaky Cauldron?”

“Is there anything else?”

“Um... money?”

Harry laughed as he pulled out his wallet. “Oh woe is me, I work and I work and then my wife spend it all. Woe is me.”

“My pay is deposited into your account, too,” Hermione protested.
“Stop laughing at me.”

He smiled at her expression and kissed her on the forehead. “Here, will this be enough?”

“Could I get some Galleons, too?” She said in a small voice.

“Why don’t I just give you the bag?” He suggested. “And you can give me whatever you have left.”

“Thank you, Harry.”

“Just be sure to get Luna something nice,” Harry replied. “Deal?”

“Deal,” she agreed. “I’ll see you soon.”

“At the Cauldron or back at home,” Harry agreed.

|||||||

“So that’s the plan,” Elizabeth said to the group of assembled Dark Bunnies. “We help master’s friends, we come back, master rewards us all.”

“Um.”

“Yes?”

“We still haven’t heard back from the Fox and the Hound have we?”

“No,” Elizabeth said mournfully. “We locked their invitation up in our safe and everything.”

“Well... master’s friends are their arch foes aren’t they?”

“What’s your point?”

“We could ask them to pass on the invitation.”

“Brilliant,” Gretchen cut in. “I’m sure master will reward us even more if we manage that.”

“New plan,” Elizabeth said. “We ask master’s friends to help, then we help them, then we come back and master rewards us.”

“Yay,” the Dark Bunnies all cheered.

|||||||

“Why are we in an underwear store Hermione?” Luna asked with a happy smile. “Do you want me to model for you?”

“No Luna.”

“Then will you model for me?” She added hopefully.

“No.”

“Well?”

“I’m buying something for Harry.”

“Harry wears women’s underwear?”

“It’s for me to wear and him to enjoy,” Hermione explained.

“Oh... what about this one?”

“A thong?”

“Uh huh.”

“Remember what I said with make up?”

“Less is more?”

“That’s right,” Hermione said proudly. “With lingerie the reverse is often true. It isn’t what you show, it’s what you don’t show.”

“Oh... thank you, Hermione.”

“Happy to help, Luna.”

“I think this one would look good on you,” Luna said happily. “What do you think?”

“Better then the last one.”

“And I want to try this one on,” Luna said cheerfully.

“Um... a black vinyl school girl uniform isn’t... uh...”

“But I think it’ll look good on me.”

“You can try it on,” Hermione allowed. “And we’ll see.”

“Yay.”

|||||||

Harry made a quick stop at the bookshop in Diagon on his way home from the bank. “Excuse me.”

“What can I do for you Mr. Potter?”

“I was hoping that you might have a book on library spells?”

“Library spells?” He asked flatly.

“ Spells for libraries,” Harry explained. “For cataloguing books, that sort of thing.”

“Ah... I do have such a book.”

“Where could I find it?”

“In my back room,” the man said with a smile. “Don’t happen to have a copy for sale though.”

“Oh.” Harry deflated.

“Any spells you need to know?”

“A spell to locate a book or subject you want, a spell to shelve books, and a spell to catalogue books.”

“Shouldn’t be a problem,” he said thoughtfully. “Let me copy them out for you on a piece of scrap paper. Do you still want the book? I could order you a copy.”

“Please,” Harry agreed. “And thank you.”

“Not a problem Mr. Potter.”

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“There he is,” Gretchen whispered.

“He’s alone,” Elizabeth replied.

“We could follow him,” one of the other girls suggested. “Until he meets up with master’s other friend.”

“Good thinking,” Elizabeth said firmly. “Let’s go.” They group followed Harry up Diagon alley and watched as he walked into the twin’s store.

“Now what?” Gretchen asked.

“Now we wait,” Elizabeth said firmly.

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“Harry’s not there yet,” Luna said to her friend. “Now what do we do?”

"We... I see him coming this way," Hermione said. "Ok, remember what you need to do."

"Take these things back to your apartment and hide them in your trunk."

"Thanks, Luna."

"What are friends for, Hermione?"

"How much time do you need?"

"Not long," Luna said slowly. "How about we meet in one of the shops?"

"Ok Luna," Hermione agreed. They split up and Hermione made a beeline for Harry. "Over here."

"Hermione," Harry said with a smile. "Where's Luna?"

"She's just dropping a few things off," Hermione replied. "What do you want to do now?"

"I..." Harry cut off when a group of Dark Bunnies surrounded them.
"Can I help you ladies?"

"You guys are hunting the Fox and the Hound aren't you?" Gretchen asked.

"Yes," Harry agreed slowly. "Why?"

"Do you think you could pass a message along?"

"What message?"

"We're holding a celebration for Peter the Dark Enforcer of the North," Elizabeth explained. "And we were hoping that they could attend."

"I'll pass it along if I have the chance."

"Thank you," Elizabeth said politely.

"Um... aren't you the girls that went to Neville's party with Ron?"

"Yep," Gretchen agreed.

"Oh," Hermione said weakly.

"Well, now that's we've got the small talk out of the way. It's time to get to the reason we needed to meet with you," Elizabeth said professionally.

The girls drew their wands and an opaque sphere came into existence around the young couple.

"Bwahaha," Gretchen laughed sadistically, "the only way you can get out is to overwhelm the wards with a massive amount of orgone energy. Bwahaha... suffer."

"We done here?" One of the other Bunnies asked.

"We're done here," Elizabeth agreed. "Have a nice day Harry, Hermione."

"Yes, don't hesitate to call us if you need anything." Gretchen added, "bye."

"What do you suppose they meant by orgone energy?" Harry asked.

"Um." Hermione blushed, this wasn't how she expected things to happen but needs must, she told herself. "I think..."

"And we're out," Harry said as the wards collapsed. "Interesting ward if a bit simplistic. You were saying?"

"Never mind," Hermione sighed. "You think Ron knew he was going to Neville's party with a couple of Dark Witches?"

"Not a chance," Harry laughed. "We can never tell him."

"Pity... I'd have loved to see the look on his face after we found out. So, you think the Fox and the Hound are going to the party?"

"I think there's a better then average chance."

"Ok."

|||||||

"Master," Elizabeth said as she led the group into Ron's inner sanctum. "We helped your friends and asked them to pass on an invitation to the Fox and the Hound. Will you reward us now?" She asked eagerly. "Did we do good? Huh did we did we did we?"

"Yes you did," Ron agreed. "Lingua Landica."

Elizabeth started screaming and screaming until her lungs were emptied of oxygen. Collapsing to the ground she began shuddering as Ron held the spell. "Thank you master," she panted as he let off. "Oh god, thank you master."

"Another new one?" Gretchen asked eagerly.

"Yep."

"Me next?" She begged. "Please master."

"Fine," Ron agreed. "Come closer."

|||||||

Luna spent a few minutes modelling her new lingerie in the mirror and was more then a bit tempted to wait until her loves returned to give Harry a personal show. "Hermione wouldn't like it if I spoiled her surprise," Luna told herself firmly. "And this is not the time to antagonize her... not after the concession she made anyway." She took one last look at her reflection before reluctantly changing back to her normal clothing and hiding the purchases in Hermione's trunk.

With an unhappy sigh, she left the apartment and wandered off in search of Harry and Hermione."

|||||||||

"So we're going to meet with Luna then?" Harry asked.

"Yes," Hermione agreed. "She said she'd meet us in one of the shops."

"No more detail then that?"

"There aren't many shops," Hermione pointed out. "I... urk." She cut off when she felt a pair of hands caress her bum.

"Guess who?"

"You're supposed to put your hands over my eyes Luna," Hermione sighed.

"Really?" Luna frowned in confusion. "That doesn't seem very fun."

"No, you see the point it... never mind."

"Ok."

AN: The ongoing list of people that contributed to this fic without whom, it would not have been nearly as good . . . one might go so far as to say it would be quite bad: nonjon, Ed Becerra, ausfinbar, David Wangen, , dogbertcarroll, hattenjc, the caitiff, AlanP, Lone Wolf, meteoricshipyards, Shawn Pickett, Morris Rague, Iuinlothana, Treck, Drake, David Brown, Moshehim, Arthur Hansen, Marneus Calgar, Goblin214, Chris LeBron, khadon99, Shawn Pickett, tekobaka, Freddie, Musings of Apathy, Brian Arcis, and everyone else on my yahoo group. They gave me scenes, ideas, and all sorts of other things. Tell me if I missed you so I can add to this list. Another thanks goes to meteoricshipyards who wrote the majority of the continuing adventures of the tentacle monster as well as several others. Anything I wrote on that sub plot was fairly minor so kudos. And still another goes to who wrote a large number of scenes. Yet another

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Omake by moshehim

"Hmmm..." mused Harry. "What else do you have there, Hermione?" he turned to look inside her trunk.

Hermione blushed, and rushed to prevent him from going through her (and Luna's) purchases, but the damage was already done.

"Black vinyl, huh?" said Harry, smirking. "school-girl uniform? Two sizes too small? I didn't know you were into kink, 'mione. Still, why don't you try it on?"

"Okay." said Hermione, in a small voice.

"Hey!" said Luna, as she walked in. "You can't wear this, it's mine!" Then she reconsidered. "Well, if Hermione's stealing my clothes, then I'll just have to go without, won't I?"

Disclaimer: There has been no speculation on what Harry is doing every time he goes to the shower and I want to make it clear that all he's doing is showering, nothing more nothing less.

Bits of Ribbon

"T... Honks," Gretchen said joyfully as the Auror came in. "So glad you could make it."

"So what's the party for?"

"Well, Peter... Kitty's boyfriend? You know, the Dark Enforcer of the North?"

"Yeah?"

"It's his party," Gretchen explained. "It's his birthday."

"Lot of those this time of year," Tonks observed. "So who else is coming?"

"Well, Tim of course. The rest of the Bunnies... maybe a few others, we'll just have to see who turns up."

"Who are they?" Tonks asked. "That pair in the all concealing outfits?"

"That's the Fox and the Hound," Gretchen replied. "Why?"

Tonks stormed away from the girl and up to the pair of thieves. "You know who I am?"

"We do Auror Tonks," the Fox replied. Happy that the cloth covering her mouth muffled and changed her voice.

"I could arrest you two you know," Tonks said with a frown.

"You could try," the Hound replied with an audible smirk.

"Why you." Tonks drew her wand and to the surprise of several watchers, nothing happened. "What'd you do?"

"Warded your wand," the Hound explained with an unseen grin.

The Fox's wand appeared in her hand and she pointed it at the tentacles approaching Harry with deadly intent. "You sure you want to do this?"

"It's ok Tim," Tonks said forcefully. "We don't want to do this here."

"Excellent choice Auror Tonks," the Hound said cheerfully. "We are only here for the celebration. No more, no less."

Tonks holstered her useless wand. "So the two of you are Harry and Hermione's enemies huh?"

"We aren't enemies of the Potter family," the Fox said quickly.

"More... friendly rivals. Without them life would not be worth living," the Hound said calmly. "The world would be ours and there would be no fun to be had."

"What's the point of owning everything," the Fox agreed.

"And that's why there are two of us," the Hound said. One of us for one of them to keep things even. A formula the Potters have agreed to keep."

"They did?"

"Why else would he find a girl of his own except out of jealousy of my lovely partner."

"Flatterer," the Fox said fondly. "But Potter could have done better than that frigid bitch."

"She's not that bad," the Hound protested. "She just needs the right person to... warm her up."

"Speak for yourself," the Fox said firmly. "I'm not too fond of the girl. Needs someone to remove that stick from her ass."

"You're not too fond of anyone who blackens your eye and fattens your lip," the Hound retorted. "Admit it, you got beaten completely and utterly."

"Not fair she didn't use magic," the Fox sniffed. "And things would have been much different if she hadn't blind sided me."

"Moving right along," Tonks interjected.

"Two Potters equals the Fox and the Hound. Three and you'd see another, one and you'd see less," the Hound explained. "Speaking of which, Potter does have that Lovegood girl now."

"Crazy as a loon," the Fox said. "But it does pose a problem to us."

"So?" Tonks asked dumbly.

"You wouldn't be looking for a part time job would you?" the Hound asked mildly. "The three of us could have a lot of fun."

"In and out... of the job," the Fox purred. "In and out... think about it."

"No thanks," Tonks stammered.

"Pity," the Fox sighed. "You could have been fun."

"Right," Tonks said oddly. This was surreal. "Um... is there any way I could persuade you not to rob my house?"

"Sure," the Hound said. "Since you asked nicely."

"It's the polite thing to do," the Fox agreed.

"Uh... right, so... read any good books lately?"

"Why yes," the Hound agreed. "There was that book you have in your bedside table. The second shelf?"

"Third," the Fox corrected.

"Yes third," the Hound corrected himself. "The one your father wrote... out of curiosity, does he know you have it?"

"I..." Tonks' eyes widened in shock.

"I liked this one romance novel I flipped through the other day," the Fox said. "I believe it was called 'And They Called it Puppy Love.' Pretty kinky stuff... any reason you had it hidden under your mattress?"

"No... I..."

"If you liked that one," the Fox continued. "I might have a couple more that would... tickle your fancy. I'll drop them by your apartment later."

"Uh... yeah... I... have you met my partner Tim?" Tonks said desperately. "He's the one with the tentacles."

"Pleased to meet you," the Fox said politely.

"Always a pleasure to meet one of the Ministry's finest," the Hound agreed.

Tim waved a polite tentacle and after assuring himself that the situation was not going to turn dangerous, excused himself so he could get back to mingling.

"Interesting chap," the Hound said idly.

"He is isn't he," the Fox agreed. "Polite too."

"Yeah," Tonks agreed. "If you'll excuse me. I've got an early day tomorrow and I really need to go home now."

"Don't forget your keys," the Hound said helpfully.

"And your wallet," the Fox agreed. "You seem to have misplaced them earlier."

"We thought it prudent to return them."

"Right... uh... thanks I guess."

Tonks left the party and quickly made her way back to her apartment. After entering it, she made a quick inspection to make sure that everything was where it should be and was a bit shocked to find nothing missing.

"Bastards," she said under her breath. She pulled out her wand and tried to cast a quick cleaning charm and was more than a bit surprised when nothing happened. "Definite Bastards," she agreed with herself. She reached down and retrieved her backup wand from the ankle holster and was more than a bit relieved to find that it still worked.

Before going to bed, Tonks made sure to cast every security and perimeter charm she knew. And thanks to the Auror Academy, she knew quite a number of them. Let's see the bloody Fox and the Hound wanker get through all that, she thought with satisfaction as she drifted off to sleep.

|||||||||

"Morning, Luna."

"Good morning, Hermione."

"If I open my eyes," Hermione began. "Am I going to find that you're wearing clothes?"

"Yes, you are."

"What for the purposes of this conversation constitute your clothes?"

"Some ribbon and a bow," Luna replied. "It is Harry's birthday after all and I want to give him a very happy birthday."

"No."

“But you could help,” Luna whined. “I brought another outfit for you.”

“No.”

“What about for your birthday?”

“No.”

“What about for my birthday? Can I do something similar for my birthday?”

“N...”

“But only if I do it with my betrothed,” Luna interrupted. “Would it be ok then?”

“I guess.”

“Promise?”

“I promise,” Hermione said. She couldn’t help but feel that she’d just made a terrible mistake, but still it wasn’t like they were going to ask Luna to marry them... was it?

“Shall I steal one of Harry’s shirts and wear that instead?”

“I think that would be a good idea Luna,” Hermione said dryly.

||||||||||

Tonks woke up the next morning to find three new books on her bedside table. Two romance novels, and a book on security charms bearing a notation that stated it contained charms that were much better than anything they’d noticed the night before. It was of course unsigned.

“That’s it,” she muttered to herself. “I have got to go see Harry and Hermione right bleeding now.”

||||||||||

"Thanks girls," Harry said with a grateful smile. "This has been the best birthday I ever had."

"You're welcome, Harry," Luna said brightly.

"Yeah," Hermione agreed. "I mumph." She cut off when Luna pulled her into an embrace and passionately kissed her.

"Birthday kisses," Luna explained after she released Hermione. "Your turn Harry."

"I mumph."

"Luna..." Hermione stopped herself. All things considered, Luna was being quite restrained... for her. "My turn."

"Ok Hermione," Luna agreed. She sighed when the other two shared a tentative kiss, they really were such late bloomers.

"Thanks Hermione," Harry said with a blush.

"No problem Harry," she said with one of her own.

"Time for birthday spanks," Luna said eagerly. She ran over and draped herself across Harry's lap. "Ok, I'm ready."

"We're the ones that are supposed to spank him Luna," Hermione sighed. "Not the other way around."

"Why would he get spanked on his birthday?" Luna demanded. "I must say that you're really not thinking this through."

"That's just the way it is."

"My way seems so much more enjoyable," Luna persisted. "But you may do as you like when I've had my spanking... well aren't you going to start?" She looked up at Harry with half lidded eyes. "I've been a very bad girl."

"We had an agreement Luna," Hermione growled.

"I'm sorry Hermione," Luna said with as much remorse as she could pretend to muster. "That's right." She got up, smoothed out her dress and pulled Hermione across Harry's lap. Luna reached down and pulled up the hem of Hermione's skirt. "Ok Harry, she's ready."

"Let me up Luna," Hermione demanded. "No one is spanking anyone today."

"Not even a little?"

"Not even a little," Hermione confirmed.

"Oh poo."

"Excuse me," Harry got up and walked stiffly towards the bedroom.

"Where are you going?"

"Gotta take a quick shower," Harry replied over his shoulder.

Hermione eyed Luna suspiciously when the blonde got up and walked into their kitchen. "What are you doing Luna?"

"Making some popcorn," Luna replied.

"Oh..." Hermione shrugged, that wasn't so bad. Luna returned a few minutes later and walked past Hermione and into the bedroom.

"So that's her game," Hermione said to herself. She got up and followed the girl into the bedroom to prevent her from joining Harry in the shower.

Much to her surprise, Hermione found Luna sitting on the foot of the bed staring intently at one of the walls. "Luna what are you... how did you make the wall transparent? Can . . . can he see us too?"

"Charm I found in one of your books," Luna replied. "And it's one way only, I haven't figured out how to make it two way yet."

"Oh." In shock, Hermione stumbled towards the bed and took a seat beside Luna.

"Popcorn?"

"We shouldn't be doing this," Hermione moaned guiltily.

"So I should cancel the spell then?"

"I didn't say that," Hermione said as she gazed at the scene of Harry... 'bathing.' "I just said we shouldn't be doing it."

"He wouldn't have to take so many 'showers' if you'd be a bit 'nicer' to him," Luna said absently. "We could both go in there right now and help him with that problem... it'd be fun."

"No Luna."

"Or you could go in there alone," Luna persisted. "I'd even leave if you wanted me to."

"I'm... I'm working on something Luna."

"Ok then," Luna agreed. "Mmmmm."

"Yeah."

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Disclaimer: Mi Mi Mikuru . . .

The Man Without Fear

Tonks knocked on the door to Harry and Hermione's apartment and waited patiently for someone to answer.

"Tonks?" Hermione asked as she opened the door. "What's up?"

"I had a little... altercation with the Fox and the Hound last night," Tonks replied. "And it's left my wand useless. I was hoping that you two could have a look at it."

"We're not wand repair, we do wards."

"The Hound said my wand trouble was due to a ward," Tonks explained.

"Have a seat," Hermione said after a moment of thought. "I'll go get Harry."

Tonks took a seat and waited for Hermione to return.

"Let's see that wand," Harry said as he entered the room.

"Here." Tonks handed it to him.

Harry examined the wand for a few seconds. "You say the Fox and the Hound did this?"

"Yeah," Tonks agreed. "I met them at a party last night." They both ignored Hermione's growl at the mention of the Fox.

"Interesting," Harry mused.

"Can you fix it?"

"I should be able to," Harry said slowly. "I may not be the Hound. But I'm probably one of the finest ward breakers in England."

“Why?”

“Gives me an idea on how I can improve my wards,” Harry explained. “Conversely, the Fox and the Hound are probably some of the best warders in the country. What they did to your wand seems to support that idea anyway.”

“It’s not surprising that they’d be like you,” Hermione interjected. “Your families have been fighting each other long enough that you’ve probably got quite a bit in common.”

“I guess that makes sense,” Tonks mused. “Could you put a ward on that yourself to prevent what happened last night from happening again?”

“I should be able to,” Harry agreed. “But it’ll mess with any magic recognition wards you might have up.”

“I don’t have any wards up,” Tonks admitted. “I couldn’t persuade you two to put some up for me could I?”

“Sure,” Harry agreed. “You’re an Auror. You need those wards, it’s a safety issue.”

“I can’t afford much,” Tonks said slowly. “How about… wait, you’ve warded this building fairly heavily haven’t you?”

“Yeah why?”

“Are there any apartments open?” Tonks asked hopefully. “And if there are, do you think you could put in a good word for me with the land lord?”

“Pick one out that seems nice and its yours,” Harry said absently. “Could you hand me a number fou… no five ward pick Hermione?”

“Here you are Harry. Giving you a bit of trouble?”

“More then a bit,” he sighed.

"Wait," Tonks rebooted her mind. "You own this building?"

"Yeah," Harry agreed. "Number three hook." Harry did something they couldn't catch and pulled out his wand. "One advantage I have that the Fox and the Hound do not." He cast several spells. "Is magic, I'm not sure how long it would have taken me if I hadn't got enough to allow brute force."

"Thanks Harry," Tonks said happily. "How much do I owe you?"

"On the house," Harry replied. "I think I might have figured out enough to make my own version of that ward. Interesting."

"Um... Harry."

"What is it?" Harry asked.

"Look in the mirror," Hermione giggled. "Keep up your sight."

"Damn it," Harry cursed.

"What is it?"

"He's got the phrase 'second place is the first loser' written on his forehead," Hermione explained. "Written so it can only be seen with the sight. Looks like Harry wasn't quite as good at ward breaking as he thought he was."

"So... I was wondering, what exactly happened between you and the Fox anyway?"

"That bitch," Hermione growled. "What'd she say about me?"

"Um... the Hound mentioned that you gave her a black eye and a fat lip," Tonks replied quickly. "I was just wondering..."

"Really?" Hermione said in delight. "A black eye, too?"

"Yes well..."

"Dirty slut," Hermione said with a satisfied smile. "I sure showed her."

Tonks thought back to something Moody had mentioned once. 'Never mess with the guy in the corner having a quiet drink,' her imagination rasped. 'Like as not that bastard is the most deadly guy in the place.'

Hermione dragged herself out of her thoughts and turned back to Tonks. "I've been a bad hostess, would you like a slice of cake?"

"Sure," Tonks agreed. "Thanks."

Hermione walked into the kitchen and returned with a slice on a plate. "It's from Harry's birthday cake," she explained. "We had a small celebration earlier."

"Oh... that's right, sorry I missed it."

"It was just the three of us anyway," Hermione waved off Tonks' worries. "Harry prefers small parties anyway. He really doesn't like being the centre of attention."

"Good morning Auror Tonks," Luna announced herself.

"Luna?" Tonks spun around. "Where did you come from?"

"Well, mummy was feeling frisky one night so she dressed up in Auror robes and..."

"No," Tonks interrupted. "I mean, where were you a few minutes ago?"

"Oh... I was in the library. Did you know that muggles have discovered several magical species?"

"Really?" Tonks asked sceptically.

"Uh huh," Luna agreed. "Father is very excited about it."

"Oh."

"Here's your wand, Tonks," Harry said as he came back into the room.
"Should be fine now."

"Thanks Harry," Tonks said warmly. "Now if you'll excuse me, I'm late for work and I really have to be going."

"Use the floo if you like."

"Thanks." Tonks threw in a handful and flooed to the Ministry.

"So the muggle books are useful then?" Harry asked.

"Oh yes," Luna agreed. "But I'm a bit sceptical of some of the creatures they have."

"Like what?"

"The wingless fly," Luna said immediately. "How does it fly if it doesn't have wings?"

Hermione's nose scrunched up as she thought about it. "Um... if it's what I'm thinking of, it doesn't fly Luna."

"Then why is it called a fly?" Luna challenged.

"I don't know Luna," Hermione said with happy grin. "Why don't you check the book?"

"It didn't say," Luna said regretfully. "Lucky, I have a number of other books to check and I hope to find the answer in one of them."

"A number of... how many books did you get Harry?" Hermione demanded.

"I forget," Harry said smugly. "You'll have to look for yourself."

"Come on Luna," Hermione said excitedly.

|||||||

"You're late," Amelia said as Tonks tried to sneak into the bullpen.
"My office."

"Yes boss," Tonks sighed.

Amelia followed the young Auror and closed the door behind them.
"Well?"

"I went to a party hosted by the Dark Lord Jeremy last night."

"I'm aware of that," Amelia said coldly. "What I'm not aware of is why that made you late."

"I ran into the Fox and the Hound at the party."

"Oh?"

"The Hound did something to my wand," Tonks explained. "So it wouldn't channel magic. I stopped by Harry and Hermione's apartment to get it fixed."

"They can fix wands now?"

"They could break the ward the Hound put on it," Tonks corrected.
"Harry still needs to practice that though."

"Why?"

"The Hound booby trapped his ward, Harry didn't get hurt but..."

"I see, very good Auror Tonks. You did exactly the right thing considering the circumstances and you will not have any sort of reprimand entered into your record."

"Thank you Madame Bones."

"I apologize for snapping at you when you came in," Amelia continued.
"It was uncalled for and I should have gotten all the facts before I did anything. Remember that for the day you might have this chair."

"Yes boss," Tonks said brightly. "I will."

|||||||

"You've come to let me out then?" Fudge demanded as the door to his cell opened. "About time really. I knew you lot would come crawling back to me after a bit of time under that idiot Weasley."

"Don't you dare talk about the Minister like that," one of the guards growled. "Scum like you isn't fit to shine his boots."

"You mean you aren't here to tell me I'm being reinstated as Minister of Magic?" Fudge asked dumbly.

"We're here to move you to another cell," the guard said with a sadistic smirk. "While this one gets cleaned."

"But I..." The guard silenced the former Minister with a cuff to the face and Fudge seethed silently as they dragged him to the other cell. They would pay when he got his power back, he promised himself. They would pay.

"Now play nice with your new friends," the guard laughed as they pushed Fudge into the cell. "So... time for another lunch break you think?"

"Two hours should do it," the other guard agreed.

"Who's there?" Fudge asked nervously. "Lucius... is that you?"

"Cornelius?" Lucius asked in shock. "What are you doing here? And why in the bleeding hell haven't you gotten me out?"

"Well I..."

"Look what we have here boys?" Uncle Bubba said loudly. "A brand new fish... looks like it's your lucky day bitch," he turned to address Lucius. "You get a break while we break your little friend here."

"Lucius you gotta help me," Fudge screamed as the large men surrounded him.

Lucius didn't even look back over his shoulder as he scampered out of the area and the thought of helping Fudge didn't even occur to him as he found a corner to hide in. Fudge was no longer useful, what would have been the point?

|||||||||

"Look at all these books," Hermione gasped. "Harry must have bought every one in the store for us."

"He is considerate like that," Luna agreed. "And he bought new shelves to put them on and organised everything."

"Oh my," Hermione moaned. "Luna get Harry now."

"But..." Luna hesitated she really wanted to deal with this herself.
"Ok."

"Ohhhh." Hermione rubbed her hands together as she waited for Harry to arrive.

"Here he is," Luna returned. "Have fun."

"What's this all about?" Harry asked.

"Oh kiss me now Harry," Hermione gasped as she embraced her friend.

Luna waited patiently until Hermione came up for air and pulled Harry into an embrace of her own.

"Hey," Hermione protested.

"You're first," Luna said after she had released Harry. "But I get to be next."

"I never agumph." Hermione cut off.

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"What are you girls playing?" Ron asked with a confused frown.

"Strip chess," Gretchen replied. "If you loose a piece, you have to put on an article of clothing."

"And if you take one you get to take one off," Elizabeth said.

"What happens when you win?"

"Well... check mate, hah." Gretchen crowed. "You get to stand up and walk over to master." Gretchen walked over to Ron. "Bend over and look at him from between your ankles and say... ahem, does this give you any ideas master?"

"Why yes," Ron said with a lusty grin. "Yes it does."

|||||||||

Dean walked down Knockturn Alley with a blank look on his face. Nothing seemed to interest him, nothing seemed to disturb him, he just kept pacing up and down the street like he was waiting for something to happen.

"Give me all your money kid," a thug with a drawn wand demanded.
"Now."

"No," Dean said with the beginnings of a grin on his face. "Come and take it."

"Maybe you don't understand," the thug said slowly. "If you don't give me your money now, I'm going to kill you. Now give me the bloody money."

"Go to hell," Dean said cheerfully. "You don't have the guts. Come on, I dare you to kill me. Do it... or are you a coward."

"What's wrong with you kid?"

"Do it," Dean demanded. "Come on you bloody wanker, do it."

"It's your lucky day kid," the thug said nervously. "I'm feeling generous and..."

Dean took a step forward and grabbed the man by his robes. "Look here, I'm a reasonable man. But if you don't do something right bleeding now, I'm going to get a bit cranky... you wouldn't want that to happen now would you?"

"Here," the man said nervously. "Take my money."

"I don't want that," Dean ignored the bag in the man's hands. "Now are you going to do something, or do we have a problem?"

"Oh god I'm so sorry I tried to rob you," the man sobbed. "Just don't hurt me."

"You're pathetic," Dean sneered. "Now tell me, where might I find someone with a pair of balls? Someone that has the guts to carry out a threat?"

"Pub down the street," he gasped. "You'll find what you want there."

"Thanks," Dean said. He dropped the mugger and walked down the street and into the bar. "I'm told," he said loudly as he entered. "That this bar is filled with weak little bastards, anyone contest that?"

"I do," a large man stood. "I don't think you autta talk like that in here."

"I wouldn't do that mate," the bartender said nervously. "Do you know who that is?"

"Should I?"

"You read today's Prophet?"

"No why?"

"There's a copy on the table behind you, look at the front page."

The large man picked up the paper and paled when he saw the pictures on the front. "Look mister, I don't want no trouble."

"Come on you bastards," Dean demanded. "Isn't any of you man enough to face me?"

"I think the bar you want is down the way," the bartender said fearfully. "Red door, black exterior."

"Thanks," Dean sighed.

After Dean was gone, one of the other patrons picked up the paper to see what the fuss was and nearly vomited. There on the cover, was Dean and Mrs. Longbottom's bridge club in an undulating mass of nakedness. Suddenly he understood, any man brave enough to face that... well, who knows what he might be capable of?

Meanwhile, Dean had made his way down the street and to the pub with the red door. "Anyone here ready to take me?" He asked as he entered the room. "Oh god no." In front of him, several elderly women put down their drinks and smiled.

"Lock the door," the bartender cackled. "So nice of you to join us."

"No... no.... NOOOOOOO."

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-Omake- by xzood

"You!" Voldemort shouted to Unnamed Death Eater No. 13 and pouted "Why does the Dark Lord Jeremy get all the Dark Bunnies and I have none? Recruit me some Dark Bunnies!"

A few minutes later, the Unnamed Death Eater No. 13 sulked in dark corners of Knockturn Alley in the middle of the night. How could he fulfil his masters wishes? He shuddered from the thought of failing his master. He would be punished, maybe even sent after the Dark Wizard Jeremy. Just when he was loosing hope to find anyone in this godforsaken place, a lone figure limped and waddled slowly towards Diagon Alley. He draw his wand and commanded "STOP! I'm here on orders of the Dark Lord Voldemort. He tasked me to find him some Dark

Bunnies so he can stuff them with his dark load. You won't happen to know where I might find some?"

"Yes, just promise to kill me after I tell you." The Death Eater nodded.

"Ok. There's a bar down the Way, red door, black exterior. Just say you want to recruit some Dark Bunnies for the Dark Lord. Now do your

part" said a totally exhausted and broken Dean Thomas.

"Petrifficus Totalus! Bwahahahaaaaa"

Disclaimer: While a power outage plays only a small part in this chapter's delay, I'm going to assign it all the blame.

Cunning

"Morning Luna," Hermione said without opening her eyes. "Luna... are you there?" Her eyes shot open and she looked around the room. "Bloody hell, wake up Harry."

"What is it?" Harry groaned.

"Luna isn't here," Hermione said with a worried look on her face. "Luna is always here when I wake up."

"So?"

"So I'm afraid something might be wrong," Hermione explained.

"I'll go check her house," Harry said immediately. "You wait here in case she shows up."

"But..."

"But nothing," Harry said firmly. "That is what we are going to do."

"Yes Harry," Hermione agreed meekly.

Harry pulled on his pants and threw on a jacket. "Get some tea or something warm in case Luna arrives."

"Right."

Harry walked out of his bedroom quickly and froze. "Forget that," Harry sighed. "Luna's out here."

"Where?" Hermione demanded. "Oh." In front of them, Luna was curled up on a large stuffed chair and asleep. "Do you think we should wake her up?"

"I think we should make her comfortable," Harry said. "Could you move her into the bedroom?"

"Yeah."

"Ok, tuck her in and get a shower. I'll have breakfast ready shortly."

"Thanks Harry."

|||||||

For Kingsley Shacklebolt, the day started early with a cup full of black coffee and a meeting in the Minister's office.

"Well?" Amelia asked with a raised eyebrow. "What are you planning to do about your little note?"

"We've set up several surveillance posts," Kingsley replied. "Nothing will be able to get in or out of that place without us watching. When the Fox and the Hound show up to knock it over, we'll be on them like white on rice."

"It won't work you know," Tonks said with a frown. "I tangled with them the other day. Four Aurors or forty, they'll go through you like you weren't even there."

"Tonks..."

"Let her speak," Amelia interrupted. "Go on."

"I met them the other night, the Hound put up a ward around my wand that prevented it from channelling any magic and it took Harry bloody Potter fifteen minutes to get it off. Even then he still tripped a bloody trap."

"Response Auror Shacklebolt?"

"It's something to think about but nothing that can't be surmounted," the Auror said calmly. "We just have to fight fire with fire. Bring Potter and his girl along to deal with any surprises."

“What do you think Auror Tonks?”

“Might work,” Tonks said slowly. “It’ll be bad if they throw up another ward. Harry said that they were better at breaking wards than he was so if we get the drop on them then maybe.”

“Good enough for me,” Amelia said. “Good enough to try anyway... do it.”

|||||||

“Morning Luna,” Hermione said happily. Finally the shoe was on the other foot.

“Morning Hermione,” Luna replied. “Hey... why aren’t you naked?”

“What?” Hermione squeaked.

“Well... I’m willing to forgive it,” Luna said in a tone of voice that showed she was granting a great favour. “This time.”

“I... would you like some breakfast Luna?”

“Yes please,” Luna agreed.

“I’ll tell Harry,” Hermione said gently. “Why did you sleep here last night?”

“Father is on a business trip and I didn’t wish to take the chance that bullywogs would get me while I was sleeping.”

“Next time tell us so we can put out a cot or something,” Hermione said firmly. “You stay here and rest for a while, I’ll go see about breakfast.”

“Ok,” Luna agreed. “Wake me up when it’s ready.”

“I will Luna.” Hermione walked to the kitchen to find Harry preparing for breakfast.

“Well?”

“Her father is away on business and she was lonely,” Hermione explained.

“She said that?”

“She said something else, I translated it from Luna-speak.”

“Ah.”

|||||||

“What can I do for you Auror Shacklebolt?” Daphne’s mother asked with a cold smile.

“We have reason to believe that the Fox and the Hound may attempt to rob your house sometime today,” Kingsley replied. “We’ve already set up several stake out positions and we were hoping that you would be willing to allow us to station more Aurors inside your house.”

“Out of the question,” she said quickly. “My daughter is planning to bring her boyfriend today so I can have the chance to get to know him and I will not allow any Aurors in to disturb our meeting.”

“But ma’am...”

“The answer is no, Auror.”

“Yes ma’am,” he sighed. “But I can not guarantee that we’ll be able to prevent the Fox and the Hound from...”

“Yes fine, now be on your way.” She slammed the door and stormed into her sitting room.

“Something wrong mum?” Daphne asked.

"Just an insect that was buzzing around," her mother replied. Taking a couple deep breaths she forced herself to calm. "Now then, when did you say your boyfriend was planning to arrive?"

"Any minute now, mum," Daphne said nervously. "Are you sure you'll like him?"

"He is the feared Dark Enforcer of the North is he not?"

"Yes, mum."

"Scourge of the Dark Fratboys?"

"Yes, mum."

"Defended your honour didn't he?"

"He did, mum, but..."

"And he is a pureblood?"

"One of the better families too, but..."

"Then I'm sure it will be fine," she said firmly. The fireplace flared and she turned toward it with a look of delight on her face. "That must be him now. It's a pleasure to meet you... Neville Longbottom?"

"Hello Mrs. Greengrass."

"Lost again?" She asked sympathetically. "Why don't I take you to the blue room where you can wait for your gran? I'll floo her as soon as I get a chance... Drippy."

"You is calling Drippy ma'am?" A tiny house elf appeared and bowed low.

"Take Mr. Longbottom to the blue room and make him comfortable, be sure to bring him something to eat and drink."

"I is doing that, ma'am."

“Now then...”

“MUM,” Daphne shouted. “That’s my boyfriend.”

“Neville Longbottom?”

“Yes mum.”

“Well... he does come from a good family,” she mused. “But I thought you said that he was the feared Dark Enforcer of the North?”

“He is mum,” Daphne said proudly.

“But he’s a Gryffindor, he’s so clumsy,” she protested. “He’s... incredibly cunning. Forgive me Neville, I must admit that I was taken in by your masterful performance.”

“I...”

“I feel chills when I think about it,” she continued. “At age eleven you were able to convince the hat to put you in Gryffindor. You spent years building up your reputation as a moderately powerful if clumsy wizard, making yourself above suspicion. My god Daphne, you couldn’t have found a better match if you’d searched for a thousand years.”

“I told you he was great,” Daphne said smugly.

“That you did,” she agreed. “So tell me Neville, how is your grandmother taking this?”

“Well, Mrs. Greengrass...”

“Morgana, please.”

“Well Morgana, my gran couldn’t be happier for me... it was her idea for me to join the Dark Lord Jeremy, said it would be a good way to meet a nice pureblood girl and...”

"And it was," Morgana finished. "You met Daphne. I knew the old bat didn't forget her house, Slytherins never do."

"Neville's gran was a Slytherin?"

"An example held up to be remembered when my mother attended," Morgana said calmly. "I suppose she opposes Voldemort because he has poor manners?"

"And because he's a psychotic murderer," Neville agreed. "Not to mention what happened to my parents."

|||||||||

Dean looked blankly at the empty bottle in his hand for a few seconds before discarding it and opening another. He'd been on a bender since he'd managed to escape... them. Just thinking about it made him want to throw up. With a shudder, he took another drink. If only there was a way to make them young again... then it wouldn't be so bad.

|||||||||

Hermione bit her lip nervously as she waited outside her parent's office for her mother to finish her appointments. Doubts emerged from the dark reaches of her mind, what if it wasn't meant to be? What if everything doesn't work out? What if I can't make a perfect moment?

She squeaked in surprise when she felt a heavy hand on her shoulder.

"I said I'm finished with my appointments," her mother said. "Lost in thought?"

"Uh huh."

"Anything you want to share?"

“Just having a few doubts,” Hermione admitted. “Mum... you know how to cook right?”

“Yes?”

“I need to know how to cook dinner,” Hermione said with a blush.
“Tonight.”

“Want to have a special meal?”

“Yes, mum,” Hermione agreed. “I want to make things perfect.”

“It shouldn’t be too difficult,” she mused. “Just think of it like brewing a potion.”

“Ok mum.”

“Now the first thing we need to do is stop by the grocery store...”

|||||||

“You sure we need the Potter kid?” The group of Aurors had congregated outside Harry’s apartment and one of the cherries was having a few doubts.

“Just try hunting the Fox and the Hound without a Potter,” one of the more experienced Aurors asked with a frown. “For that matter, you wanna say that to his face?”

“Didn’t you hear what Tonks said about them?”

“A woman...”

“Who’s worth ten of you,” the senior Auror said firmly. “Knock on the door.”

“Yes?” Harry answered it a few minutes later.

“We need you to come with us.”

“Why?”

“That’s for you to find out,” the cherry sneered.

“Shut your mouth,” the senior Auror snapped. “Sorry about that, Mr. Potter.”

“Don’t worry about it, well?”

“Got a lead on the Fox and the Hound,” the senior Auror explained. “Thought it would be best if we had you along when the time came to deal with them.”

“Just let me leave a note for Hermione,” Harry sighed. “I’ll be right back.”

“Doesn’t want her to pull on his leash,” one of the Aurors chuckled.

“Nah, he just dotes on her a bit more than he should,” the senior Auror said. “Spoils her rotten, too, from what I’ve heard.”

“S’not as bad as that, she likes books so he gets her books. Better than furs and jewellery.”

“Or shoes... least his girl is sensible.”

“Shame it’s so hard to find one who has a healthy love of Quidditch.”

“Doesn’t your wife have a Harpy tattoo on her shoulder?”

“I said healthy.”

“I’m ready to go,” Harry interrupted the conversation. “Shall we go, gentlemen?”

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Disclaimer: No plan survives first contact . . .

The Perfect Moment . . . Lost

Hermione looked at the food-covered table and breathed out a sigh of relief. It had taken hours to cook and set up everything but it was all worth it to make everything perfect, she told herself. Checking once again to make sure that the charms on the candles were still good and that the crystal wine glasses were free of spots, she smiled.

“Thanks for the help mum,” Hermione said brightly.

“No problem dear, you’re sure the food will be ok?”

“I’m sure,” Hermione agreed. “For the next week if necessary.”

“That why you did... what ever it was you did to hide it all?”

“In case Harry gets back too late,” Hermione agreed. “I don’t want to ruin the surprise.”

“Well... good luck, Hun.”

“Thank you, mum. Um... I don’t want to run you off.”

“But you’ve got that mysterious thing you need to do?”

“Yes, mum.”

“See you later, dear.”

“Bye, mum.”

|||||||

“What are you doing, star thistle?”

“I’m brewing up some headache potion, father,” Luna replied.

“Oh... do you have a headache?”

“No, father, it’s for Harry.”

“Does Harry have a headache?”

“No, father,” Luna said. “But he’s going to get a terrible cold.”

“From staying out in the rain all night?”

“Yes, father,” Luna agreed. “He really should know better.”

“You could go get him,” he suggested.

“I’d like to, but if I leave my potion it will be ruined and then we’ll have to buy a potion for Harry’s headache.”

“Good point,” he agreed. “You never want to buy a potion if you have the time to make your own. Good thinking, pine.”

“Thank you, father.”

|||||||

“This sucks,” Harry said to himself. He presumed that the sun had gone down about four hours before, presumed because it was impossible to tell due to the heavy cloud cover and rain. “This really sucks.”

“Shhh,” one of the Aurors hissed. “You’ll reveal our position.”

“I hate my life,” Harry lamented. “Really, really hate it.”

|||||||

Hermione crept through the Macnair house intent on removing everything of value. “These will look great on my mantle,” she mused as she pulled another irreplaceable family heirloom off the wall. “Oooh, and this will make a perfect foot rest.” She had already appropriated the family spell books but saw no reason to cut her

shopping trip short just because she'd found what she came to get.
"Damn."

"Who are you?" Macnair asked with a sleepy frown. "One of the new recruits?"

"Um... yes?" Hermione agreed nervously.

"Thank god we've finally got another woman," Macnair sighed. "What are you doing here?"

"Just picking up a few things," Hermione said nervously.

"You're here for the thing in the den then," he said with a nod.
"Password is 'smoo' be sure to wait five seconds for the poison gas to dissipate before going into the vault."

"I will," Hermione said brightly.

"Good, now I'm going back to bed unless you need me for anything?"

"Nope, you've been a great help." Hermione hesitated before taking advantage of the situation that fate had given her. "It'd really be a shame to leave without at least checking on what it is," she told herself firmly.

|||||||||

"More potion nightshade?"

"Yes, father," Luna agreed. "For nausea."

"Be sure to make up a lot of it," he said after a moment of thought.
"For the morning sickness."

"But I'm not pregnant, father?"

"Your cousin Gretchen is," he replied. "And I thought we could send some to her."

"Of course, father," Luna said with a nod of understanding. "It's really no trouble at all to make a bit more than I'd intended."

"Quite a bit more," he mused. "Her friend Elizabeth and the others are expecting too."

"But they won't suffer morning sickness as bad as Gretchen will, father," Luna protested.

"Hmmm." His eyes unfocused for a minute. "Yes you're quite right, artichoke, I'd forgotten."

"You are getting old, father," Luna said sympathetically. "Would you like me to brew up some remembering potion later?"

"I'll get to it . . . if I remember it."

"Ok, father."

|||||||

"Who are you?" Macnair demanded.

"One of the new recruits," the man in assless, skin-tight leather pants replied. "Here for the item."

"But... the other recruit already got it about an hour ago?" Macnair said in confusion. "You know... the girl?"

"Girl?" The Death Eater said in disgust. "What do we need them for?"

"But..."

"Exactly," he agreed. "Now why don't the two of us find some place to..."

"Follow me," Macnair demanded. "We've got to check the vault."

"Is that what they call it these days?"

|||||||||

Hermione returned to the apartment and stowed the loot in one of the many hidden storage areas they'd installed for just such a purpose.

"Harry's not home yet," she observed with an unhappy sigh. "Well... I guess I could wait a little while." She spent the next two hours reading and casting nervous glances at the door. "Or I could postpone the dinner until tomorrow and see about getting Harry home soon," she said to herself. "He better appreciate what I'm doing for him."

|||||||||

Harry was just about to drift to sleep when one of the Aurors shook his arm. "Wake up."

"What is it?" Harry groaned.

"You can't fall asleep," he replied. "The Fox and the Hound could be out there."

"I really doubt that," Harry said sourly. "My guess is that they're having a laugh at our expense right now."

"Care to make a wager on that?"

"Sure," Harry agreed. "They show up I loose."

"We find out that they were playing us for fools you win," the man agreed. "We can't tell it's a push."

"Fine, what do you want to wager?"

"I hear you have an invisibility cloak?"

"And you want one?"

"I want two," he corrected. "And if we catch the Fox and the Hound you won't need yours will you?"

"If they're laughing at us, yours will make a great gift for Hermione."

"Deal?"

"Deal."

|||||||||

"They still out there?" Daphne asked.

"Still out there," Neville agreed.

"Close the curtains," she demanded. "I don't like entertaining a crowd full of perverts."

"You do know that the other girls spy on us all the time don't you?"

"I'm well aware of that," Daphne sniffed. "That's not entertaining a crowd of perverts."

"Then what is it?"

"Showing off," Daphne explained with a naughty grin.

|||||||||

Hermione wandered through the Department of Magical Law Enforcement until she came to Kingsley Shacklebolt's desk.

"Hmmmm," she muttered to herself. "What now?" Grabbing a quill and some paper, she wrote out a quick note and got up. "And that is that," she said with a satisfied smile. She was half way out of the room before another thought struck her. With a long suffering sigh, she walked over to the petty cash and signed out a few Galleons. "Harry had better appreciate this too," she grumbled.

|||||||||

"Master?"

"What is it Gretchen?" Ron asked.

"Do I look fat?"

"Why do you ask that?"

"Because I'm pregnant and I'm swelling up like a balloon," she sobbed. "You haven't touched me in minutes."

"You haven't been pregnant more than a month," Ron said firmly.
"And you don't look fat."

"Really master?"

"Really," Ron said firmly.

"But what about when I do start to look fat," the girl said in despair.

"Um . . ." Think Ron think. "You'll just look more beautiful because you're carrying our child."

"I will?"

"You will," Ron said with a relieved smile.

"Oh master, take me now."

"Gladly." Ron took his mininon in his arms but before things could commence, they were interrupted by one of his other minions.

"Master," Elizabeth began. "Will you still love me if . . ."

"For gods sake yes," Ron said in exasperation.

"Oh master," Elizabeth said in delight. "I'm so happy you're going to allow me to do that . . . I'll go get my sketch book"

"Sketch book?".

"She probably wants to show you some new uniform ideas master,"
Gretchen explained. "Or maybe she wants to get your ideas on how
to decorate the nursery."

|||||||

Harry was really starting to get tired of this stake out, dawn was only a few hours off and he hadn't gotten a wink of sleep or a bite to eat. If this is what it means to be an Auror then count me out, he thought to himself.

"Special delivery," a man with a stupid hat on a broom announced.

"What?" One of the Aurors asked.

"Special delivery," he repeated himself. "Here in an hour or less or your meal is cold."

"We didn't order anything," the Auror said dumbly.

"Order came from the Department of Magical Law Enforcement," the delivery boy said with a shrug.

"Oh . . . that's alright then."

"Here you go then." He passed a small boxed meal to each of the Aurors. "Now which one of you is Mr. Potter?"

"That's me," Harry said reluctantly.

"Separate order for you," he said.

"What is it?"

"Leek and potato soup with fresh bread and a slice of chocolate cake for desert. Also an everwarm thermos full of tea and two pints of milk."

"Oh . . . thanks."

"No problem sir. Now is there an Auror Shacklebolt here?"

"Not at the moment mate."

"Then my job here is done." The delivery boy remounted his broom and kicked off the ground.

"Wait," one of the Aurors commanded. "What's in our soup?" He took another gulp out of his bowl. "And why didn't we get any cake or bread?"

"Toad mucus and snail slime soup for you," the delivery boy replied. "And bread and desert didn't come with your combo meal."

"Oh," the Auror said sickly. "Thanks." Several Aurors spat out their soup and eye'd Harry's meal enviously.

"If you think that's bad," the delivery boy said as he flew away. "Just be happy you're not Auror Shacklebolt."

"I kinda like it," one of the Auors said as he took another sip. Upon noticing the looks of his fellows he tried to defend himself. "It's warm and no worse then anything we've had in potions."

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Disclaimer: The end of the last chapter got cut off, I've since fixed it.

Oops!

Hermione awoke late that afternoon and just lay in bed for a moment, enjoying the feel of Harry's warmth on her back.

"Good morning," Hermione said in content.

"Morning Hermione," Luna replied. "Though I suppose we should say afternoon considering the time."

"Luna?" Hermione asked in shock. "Where's Harry?"

"I don't know," Luna replied. "He wasn't here when I came in this morning."

"Ok," Hermione said nervously. "Don't panic. I'm sure Harry's safe."

"Uh huh," Luna agreed.

"But that doesn't mean we shouldn't go look for him," Hermione continued. "I'll check the shop downstairs, the Leaky Cauldron and the Bank. You floo McGonagall, the Weasleys, and anyone else you can think of."

"Ok Hermione."

Hermione quickly dressed and left the apartment at a dead run. "Katie," Hermione yelled as she ran into the twin's shop. "You haven't seen Harry have you?"

"No why?" The other girl asked.

"Because he didn't come home last night," Hermione replied. "I'm sure it's nothing but . . ."

"But I'll have George call his brother and Angelina," Katie said calmly. "Don't worry Hermione, he'll be home before you know it."

"Thanks Katie."

"Where were you going to go after this?"

"I was gonna check Gringotts and the Leaky Cauldron," Hermione replied. "After that, I wasn't sure."

"Ok," Katie agreed. "You do that and head home, I'll orginise the rest of the shop keepers. Just relax, like I said he'll be home before you know it."

"Bye Katie," Hermione rushed out the door and towards Gringotts.

"George," Katie called out. "George I need you."

"What is it dear?" George appeared from the back room with his wand in his hand. "Trouble?"

"Harry didn't come home last night," Katie replied. "Call your brother, I'm gonna check the shops to see if anyone's seen him."

"Right," George agreed.

|||||||

"This really really sucks," Harry grumbled as he entered hour eighteen of the stake out. "Ready to concede that I win the bet so we can all go home?"

"Still got half the day left," the Auror said quickly. "They said they'd rob it today and they've got till midnight to do it."

"And I still say this was a waste of time," Harry yawned. "They're not going to show up."

"When you're an experienced Auror, you can make those types of judgement. Until then, I suggest you stick to wards."

"If you say so," Harry sighed. Maybe this hadn't been such a good idea after all.

|||||||||

"I'm afraid we haven't seen Mr. Potter," the head security goblin replied to the agitated Hermione. "But we shall keep our eyes open for him."

"Thanks," Hermione said. "Now if you'll excuse me . . ."

"Of course," the goblin agreed. "Good bye Mrs. Potter."

"Bye," Hermione called out over her shoulder. She ran down Diagon alley and burst into the Leaky Cauldron.

Every eye in the place turned to look at the frantic girl, including those belonging to Auror Tonks. "What's wrong Hermione?"

"Harry didn't come home last night," Hermione sobbed.

"Ok." Gone was the mischievous young woman as she allowed her Auror side to take over. "What happened?"

"I woke up a few minutes ago and Harry wasn't there," Hermione babbled. "Luna says that she didn't see him when she came in this morning either."

"When was the last time you saw him?"

"Yesterday afternoon," Hermione replied. "He left a note saying that he was gonna come back late and I fell asleep before he came back."

"Have you reported it to Magical Law Enforcement yet?"

"No," Hermione said. "I was hoping . . ."

"It's ok," Tonks said gently. "Ok, here's what we're going to do. We're going to ask Tom if he's seen Harry and then we're going to go home to wait."

"But . . ."

"Let me take care of the rest ok?" Tonks suggested. "I'm the professional here, remember?"

"Ok Tonks," Hermione agreed.

"Well Tom?" Tonks turned to the old innkeeper.

"Sorry," Tom said with a downcast look. "Last time I saw Mr. Potter was a few days ago when he came in with the missus."

"Come on Hermione." Tonks put a supporting arm around the girl's shoulders. "Let's get you home."

Hermione lasted until they crossed the threshold of the apartment she shared with Harry when a single look at Luna's worried face caused her to burst into tears.

"Hold her," Tonks ordered as she passed the trembling girl to her friend.

"Ok," Luna agreed. "Come over here Hermione."

Tonks marched through the room and threw a handful of floo into the fireplace. "Department of Magical Law Enforcement, Director's Office. This is an emergency, Tonks, Nymphadora five five one two by four."

"What is it?" Amelia's face appeared in the flames.

"Harry Potter is missing," Tonks said. "Hermione says that he didn't come home last night and she's frantic."

"You're with Mrs. Potter right now?"

"I am," Tonks agreed.

"Stay with her," Amelia ordered. "If this was an attack then she could be next."

"Yes Director."

"I'll see what I can shake up here," Amelia said. "Let's hope to god nothing happened to him."

"Yeah," Tonks agreed.

"Were you able to get any more information?"

"She says that he left a note saying that he was going to come home late," Tonks began. "And that she fell asleep before he could return. Ms. Lovegood came in some time this morning and did not see Mr. Potter."

"I see, leave the link open and do what you can to comfort Mrs. Potter."

"Yes boss," Tonks agreed.

"I'll be back as soon as I learn something."

Tonks stood up and walked over to the couch to find Hermione sobbing into Luna's shoulder. "I'm sure everything will turn out alright," Tonks tried to console the girl. "Everything will be just fine."

"It's never fine with Harry," Hermione said tearfully. "If it isn't giant snakes then it's another attempt on his life. Where were the Aurors? Why couldn't they have done something?"

"Just relax." Tonks tried again. "There's no sense panicking until we know there's something wrong."

|||||||

Amelia stuck her head out the door into the bullpen. "GET ME SHACKLEBOLT NOW," she yelled. Immediately several Aurors jumped and rushed to carry out her command. "Moody, get in here."

"Right," Moody agreed. "What is it?" He asked after the door to her office was closed.

"Mr. Potter did not get home last night," she explained. "Mrs. Potter is frantic and I'm worried that he might have gotten ambushed on his way home from the stake out."

"Damn," Moody growled.

"Yeah," Amelia agreed. "I want you to turn over every stone and do whatever you have to, so long as you find him."

"Sure the Minister," Moody cut off. "Never mind, he'll sign off on anything we do."

"Fred is a good friend of Harry's," Amelia agreed. "This is the absolute . . ." She was interrupted by a knock on the door.

"You called for me chief?" Kingsley asked.

"What time did your stake out end last night?" Amelia demanded.

"End?" Kingsley asked in surprise. "It hasn't, I was just about to go take my second shift."

"What time did Harry go home then," Amelia asked with a sinking feeling.

"Uh . . ."

"Go find out," Amelia growled. "NOW."

"Yes chief," Kingsley said nervously.

"Looks like Potter might not have been grabbed after all," Moody observed.

"Mrs. Potter is not going to be amused by this," Amelia sighed. "How could they have done something so stupid?"

"Practice?" Moody suggested. Amelia shot him a glare which he responded to with a smile.

"Potter is still there," Kingsley said breathlessly as he returned.
"I've . . ."

"Send him home now," Amelia said with a look of rage. "What were you thinking?"

"No one knew he'd been there that long," Kingsley protested. "Each shift thought he had arrived just before they got there."

"And no one wanted to be without Potter if the Fox and the Hound showed up," Moody finished with a nod.

"And I've already told them chief, he should be on his way right now."

"Wait at your desk until I call you back," Amelia said coldly. "I'm going to go speak with Mrs. Potter to tell her the good news."

"Yes chief."

Amelia got up from her desk and stepped into the open floor connection to Harry's apartment . . . and right into the wand of Auror Tonks.

"Sorry boss," Tonks said with a blush. "I thought you'd call first and when I heard someone coming in . . ."

"Perfectly alright," Amelia assured the other woman. "Mrs. Potter, your husband is fine."

"He is?" Hermione asked in a small voice.

"I'm afraid that several of my junior Aurors had the bad judgement to keep him with them all night, he should be returning soon. You have my sincerest apologies for what happened."

Hermione closed her eyes and took several breaths. "Ok . . . thank you Director Bones."

"Come along Auror Tonks," Amelia said firmly. "I have some people I need to speak with after I hear your report."

"Yes boss."

The two girls watched the Aurors leave and Luna turned to Hermione with a smile. "I knew everything would be fine."

"Yes Luna," Hermione agreed.

"And if we hurry, we can have you ready for your dinner before Harry gets home."

"I forgot all about that," Hermione admitted. "Come on Luna."

"I don't know many cosmetic charms," Luna said as she followed Hermione into the bedroom. "But I think I know enough."

|||||||||

"Not much to tell," Tonks said after they got back to Madame Bones's office. "I met Hermione at the Cauldron and got her statement. Then I called you and told you everything I knew."

"Good work Auror Tonks," Amelia sighed. "What do you see happening as a result of this?"

"Um . . . well, Hermione was planning a special night with Harry yesterday."

"How special?"

"Spent half the day making dinner with her mother's help," Tonks said nervously. "And Luna tells me they spent a few hours shopping for . . . um . . . underthings the other day. She put the food under a stasis charm but . . ."

"But we still ruined her special day," Amelia said with a frown. "Tell Shacklebolt to get in here."

"Yes boss," Tonks agreed.

"And keep yourself available," Amelia called after the fleeing Auror. "I may wish to see you again later."

"You wanted to speak with me chief?" Shacklebolt asked as he stepped into her office.

"Sit down," Amelia ordered. "Do you have any idea how much trouble those idiots of yours caused?"

"And for nothing," Kingsly said in disgust. "Read this."

You really thought we'd give you a warning? We're quite disappointed that you have such a low opinion of us.

The Fox and the Hound.

PS – We signed twenty Galleons out of petty cash to pay for the food.

|||||||

Harry stepped into his apartment and stopped to stare at the girl in front of him. "You look good," he said with a tired smile. "What's the occasion?"

"Your birthday," Hermione replied. "I'd planned to do this yesterday."

"Sorry I'm not better dressed."

"That's ok," Hermione said. "It was supposed to be a surprise anyway. I didn't expect you to come in your best." She ushered him over to the table and took her place across from him. "I made it myself," she said nervously. "With mum's help."

"It looks delicious," he said with a smile. Inwardly he was forcing himself to remain calm, Hermione had never been the best cook in the world.

"How is it?" She asked hopefully as he put the first bite in his mouth.

"Good," he said in pleased surprise.

"I worked really hard on it," she said as she poured him a glass of wine. "And mum says that this will go well with our meal." She felt an odd mixture of pleasure and contentment as she watched him eat and wondered if he felt the same way after he'd made her a meal. "You really like it?"

"I really do," he assured her.

"It was fun to make . . . do you think I could help you cook?"

"Sure," he agreed. "If you like."

"But not breakfast," she said with a smile. "Or I'll never get any hot water."

"I don't shower that long do I?"

"Longer," she giggled. They finished their meal and she led him to the bedroom. "Just wait here," she said nervously. "I'll be right back."

Hermione walked into the bathroom and splashed a bit of cold water into her face. "This is it," she said to her reflection. She carefully changed into one of the silk teddies she'd purchased on her trip with Luna and took a breath to steady her nerves.

Hermione opened the door carefully and walked into the bedroom to find Harry sleeping with a look of contentment on his face.

"I guess you did have a hard day," she said to her sleeping friend. "But I really wish you could have stayed awake for a little while longer. Mum tells me that it's more usual for the guy to fall asleep after not before," she added with an impish smile. She vanished his clothes and dressed in her normal sleeping clothes before tucking him in and taking her place at his side. "Goodnight Harry." She gave him a tender kiss on the cheek. "I love you." With that, she closed her eyes, cuddled up to him, and let the sound of his breathing lull her to sleep.

AN: The ongoing list of people that contributed to this fic without whom, it would not have been nearly as good . . . one might go so far

as to say it would be quite bad: nonjon, Ed Becerra, ausfinbar, David Wangen, , dogbertcarroll, hattenjc, the caitiff, AlanP, Lone Wolf, meteoricshipyards, Shawn Pickett, Morris Rague, Iuinlothana, Treck, Drake, David Brown, Moshehim, Arthur Hansen, Marneus Calgar, Goblin214, Chris LeBron, khadon99, Shawn Pickett, tekobaka, Freddie, Musings of Apathy, Brian Arcis, Fenris, Pelel, and everyone else on my yahoo group. They gave me scenes, ideas, and all sorts of other things. Tell me if I missed you so I can add to this list. Another thanks goes to meteoricshipyards who wrote the majority of the continuing adventures of the tentacle monster as well as several others. Anything I wrote on that sub plot was fairly minor so kudos. And still another goes to who wrote a large number of scenes. Yet another goes to The Resident who was good enough to do a bit of editing and caught several of my mistakes.

Disclaimer: Gambling is wrong . . . or so they say, I have a differing opinion.

All things in moderation, including moderation. -Samuel Clemens

Naughty Nurse Luna

Hermione awoke with a smile. "Good morning Luna."

"Good morning Hermione," Luna's voice came from the other side of the bed. "I think there's something wrong with Harry."

"What is it?" Hermione's eyes shot open.

"His skin is cold and clammy," Luna replied. "And he's shivering."

"Why didn't you wake me up earlier?"

"I just got here."

"Oh . . ." Hermione reached over to lay a hand on her friend's brow. "I'm gonna go get Madame Pomfrey, you sit with him until I get back."

"Yes Hermione," Luna agreed. "You know, I've heard that body heat is the best way to warm someone up," she added hopefully.

"Just don't take advantage of him while I'm gone," Hermione said over her shoulder as she rushed out.

"Does this mean I can take advantage of him while you're here?" Luna asked the empty room in delight. "Deal."

|||||||||

Deputy Headmistress McGonagall was enjoying a quiet morning in her quarters when the flames in her fireplace turned green and a distraught Hermione tumbled into the room.

"Yes?"

"Harry's sick," Hermione said quickly. "I need Madame Pomfrey right now."

"Calm yourself Ms. Gra . . . Hermione," McGonagall soothed. "I'll be right back with her, in the mean time I suggest you transfigure yourself something a bit more concealing."

"Just hurry," Hermione demanded.

"Children now these days," McGonagall muttered to herself as she left the room. "In my day we didn't go to pieces over every little thing." She walked up the hall and knocked on her colleague's door. "Poppy, are you decent?"

"Come in Minerva," the other woman's voice replied.

"Thank you Poppy," Minerva said with a smile. "I'm afraid Mr. Potter has come down with something."

"And his girl is here demanding I go with her?" Poppy said with a nod. "She always did spend a lot of time worrying about him."

"Needs to learn to relax," Minerva agreed.

"Quite." Poppy refrained from mentioning the humor she found in that statement. "Let's go deal with this." She grabbed her bag and followed the other Professor out of the room.

As soon as they returned to Professor McGonagall's rooms, Hermione grabbed the nurse by the arm and dragged her through the floo back to her apartment.

"Harry's through here," Hermione said.

"Um . . . hello Ms. Lovegood," the nurse stammered in shock.

"Hello Madame Pomfrey," Luna replied. "How are you this morning?"

"Very well . . . uh . . . is there a reason you're in bed with Mr. Potter?"

"He was cold," Luna explained. "And I've read that body heat was the best way to warm someone up."

"Where did you read that?"

"In one of Hermione's muggle medical books," Luna replied.

"Yes . . . well . . . very good then, why don't you get out of bed and wait in the other room with Ms. Granger while I examine Mr. Potter?"

"Ok," Luna agreed. "Come on Hermione."

"Yeah," Hermione agreed. "He'll be alright won't he?"

"It's nothing serious," Pomfrey said gently. "Don't worry."

The two girls returned to the sitting room to find Professor McGonagall waiting with her arms crossed. "So this is where the two of you ran off to hmmm?"

"Hello Professor McGonagall," Luna chirped. "How are you doing today?"

"Quite well," Minerva replied. "Yourself?"

"Hermione says I can take advantage of Harry when she's here to supervise," Luna said with a happy smile. "So I guess I'm doing fairly well."

"I didn't say that," Hermione said in outrage.

"You said I couldn't do it when you weren't here," Luna retorted. "So the implication is that I am permitted to do it when you are here."

"No it isn't."

"Professor McGonagall?" Luna turned to the older woman. "Please tell Hermione that she's being unreasonable."

"I'm not getting involved with this dispute," Minerva said firmly. Mostly because it could sour several bets she had running, but she saw no need to share that bit of information. "I'm afraid that you're just going to have to work this out between yourselves."

"I'm finished," Poppy announced as she walked into the conversation. "And I want both of you to drink this potion."

"What is it?"

"It should boost your immunity," Poppy explained. "Hopefully enough to prevent catching Mr. Potter's bug."

The two girls downed their potions and Hermione bit her lower lip as she looked at the school healer. "Do I need to check Harry into St. Mungos?"

"Heavens no. As I said before, it's nothing serious. Now I'm going to leave some potions here to treat the symptoms, other than that just make sure he gets plenty of fluids and rest. Maybe make up a batch of chicken soup or oxtail. For solid foods, I'd advise you to stick to bread until you're sure that he's keeping everything down."

"What if he's not hungry?" Luna asked.

"Try to get him to eat something," Poppy replied. "And be sure he doesn't dehydrate."

"I think we can do that," Hermione said slowly. "What kinds of potions?"

"I've got freshly brewed anti nausea and headache potions," Luna volunteered.

"In that case, I'll just leave something to take care of the chills and another to take care of a fever in case he develops one . . . might as well add something to help him sleep should that be necessary too."

"Thank you Madame Pomfrey."

"And I am going to leave you the title of a book on useful household potions," Professor McGonagall said sternly. "Ones that I advise you to keep on hand."

"Yes Professor."

"Ms. Gra . . . Hermione," Professor McGonagall began. "While I am quite pleased that you and Mr. Potter feel that you can come to me in an emergency, I would like to make clear that you may also approach me when things aren't so dire. Do you understand?"

"Yes Professor," Hermione agreed. "Perhaps you'd like to come over for tea after Harry recovers?"

"I would like that very much. Good day Ms. Lovegood, Hermione."

"Good day Professors," the girls replied.

Hermione watched the two women disappear into the floo and turned to Luna with a serious look on her face. "I've got to go out, could you watch Harry while I'm gone again?"

"Yes Hermione," Luna agreed. "And I won't take advantage of him until you get back."

"I . . . we'll discuss it later," Hermione said firmly. She stepped out into the Hall and ran into the building's other tenant.

"Watcher Hermione?"

"Hey Tonks," Hermione said absently. "I'm sorry but I'm afraid I can't talk right now."

"What's wrong?"

"Harry got sick after they kept him out all night," Hermione replied. "I gotta go talk to my mum to find out how to make soup . . . unless you cook?"

"Sorry," Tonks said with a shrug. "Um . . . do you mind if I use your face later?"

"Why?"

"Just wanted to show Kingsley what a bad idea it was to keep Harry out so long."

"I should be back within the hour," Hermione said happily. "If that's not good enough, Luna is in my apartment looking after Harry and I'm sure she'd be willing to help."

"Thanks."

"Don't mention it." Hermione walked to the edge of the anti transport wards Harry had set up and apparated to her parent's office.

"Hermione?" The receptionist asked. "When did you get here?"

"I just came in," Hermione said quickly. "I need to speak with mum right away."

"She's in her office," the receptionist said to the girl's back. "Never even saw her come in," she muttered to herself. "Maybe I need more sleep."

Hermione returned a few minutes later clutching a piece of paper like her life depended on it. "Bye Janice," Hermione called over her shoulder as she left the office.

"Good bye Hermione," the woman replied.

"Thank you Janice," Jill Granger said with a warm smile. "And I apologize for her abruptness."

"What's wrong?" The receptionist asked with a worried frown. "I've never seen her so worked up."

"Her boyfriend has a cold and she thinks that it's the end of the world," Jill lauged. "She came to me because she needed to know how to make chicken soup."

"Ah."

|||||||

Hermione returned to find Luna sitting at Harry's side dressed in a white one piece nurse uniform. A very small white one piece nurse uniform, one that had a hem several inches higher then decent and several buttons that strained in a loosing battle against a bosom that yearned to burst free. So far as Hermione was concerned, the only acceptable thing about Luna's outfit was the white hat with the little red cross in the center, even then she had her doubts and cast more then one suspicions glance at the object.

"What are you wearing?" Hermione squeaked.

"One of the costumes we got at that shop the other day," Luna replied innocently. "So that when Harry wakes up he'll know that he's in good hands. I even got some lotion so that my hands would be nice and soft."

"You're not going to need any lotion," Hermione said firmly.
"Understand?"

"Well . . . ok but . . ."

"No," Hermione said firmly. "Remember our deal."

"So you didn't?"

"He fell asleep first," Hermione admitted with a blush.

"Oh . . . I'm sorry Hermione," Luna said with genuine regret. "Here, let's get a bit of lotion on your hands."

"Not right now Luna."

"Ok Hermione," Luna agreed. "Would you like to help me with Harry's sponge bath?"

"Sponge bath?"

"He spent the night sweating," Luna explained. "And he smells like he missed his shower yesterday."

"Um . . ." Hermione seemed frozen. "Ok, but no funny business."

"Of course not Hermione," Luna agreed.

"Fine," Hermione agreed after a moment of thought. "So long as you behave yourself."

"I promise," Luna said with her hand on her heart.

"I'll be in the kitchen making Harry's soup," Hermione said reluctantly. "Call me if he wakes up ok?"

"Ok." Luna moistened a washcloth and eagerly set to work, washing his chest, his arms, his . . . "I think you need to be rubbed quite a bit before you get clean," Luna said impishly. She raised her head to check that the other girl was still in the kitchen. "But I did promise . . . bugger." Luna sighed in frustration and moved her hands away from object that held so much of her attention lately, there'd be plenty of time for that later and she really did want this relationship to work out.

"Luna?" Harry rasped. "Why is your hand on my . . ."

"I'm giving you a sponge bath," Luna said calmly. "Because you're sick."

"Oh . . . well you can stop, I can bathe myself."

"No you can't," Luna said firmly.

"I'm fine," Harry protested. "Now let me up."

"HERMIONE," Luna yelled.

"What is it?" Hermione demanded as she rushed in. "Harry."

"Morning," he said.

"He's trying to get up," Luna tattled.

"I'm fine," Harry said in exasperation. "I've just got a little cold, it's really nothing to worry about."

"Stay in bed Harry," Hermione begged. "Please?"

"Puppy eyes aren't going to work on me," Harry said with a smile.

Hermione unbuttoned the top two buttons on her blouse and bit her lower lip. "Please Harry."

"No damn it."

"Luna."

"Yes Hermione," Luna agreed. She leaned forward with teary eyes. "But we're just worried about you."

"Please Harry," Hermione asked. "For us?"

"I hate you both," Harry growled as he flopped back onto the bed. "But just for the next few hours, I'm perfectly capable of taking care of myself."

"Thank you Harry," Hermione said smugly.

"Can I go back to giving him a sponge bath then?" Luna asked with undisguised eagerness.

"Make it quick," Hermione agreed. "My soup's almost done and I need you to feed it to him while I'm out running errands."

"Ok," Luna chirped.

"I'm right here you know," Harry growled. "No need to talk about me like I'm not in the room."

"Back to the sponge bath," Luna said happily.

"I can do that myself Luna," Harry sighed.

"I understand," Luna said with a nod.

"You do?"

"You're just embarrassed by the fact that you're naked and I'm still wearing clothes," Luna explained. "Would it help if I took mine off?"

"It might," Harry blurted before he had a chance to think.

"Ok."

"But before you do, I'm gonna need a bag of ice."

"Whatever you want Harry."

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Disclaimer: It doesn't pay to anger someone that can assume your appearance.

Chicken Soup

"What are you doing Luna?"

"Getting some ice for Harry," Luna replied.

"He have a headache or a fever?" Hermione asked in concern.

"I don't know," Luna said with a shrug. "He just asked me to bring him some."

"Oh . . . well, my soup's done."

"I'll make sure he eats a bowl of it," Luna agreed.

"And make sure he doesn't get dehydrated," Hermione added.
"Well . . . I'll be back as soon as I can."

"Ok Hermione."

Hermione took one last look at Harry through the open bedroom door before she stepped into the hall. "Oh . . . hello Tonks."

"How's Harry?"

"Sick," Hermione sighed. "And he's being stubborn about it too. We had to beg him to stay in bed, dummy thinks he's fine."

"What are you planning to do to Shacklebolt?"

"I don't know what you're talking about," Hermione said primly.

"We can't let him get away with treating Harry like that," Tonks explained. "And Harry's too mild mannered to get his own revenge."

"What did you have in mind?"

"Well . . ."

|||||||

"Wormtongue!"

"Wormtail," the rat faced man muttered as the former Dark Lord entered the room.

"When was the last time we. . . . What are you doing?"

"The Magic Soduko."

"What is that?"

"You have to put one each of these runes in each line, column, and each of these three by three boxes."

"And the circled boxes?"

"You put those runes over here, and they usually spell something funny."

"Stop wasting time! I was asking when was the last time we tried to assassinate the Dark Lord Jeremy?"

Pettigrew closed the paper, pretended to give his Lord his full attention, and answered, "It's been several weeks, I think."

"Give me that!" Voldemort grabbed the paper and read the front page. "Perfect! Send a group of Death Eaters to Dark Lord Jeremy's place this Friday around six. Have them hide until Jeremy returns and kill him!"

"Returns from where?"

"Crucio! Don't ever question me, Wormtongue!"

"Wormtail," Pettigrew muttered as Voldemort left the room. He looked at the paper and saw the headlines.

"Dark Bunnies let slip time and location of next Dark Rave. " The article went on to tell how the Dark Lord Jeremy's parties had become extremely popular with young witches and wizards.

||||||||||

"Hey big boy," Kingsley said with an exaggerated pout. "Up for some fun?"

"Uh . . ." the man looked at the Auror, the man took in the fact that the Auror was wearing a skirt and halter top, the man tried very hard not to vomit. "No."

"Why not, don't you think I'm pretty?"

"I . . . am . . . uh . . . I think I hear my mother coming."

"Pity," Shack said to the retreating man. "I'd have rocked your world."

"Uh . . . hey Shack."

"Auror Rose."

"Prostitution sting?"

"Just trying to make a bit of cash on the side," Kingsley replied. "And don't get any ideas, this is my corner bitch."

"Are you calling me a whore?"

"If the shoe fits," Shacklebolt said with an upturned nose. "I saw that photo spread you did for 'Naughty Witch' you dirty slut."

"Someone took pictures of me in the shower," Rose protested.

"Whatever . . . skank."

||||||||||

"That bastard," Healer Brown growled. "Orderly."

"Yes ma'am?"

"Give that man an enema and another and another until he learns not to call a lady that word."

"Right away Healer," the orderly agreed. "Yogurt?"

"Hot sauce," Healer Brown said after a moment of thought. "Captain Jack's Insane Sauce if you can find it."

"Will do."

|||||||

"Uh . . . you got a minute boss?"

"Come in Auror Tonks," Amelia replied. "My door is always open."

"Thanks boss."

"Well?"

"Um . . . you remember how I told you about Hermione's special night that got interrupted?"

"What about it?"

"She tried again after he got home," Tonks said. "They had a very romantic dinner and she took him back to the bedroom and asked him to wait while she got changed in the bathroom."

"Go on."

"She came out and he was asleep," Tonks said with a wince. "She's really unhappy about that."

"And blames Auror Shacklebolt," Amelia stated. "I understand."

"There's more boss."

"Do I want to know?"

"Harry came down with the flu," Tonks said. "And Hermione is afraid to leave him alone, even asked me to watch him later."

"What does Mr. Potter think about this?"

"I'm told that he doesn't think it's a big deal and that it took both her and Luna to convince him to stay in bed."

"Poor boy, having two girls waiting on him hand and foot."

"Yeah," Tonks agreed with a smile. "But the fact remains that his cold is another thing Hermione is blaming on Shack."

|||||||

Auror Kingsley Shacklebolt was not having a good day. It had started when he was awoken by a stream of mysterious liquid hitting his forehead and he was most unhappy to find that the source was a hound with his leg lifted while a fox watched and snickered. After several unsuccessful attempts to remove the floating Dark Mark, he finally gave up and made his way to the office to be greeted by an unhappy Amelia Bones.

"My office, NOW."

"Yes chief," he agreed with a sigh.

"Sit down Auror Shacklebolt," Madame Bones said with a weary look on her face. "Perhaps you could explain why you were seen in Knockturn Alley earlier today wearing a skirt and halter top?"

"No I can't Madame Bones."

"Then maybe you could let me in on why several wizards have filed complaints against you for offering to do them . . . favors for money."

"I'm afraid I don't know the answer to that one either Madame Bones."

"Would you like me to tell you?"

"Yes Madame Bones."

"You were seen doing that because Auror Tonks owes Mrs. Potter several favors," Amelia said. "Not to mention the fact that Auror Tonks is quite fond of Mr. Potter. I'm told that along with her mother, she's the closest thing to family he's got."

"I didn't know he was out there the whole time chief," Kingsley protested.

"As team leader, it was your job to know." Amelia said coldly. "Damn it Shack, he's not even out of school yet."

"And the boys tell me that he didn't complain once," Kingsley said quickly. "Offer him a slot at the academy and he'll make Moody look like Fudge."

"Be that as it may, I still suggest that you apologize to Mr. Potter."

"Of course."

"And I believe that it would be in your best interests to make sure that Mrs. Potter hears and accepts it, lest I find myself in a situation where I am forced to arrest one of my senior Aurors for prostitution . . . be sure to take care of it before they press starts making 'Madame' jokes about me."

"I will chief."

"One more thing."

"Yes?"

"Were you aware that you had the word 'moron' written on your forehead?"

"I was not."

"Be sure to clean that off, it doesn't give you the professional image that I want my Aurors to have."

|||||||

Hermione returned to her apartment with a happy smile on her face, that would teach that bastard not to mess with her Harry. She opened the door and stopped.

"The bloody wards," Hermione said in disgust. "What would . . . she promised . . . they had better not be . . ." Hermione quickly stripped and stormed into her bedroom.

"Hermione," Harry greeted her. Reaching down, he adjusted the bag of ice he had resting on his pelvis.

"Why aren't you wearing any clothes Hermione?" Luna asked. "Is it finally time for the kin . . ."

"No Luna," Hermione said. "I'm not wearing any clothes because somebody forgot to take down a certain ward."

"You're the ones that won't let me do anything," Harry said mildly.

"You're the one who's sitting in here with a naked Luna," Hermione retorted.

"You're the one that stripped me and let her give me a sponge bath while I was asleep."

"You're the one who . . . blast."

"I win," Harry said smugly.

"Now can we have the kin . . ."

"No Luna," Hermione snapped. "And get some clothes on."

"Ok." The blond sniffed a few times.

"I'm sorry I snapped at you Luna," Hermione sighed.

"Can I have a hug?"

"Sure," Hermione agreed.

Harry watched as the two naked girls embraced with wide eyes.

"Hermione?"

"Yes Luna?"

"I want a kiss too," Luna purred.

"I mumph."

A silly grin bloomed on Harry's face as the ice swiftly turned to steam, life was good and getting better.

AN: Short chapter, but that's a great ending point. The ongoing list of people that contributed to this fic without whom, it would not have been nearly as good . . . one might go so far as to say it would be quite bad: nonjon, Ed Becerra, ausfinbar, David Wangen, , dogbertcarroll, hattenjc, the caitiff, AlanP, Lone Wolf, meteoricshipyards, Shawn Pickett, Morris Rague, Iuinlothana, Treck, Drake, David Brown, Moshehim, Arthur Hansen, Marneus Calgar, Goblin214, Chris LeBron, khadon99, Shawn Pickett, tekobaka, Freddie, Musings of Apathy, Brian Arcis, Fenris, Pelel, and everyone else on my yahoo group. They gave me scenes, ideas, and all sorts of other things. Tell me if I missed you so I can add to this list. Another thanks goes to meteoricshipyards who wrote the majority of the continuing adventures of the tentacle monster as well as several others. Anything I wrote on that sub plot was fairly minor so kudos. And still another goes to who wrote a large number of scenes. Yet another goes to The Resident who was good enough to do a bit of editing and caught several of my mistakes.

Disclaimer: Be careful when making conversions.

Honesty and . . .

"Afraid I can't do anything about this thing Shack," the other Auror said slowly.

"Why the hell not?"

"This was done by the Fox and the Hound," the other Auror explained.
"You'll need Potter's help on this one."

"I was afraid that you were going to say that . . . anyone else that might be able to deal with this?"

"Gringotts maybe."

"Damn . . . there goes this month's paycheck."

"Yeah . . . by the way, were you aware that you had the word 'moron' written on your forehead?"

"Yeah," he sighed. "Another gift from the Fox and the Hound."

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"I appreciate the way you behaved earlier Luna," Hermione said with a happy smile. The two girls were busy making Harry's dinner.

"I said I would didn't I?"

"Then I appreciate the way you were honest with me," Hermione corrected herself. "I really do."

"Of course I've been honest with you Hermione," Luna said quickly. "Father always said that the two most important things in a relationship were honesty."

"And what?"

"What?"

"You said the two most important things were honesty and you didn't say what the other thing was," Hermione said. She couldn't believe she was encouraging Luna.

"Oh."

"Well?"

"Kinky sex of course," Luna replied. "Something I'll note has been conspicuously absent from our relationship."

"Kinky sex?" Hermione asked weakly.

"Of course," Luna agreed. "Everyone knows that."

"Really?"

"Yes."

"Oh."

"So when are we gonna . . ."

"I don't know Luna," Hermione interrupted. She turned to look at the two owls that had just flown in with packages. "They're for Harry, could you watch the food while I deliver these?"

"Ok Hermione," Luna agreed. "Who are the packages from?"

"Well . . ."

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"Gretchen?"

"Yes master?"

"Did you send those birthday presents to Harry for me?"

"One from you and one from your alter ego," Gretchen agreed.

"Did you remember to send the right gift from the right person?"

"I think so," Gretchen said slowly.

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"Harry you got a present from Ron," Hermione said with a smile. "And another from the Dark Lord Jeremy."

"What'd they send me?"

"Well . . . huh?"

"What is it?"

"The Dark Lord Jeremy sent you a book on the Cannons and their most popular plays."

"Kinda odd that he'd send me that."

"Yeah."

"So what'd Ron send?"

"He sent . . . a magical sex manual," Hermione said dully. "With moving illustrations . . . um . . . chapter three is . . . I can't believe Ron sent this?"

"It's a bloke joke," Harry explained. "He's just having a bit of fun with me, probably turn as red as his hair if he knew you got a look at it."

"Yeah," Hermione laughed. "Think I should mention it to him?"

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"To hell with it," Ron said with a shrug. "He got them both and that's all that matters."

"Yes master," Gretchen agreed.

"Are you going to reward me master?"

"All night long," Ron said with a smirk.

"Oh thank you master," Gretchen cheered.

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"Wait, did you say your name was Shacklebolt?" The goblin asked nervously. "The same Auror Shacklebolt that kept Harry Potter out on a stakeout all night in the rain?"

"It was an accident," Kingsley protested.

"I'm afraid that all our cursebreakers are busy," the goblin said quickly. "Perhaps we'll be able to work something out in six or so months."

"But . . ."

"Good day then."

"What am I supposed to do now?"

"I could care less."

"You're sure all your cursebreakers are busy?"

"I'm sure the senior partners would be unamused if I helped the man that made Harry Potter unavailable to take the jobs we contracted for him," the goblin replied. "I'm also sure that I don't want Potter's girl angry at me. Good day to you."

"So what am I supposed to do?"

"Ask Potter if he can take care of it for you," The goblin said with an unconcerned shrug. "By the way, were you aware that you had the word . . ."

"Yes," Kingsley growled.

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"Care for a game of chess Elizabeth?" Ron asked holding up a board.

"Ok master," she agreed quickly. They played for a few minutes before a happy idea forced its way into her head. "Oops, how could I be so careless?" She lamented in as genuine a tone of regret as she could.

"King takes Queen".

"Oh yes! Yes! Yes, my Lord!", replied Dark Bunny Elizabeth screamed as she pounced on him.

"But . . . why don't we finish the game later," he suggested with a leer.

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"That's it," Hermione said in a soothing tone. "Eat it all up."

"I umph," Harry almost gagged as Luna forced another spoonful into his mouth.

"It'll make you feel better again," Luna agreed.

"I'll be right back," Hermione offered when they all heard a knock on the front door. "Ok?"

"Ok Hermione," Luna agreed.

"Oumph."

Hermione walked to the door and opened with a smile. "Good evening Auror Shacklebolt," she said flatly. "What can I do for you?"

"I was hoping that Harry could remove the mark on my forehead," Kingsley replied. "And another in my apartment."

"I'm sorry," Hermione said primly. "But I'm afraid that Harry is much too sick to take a look at it right now. Perhaps you could think of that before you decide to keep him out in the rain all night."

"Couldn't you look at it then?"

"Harry's the expert not me," Hermione replied. "And besides, I'm far too busy nursing him back to help."

"I see," he sighed. "Then would it be possible to speak with Harry for a bit?"

"I don't think he's up to having visitors right now," Hermione said as she began to close the door.

"I just want to apologize," Kingsley said quickly. The door froze and he took that as his cue to state his case. "I didn't know he was out there all night, it was all because of miscommunication. I just wanted to tell Harry how much I sincerely regretted what happened and offer to make amends."

"Well . . . ok," Hermione agreed slowly. "But you'd better not excite him."

"I promise," Kingsley said quickly.

"This way," Hermione said as she led him to the bed room where Harry was convalescing.

"Harry, I just came to . . ." Kingsley froze at the sight of Luna in her nurse's uniform. "You lucky bastard," he whispered in envy.

"Open wide," Luna said as she shoved another spoon full of Hermione's soup into his mouth.

"Hey Shack," Harry greeted the man. "Did you know you had the word . . ."

"Yes," Kingsley agreed. "I was hoping you could remove it . . . after you're well of course," he added quickly at Hermione's growl.

"I can get it now if you like." Harry grabbed his wand and gave it a lazy wave. "Anything else you need?"

"Later," Kingsley said with a grin. "Got another in my apartment floating over my bed. Well, just came to apologize for the trouble you went through for the department."

"Don't worry about it," Harry said with a yawn. "It's nothing."

"Then if you'll excuse me, I really must be going." Kingsley said as he backed out of the room and away from the two girls that kept shooting him glares every time Harry wasn't focused on them.

"Later."

"Why don't I show you the way out," Hermione suggested with false cheer.

"Thank you."

Hermione frog marched the Auror out of her house and slammed the door behind him. "And that's that," she said as she dusted off her hands. She was just about to rejoin her friends in the bedroom when she heard another knock on the door. "What do you want now?" She demanded as she flung it open. "Mum?"

"Door to door salesman?" The older woman asked with a smirk.

"Something like that," Hermione agreed. "What are you doing here mum?"

"Just came to drop off a few things," she replied. "And I thought I'd help you with that soup."

"But I already made some mum," Hermione said proudly. "Come look."

"Hmmm." She gave the substance a critical look before dipping in a spoon to take a taste. "You've been feeding this to Harry then?"

"Yes mum."

"Did you try it before you gave it to him?"

"Umm." Hermione took a taste of her own and almost gagged.

"Bit too much salt," her mother mused. "How much of that stuff did you feed him?"

"Most of the pot," Hermione said weakly.

"Good."

"Why good," Hermione said with a downcast look.

"Because he didn't complain," her mother explained. "He either likes salty things or he didn't want to hurt your feelings."

"If he'd have just said something," Hermione sighed. "I wouldn't have fed him so much of that horrible soup."

"Come on," her mother said. "Let's try it again."

"Ok mum," Hermione agreed.

"Hermione?" She asked holding up the recipe.

"Yes mum?"

"Is this the recipe I gave you?"

"It is mum," Hermione agreed. "Why?"

"Because I made a mistake here," Jill Granger replied. "Explains why it's so salty."

"You did?"

"Never did get the hang of converting to the metric system," she admitted with a blush. "It was supposed to be 15 ml which is one Tsp, I wrote 15 tsp. Sorry about that dear."

"It's ok mum."

"If you ever make this mistake again, just add rice. That'll neutralise the salt and it'll go with the soup."

"Thanks mum." They spent the next hour remaking the soup and this time Hermione was careful to taste it first. Happily pouring a bowl, she skipped into the bedroom to give it to Harry.

"Hey Hermione," Harry greeted her.

"Here you are Harry," Hermione said proudly. "Try it."

"So I'm allowed to feed myself now?" He asked with a smirk. "It's good, thanks."

"Better then the last one anyway. You should have told me it was so bad."

"Might have been a bit salty," Harry admitted. "But it wasn't that bad."

"Thank you Harry." She leaned down and kissed him on the cheek. "I'm glad you're feeling better." Blushing, she backed out of the room and ran into her mother.

"So tell me," her mother began with a wicked grin. "How'd your plans go?"

"Um . . ."

"Well?"

"The first night he didn't come home," Hermione began. "And the second was perfect . . . until he fell asleep."

"I told you that was normal," Jill giggled.

"Before."

"I'm sorry honey."

"Thanks mum."

"Maybe you're over thinking it," she mused. "Try to be more spontaneous. You can't wait for the perfect moment forever."

"Ok mum."

"And if all else fails, lock the door, unplug the phone, tie him down, and forget about the world for a week."

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Disclaimer: Make sure of your target, always make sure of your target.

Lost . . . appendage

"Hermione," Jill said to her daughter as the door was about to close.

"Yes mum?"

"I need you and Harry to come over to dinner some time soon to discuss something, ok dear?"

"Yes mum," she agreed. "What do you want to discuss?"

"It's nothing bad," she was quick to assure her daughter. "I just . . . have some important news to share with you."

"Ok mum."

"Thank you dear." She hugged Hermione and skipped down the hall with a large grin on her face.

"That was odd," Hermione mused. With a shrug, she closed the door and returned to the bedroom. "Harry, I almost forgot."

"Forgot what?"

"I got something odd from the Macnair job," Hermione replied.

"Oh?"

"Some sort of cup," Hermione continued. "Reeked of dark magic."

"What'd you do with it?"

"Warded it as heavily as I could," she replied. "Could you add a few wards of your own to it tomorrow?"

"Sure," he agreed. "Now come to bed."

"Ok Harry."

|||||||||

Voldemort wandered through the kitchen to get a late night snack. Sure, beings of evil always stayed up all night, and slept most of the day away, but it could get boring. And hungry.

He noticed the copy of the Prophet open on the table. Wormtail had finished the Soduko and copied the runes into the spaces on the side.

"Past, Old, Night, Leige, Holdings, Wind, Hair. That's supposed to be funny? Maybe they're not using correct translations. Ancient? Former? Wouldn't be deceased -- too many runes for death to be that.

"Night? Shadow? Dark? Not Black, again too many other runes if that's what they meant.

"Leige? King? No. Ruler? Lord?

"Holdings? Possessions? Carries? Tense probably dependant on the rest of the line.

"Wind. Air? Not breath -- that's usually indicated by a Spirit rune.

"Hair? Face? Probably not. Head?

"Old shadow ruler posses air head? Has?

"Former dark lord carries air head? or colloquially:

"Former dark lord is an AIR HEAD! WORMTONGUE!"

"What? What!" the little man, still in his pajamas came staggering into the room at a half run. "Yes, my Lord?"

"CRUCIO!"

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"Morning Luna," Hermione said without opening her eyes. "Would you mind taking your hand off of my breasts?"

"I rather think I would," Luna said after a moment of thought. "Why do you ask?"

"Take your hands off my breasts," Hermione sighed.

"Do I have to?"

"Yes."

"Can't I just keep them there for a little longer?"

"No you can not."

"You're adamant about this?" Luna persisted, "there's no way I could persuade you to change your mind?"

"None."

"Ok."

"Thank you Luna," Hermione said with a happy smile. "Keep your hands off Harry too."

"Awww . . ."

||||||||||

Kingsly was awoken by a stream of liquid hitting his forehead and he looked up to confirm that yes, the hound portion of the Dark Mark had his leg raised while the fox portion snickered.

"I hate those guys," he sighed to himself. No matter how many times he'd moved his bed, he still woke up the same way. "What did I do to bring this on?" He lamented. "What?"

||||||||||

Tonks and the tentacle monster were on patrol in Diagon Alley. Tonks had finally found what had been bothering Tim, and was now in the very awkward position of having to give him advice.

"Tim, I just don't think I'm the right person to be helping you with this problem. Of course I'm your friend, but I'm. . ." Whatever Tonks had been about to say was interrupted as the door nob of the store they passing formed into a cartoonish face and started shouting.

"Robbery! Robbery going on! It's still going on!" A nearby woman yelled and started running away (as fast as her full length skirts would allow). Tonks' Auror skills took over and she surveyed the area. Orloff's Jewelers was set back just a little from the other stores -- that meant it probably had an anti apparition ward that extended out from the front of the store. As she brought her wand up, she knew she'd just have one shot to stop the perp.

The door opened, and someone came out quickly.

"Stupify!" The red light of the spell flashed through the air. She had aimed ahead of the person, and her skills were true; the spell hit the figure knocking it to the ground where she noticed the hands were tied.

She looked up a moment too late as the real thief cast, "Reduto!"

She watched in slow motion as the spell flew at her. With cool detachment, she realized the explosive spell would scatter pieces of her digestive system all over the street and that she probably wouldn't survive the massive damage for more than a few seconds.

As she started to wonder why her life wasn't flashing before her eyes she felt a sharp shove and was pushed out of the way of the spell. The last thing she saw before hitting her head was a tentacle exploding in a rather disgusting shower of ichor and flesh.

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"Luna's gone," Hermione said in a husky voice as she dropped into Harry's lap. "And she won't be back for a few hours."

"Oh?" Harry asked with a grin. "Whatever shall we do to pass the time?"

"I've got a couple ideas," she whispered as her fingers nimbly undid the buttons on his shirt. "I've been reading that book Ron sent us and . . . Damn." She growled, "there's someone at the door."

"I didn't hear anything," Harry said as he recaptured her lips. "Just ignore it."

"Ok," she moaned. The knock came again, harder this time. "This had better be important."

"Wait here," Harry ordered. "I'll be right back."

"Hurry," she demanded. "I'm feeling rather . . . frustrated."

"Be back in a flash," he promised. Harry stalked over to the door and opened it violently. "What?"

"Um . . . Madame Bones requests your assistance at the crime scene," the young Auror stammered nervously.

"I'm busy," Harry growled. "Leave."

"I'm afraid I have to insist," he persisted. "Two Aurors were injured and . . ."

"Who?" Harry demanded. "How badly?"

"Auror Tonks and Auror Tim suffered serious injuries when the suspect got violent," the Auror replied.

"Let me grab my wand," Harry said in defeat. Harry walked back to the bedroom and gave Hermione a look of sorrow. "We've got to go, Tonks got hurt and Madame Bones wants us to look at the crime scene."

"I'll . . ." she choked. "I'll just grab my wand then."

"We can pick up where we left off later," Harry suggested.

"Ok."

They geared up and met the Auror at the front door. "Let's get this over with," Harry suggested.

"Right this way then," the Auror agreed. They followed him down to the street to the scene of the crime. "This is it."

"Sorry to disturb you two," Madame Bones said. "But I need answers now."

"We understand," Hermione sighed. "Is Tonks doing ok?"

"She should be fine," Amelia assured them. "The Healers tell me that she should be waking up any time now."

"What about her partner?"

"Tim's missing an . . . appendage," Amelia said. "We're hoping that it will grow back, but the Healers aren't sure if that will happen."

"Why?"

"No one is quite sure how tentacle monsters work," Amelia explained. "We're bringing in a specialist from Japan."

"What do you need me to look at?"

"How were they able to get past the wards around the shop?"

"Easy," Harry said after a glance at the store facade. "There aren't any."

"But?"

"There is a small warded area under the floor," Harry added. "Other than that, nothing I could call wards with a straight face."

"Then how did they expect to keep their merchandise safe?" Amelia asked with a frown.

"With the unbreakable glass at a guess," Harry said after a moment of thought. "Should have renewed the enchantments. Either business isn't doing good, or they're cutting a lot of corners to increase their profit margins."

"Thank you, and sorry for disturbing you."

"You should be," Hermione growled.

"What was that?"

"No problem at all," she replied with a fake smile.

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"Where are you? I've been a very naughty girl."

"Hey mum can I . . ." Charlie froze in horrified shock. "Dad?"

"Hello son," Arthur said with as much dignity as he could muster. "I see you decided to make a surprise visit."

"Why are you wearing mum's clothes?"

"Well . . ."

"There you are you naughty wench," Molly said in delight as she entered the room. "Uh . . . hello Charlie."

"Mum?" Charlie said sickly. "You're wearing dad's clothes."

"Well you see son," Arthur began. "It's like this, the two most important things in every relationship are honesty and . . ."

|||||||

Tonks slowly regained consciousness. She was in the Auror's infirmary.

"Ah, you're awake," said Doc, responding to her groans. "Drink this."

She swallowed the potion.

"Ewww, what was that?"

"Actually, a standard headache and anti concussion potion. The Potion Master has been experimenting with trying to make it taste better. That was the cherry flavored one."

"I think I'd swear a blood feud against cherry trees if I thought that was really cherry."

"I'll pass your constructive criticism along. But if you're feeling better then you better get up. You still have time to get to the presentation."

"What presentation?"

"Yes, Tim's getting a commendation. In the press room."

Tonks got there during the question and answer session.

Director Bones was answering a question, "Yes, I admit that I had some concerns when we first assigned Tim to street patrol. I personally kept a close eye on his activities for the department. This was definitely an experiment, but I think everyone would agree after today's events that Tim is an effective Auror. Not only did he save the life of his partner, he apprehended the thief."

"Director, will you be hiring any more tentacle monsters as Aurors?"

"Not at this time. Tim has been employed for many years by the department, and we felt that he had picked up the skills for his current position. Should any other tentacle monster apply, we would evaluate their skills as we would for any other applicant."

"What about his run for office?"

Madam Bones looked at Tim and he nodded one of his eyes. She turned back to the gathered reporters and answered, "I spoke with Tim after the announcement was made in the paper. His candidacy was as much a surprise to him as to me. We felt, though, that if the people who signed the petition to get him on the ballot thought he could do the job, he could have the opportunity. I felt he handled the media scrutiny and other distasteful parts of the campaign with grace and poise, and acted as I would hope any Auror would in the circumstances. Thank you."

The gathering broke up, and Tonks made her way over to Tim. She noticed one of his tentacles wrapped in bandages and only half as long as the rest of them.

"Congrats, partner. And thanks." Tim wrapped Tonks in a multi tentacle hug.

"Hey, Tonks! We're going to buy Tim a few rounds. Join us, if your up to it."

Tim looked at Tonks expectantly. She smiled, and said, "Sure, lead the way."

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another goes to The Resident who was good enough to do a bit of editing and caught several of my mistakes.

Some Omake by thekecmaster "And if all else fails, lock the door, unplug the phone, tie him down, and forget about the world for a week."

Omake 1

Harry woke up the next morning, with Hermione still sleeping next to his spot on the bed & Luna snoozing on the couch. He decided to start off this morning by taking a long, cold shower in order to calm himself down from the previous day's excitement. When he closed the bathroom door, Luna awakened & sat down on the bed, preparing for an episode of Harry's shower. It was at this point that Hermione awakened.

"Luna, where's Harry?"

"Shhhh, he's about to cleanse himself for us."

"Not quite. Luna, Harry & I would like to have some, well, time to ourselves tonight."

"Can I watch?" Asked Luna as she began lightly massaging Hermione's shoulder.

"Not tonight, but another time maybe. Put on some clothes."

"What are you going to do?"

"Oh, I'm going to make sure that Harry is not bothered for a week or so. Want to help with that part?"

"Do I get to watch tomorrow night?" (Luna pecks Hermione on the lips)

"Oh, fine. But only watching tomorrow night."

"Good. I have a great idea. It's time to visit the Dark Bunnies, they might have some additional pointers."

Harry comes out of the bathroom in a bathrobe. "Morning Luna, morning Hermione."

"Harry, Luna & I have to go out. Do you think you could return after dark?"

Harry was about to ask why, but then he saw an evil grin on Hermione's face & Hermione surreptitiously unfasten a button on her blouse. "Sure. After I fix Kingsley's problem, I think I'll go visit Ron."

"Sounds good. See you later Harry! Don't stay out too long."

"I won't."

"My goodness Kingsley, this is quite a dark mark."

"Yes, Mr. Potter, no one has been able to remove it. They say only you can."

"Here's the problem - the mark was warded three times over. Now it's gone, Kingsley."

"I'm really sorry about the other night - I had no idea that you were out all that time."

"Kingsley, it's okay. Mistakes happen."

"Tell Hermione I'll make it up to you two."

"Don't worry about it Kingsley. Well, I'm off."

"Have a good day Mr. Potter."

"You too Kingsley."

Hermione & Luna went over to Mrs. Weasley's house to try to find the Dark Lord Jeremy. After a bit of fussing & some hot chocolate, she directs the two young witches to Jeremy's lair. Gretchen & Elizabeth answer the door.

"Hermione! Luna! what are you doing here?" asked Gretchen.

"Actually, I need your help. You see, Harry & I..."

"...have not had sex yet," said Luna. "Hermione has been ready the past few nights, but she really intends to do it tonight. And I think it would be nice if Hermione had some restraints & knowledge of how to use them, as well as how to make treacle tart."

"Luna! Why would I need restraints?"

"I heard your mom say this last night, 'And if all else fails, lock the door, unplug the phone, tie him down, and forget about the world for a week.' The treacle tart, meanwhile, is Harry's favorite dish. He eats it with his happiest face, almost as happy as when I fed him that horrible soup while I ..."

Elizabeth countered, "And how do you plan on having the wizarding world miss him for a week?"

Hermione replied, "That's simple. I have a few notes that I will be sending to certain important people: Fred, Prof. McGonagall, Madame Bones, Gringotts, & Mrs. Weasley. Speaking of which, I need Ron to distract Harry."

Gretchen inquires, "Distract Harry?"

Hermione continued, "Yes, Harry said he was going to visit Ron once he fixed Shacklebolt's problem."

Elizabeth replied, "I'll get Dark Lord Jeremy to get Ron to be there; it won't be a problem."

Gretchen finished, "While she does that, we need to educate you on restraints & tart..."

Hermione fixed up a great meal for Harry; steak & kidney pie, chicken soup, & his favorite, treacle tart. By the time Harry came home from Ron's, he stared, awestruck.

"Hermione, did you make all this?"

"I did, Harry. I hope you like it!"

"Thank you, Hermione. I love you."

"I love you too, Harry."

Harry ate his dinner with joy, much to Hermione's delight. After dinner, Hermione invited him over to bed.

Harry cheerfully asked, "No Luna tonight?"

"Nope, we've got the whole night to ourselves."

After some kisses, they went to sleep. The next morning, Hermione woke up early & tied Harry to the bed.

"Hermione, why am I tied up?"

"I'm just making sure that you're not going anywhere for a little while."

"But wait, we have jobs to do & things to steal."

"They won't run away. And neither will you."

Harry didn't say more, for at that point Hermione started to tease him by gracefully sliding off some top layers of clothing...

"Hermione, that was incredible."

The next day, Harry & Hermione went over to see a movie. The movie was a romantic comedy, which resulted in some hilarious laughing & some playful flirting by the end for these two people. After the movie, they went home & gobbled some of the leftovers from the night before. After lunch, they decided to have some fun while there

was a late afternoon sun. A few hours later, Hermione woke up first & retied Harry to the bed. It was at this point that Luna came over in a french maid uniform.

"Ooh, now you've got the right idea Hermione."

"Now Luna, I promised you that you could come over."

Luna saw Harry tied up on the bed & made a move towards him. Hermione stopped her.

"I only, however, said looking. And just to make sure, I'm going to tie you up."

Hermione took Luna & sat her down in a chair facing the bed. She tied her wrists behind the chair & then tied each ankle to a leg of the chair. Harry awoke to the audible movements, & countered, "Hermione, where have you been?"

"Just making sure that Luna doesn't interfere. And now, Harry, the fun begins again!"...

Disclaimer: Luna's lines are completely free of innuendo and double meanings . . . trust me.

Spells

Harry and Hermione returned to their apartment after the ceremony to find Luna waiting for them.

"I set up the table," she said as they came in. "But I didn't start dinner since all I can make is burnt pancakes and those aren't nearly as good as your food Harry."

"Thank you Luna," Harry said with a smile.

"It was no problem Harry," Luna replied basking under his attention. "I am always happy to help."

Luna followed Harry into the kitchen and watched as he prepared everything. "May I help you cook Harry?"

"Sure," Harry agreed. "Why don't you toss the salad while I . . ."

"I'd rather not," Luna interrupted. "I will if you really want me to but can't I do something else?"

"Uh . . . sure," Harry agreed slowly as he shot the odd girl an odd look. "I'll take care of the salad, you stir the soup."

"Ok Harry," Luna chirped.

At Harry's inquisitive look, Hermione just shrugged in confusion. She didn't have a clue what the other girl was talking about either.

|||||||

"Whocha, Bob."

"Hiya, Tonks."

They were still at the bar. About half the Auror's had gone and the party was winding down.

"You've known Tim a lot longer than I have." Bob nodded in reply, and made a "go on" gesture.

"Tim's been a little depressed lately. I finally got him to open up and admit what the problem is, but I just don't think I'm the one who should talk to him about it."

"I thought he looked a bit pink. So what's been bothering him?"

"You know that he's been hanging out with a group of gals. . . ."

"Willing girls. Every bachelor's dream." Tonks glared at him. "Sorry," Bob said, "please go on."

"Anyway, from what I can understand, it's all physical. I think he's looking for a real relationship."

Bob nodded. "He was in a fairly long term relationship with the Hogwarts squid. This has been his rebound, and it doesn't surprise me that he wants something more substantial. I'll go talk to him."

"Thanks, Bob."

Bob went over to the tentacle monster.

"Tim," he said, "A great man once said that sex without love was an empty experience, but as empty experiences go it's one of the best. But take it from an old married man, you get tired of empty experiences. If you've reached the point where you're looking for something better, you'll have to give up the girls, and give yourself to just one girl wholeheartedly."

Tim gestured with several of his tentacles.

Bob nodded and said, "Then you will probably have to find someplace else to live. After all, isn't that what you want anyway? To settle down with one woman, er, female, and live together in love? No,

I'm not saying move out tonight! After all, you don't have a significant other yet, right?" Bob noticed that four of Tim's eyes swiveled to look at the pink haired Auror just coming out of the woman's room.

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"Thought she'd never leave," Hermione purred as she leaned in to kiss Harry. "Shall we start up where we left off?"

"I think we should," Harry agreed as he pulled her close.

"Mr. Potter, Mrs. Potter are you there?"

"Bloody floo," Hermione growled. "Who is it?"

"Professor McGonagall," the old woman replied. "Did I call at a bad time?"

"What is it Professor?" She sighed.

"Albus has something he'd like to share with the two of you and he claims that it's a matter of some importance," Minerva said nervously. "You're sure this isn't a bad time?"

"We'll be right there," Harry said reluctantly. "Could you move out of the way?"

The frustrated couple walked through the floo connection and met their Head of House on the other side of the connection.

"I really am sorry for disturbing the two of you like this," Minerva said quickly. "And I wouldn't have done it if not for the fact that Poppy believes that this could be important for Albus's . . . recovery from what happened to him."

"What do you need Professor?" Hermione asked through clenched teeth.

"Just listen to Albus's presentation," Minerva begged. "And make the right sorts of noises while he does it."

"Presentation?"

"Regarding the thing with the Lemon Drops," she explained.

"You can count on us Professor," Harry sighed. "Let's go."

"Thank you." They followed the old woman into the Headmaster's office to find Dumbledore sitting behind his desk with a look of joy on his face.

"Thank you both for coming," he said. "And gather round."

Humoring the poor traumatised old fool, they lined up to inspect the object in his hands.

"Here it is," Dumbledore said in an awe filled voice. "The product of my research . . . the prototype."

"Wow," Harry said mustering up as much enthusiasm as he could.

"Ooooh yessss," Hermione agreed. Imagining the activities she planned to engage in with Harry later that night lent a little more enthusiasm to her remark.

"My research isn't anywhere close to being complete," Dumbledore continued in a hushed voice. "But I think this gives you an idea of what we can expect for the future."

"How long before you can get the finished model?"

"No telling," Dumbledore replied quickly. "But I hope to have a weaponized lemon drop ready for testing soon after the sorting ceremony."

"That soon?"

"I've been putting quite a bit of time into this project," Dumbledore explained. "As well as another project."

"What other project?" Minerva asked sharply. "Albus you know how important creating the perfect lemon drop is to the war effort."

"That I do Minerva," he agreed. His eyes holding a hint of their old twinkle. "But I'm afraid the three of you overlooked a rather important thing."

"What's that Albus?"

"That the most powerful lemon drops in the world will do nothing if we can't find a way to get Voldemort to eat them," the Headmaster finished with a proud smile. "That is why I've been hard at work developing a subtle compulsion charm that we can put on a bowl full of our little citrus filled darlings. The most difficult portion of this of course is finding a way around his formidable mental shields."

"May I take a look at your notes?" Hermione asked eagerly.

"I'll be sure to send them along after I've had a chance to get some real work done," Dumbledore agreed. "Right now I've just got the concept and a couple loose ideas."

"You've outdone yourself Albus," Minerva said with a restrained smile. She allowed herself a brief moment of hope that her old friend was regaining a bit of himself. "And it gives me an idea for the future. After all, the war won't last forever."

"What's that Minerva?"

"It occurs to me that we have or had rather one of the foremost researchers of our time spending his time boggled down in the details needed to run this school." It also gave her a way to keep the poor senile fool occupied after he'd completed the busy work they'd given him. "Now I'm not saying that you should give up your position. After all, if our recent experiences have taught us anything it's that delegation can give us all plenty of time to pursue our own interests."

"Go on," Dumbledore said cautiously.

"Mrs. Potter," Minerva began. "You know a bit about pureblood customs and ideals do you not?"

"Just a bit," Hermione agreed with a glance at Harry. "I've made a few . . . miscalculations in the past but they've all ended up being for the best."

"What is one of the primary reasons Purebloods look down on muggle born and half bloods?" Minerva asked. "What is the only real advantage that pureblood families have?"

"The spells," Hermione replied after a moment of thought.

"Exactly," Minerva said with a look of triumph. "A large portion of the available magical knowledge is locked up in family vaults. Much of what we teach here are spells that have been in use so long that they became common knowledge."

"What are you proposing?"

"That you devote your time to researching new spells," Minerva explained. "And rather than keeping them locked away, you donate them to the school."

"You could have all the Professors do it if you hired on more assistants," Hermione suggested. "We could change Hogwarts into a research institution," her voice raised in excitement. "Give classes on spell creation with the understanding that the assignments would be retained by the school if they were good enough."

"I could donate a few Potter spells," Harry said mildly. "Not many I'm afraid but a few."

"And I could donate a few of mine," Hermione agreed. "What do you think Headmaster?"

"I think that it's time for me to crack open a bottle Armagnac that I've been saving for an occasion like this," he said with a tear in his eye. "Would you all please join me in a toast?"

"Of course Albus," Minerva agreed. She turned to her two students and regarded them with a stern look. "You're both adults in every way that counts so I'm going to treat you like adults, please don't let this get to your more . . . impressionable classmates."

"We won't Professor," Hermione agreed.

Dumbledore distributed the glasses and held his up. "To the future, may our plan succeed and may England prosper."

"The future," the chorused.

Dumbledore refreshed their glasses and turned to Minerva. "Would you care to make the next one?"

"To Gryffindor," she said smugly. "The House that produced the current Minister."

"To Gryffindor," they all agreed.

Dumbledore once again refreshed their glasses and gave Harry a hopeful look.

"To the Fox and the Hound my noble foes," Harry said with a smirk. "You can't run from me forever."

"To noble foes."

"Gimme s'more of ssdat plese," Hermione slurred.

"Of course," Albus agreed.

"Ta in'fr'mation," Hermione muttered. "Wr gonna set ouuu free."

"Setting information free."

"I think we'd better be getting home," Harry said with a smile. "Good to see you two. Come on Hermione," he said with a grin. "Let's get you to bed."

"M'ok," she agreed with a giggle. "B't on'y if ouuu c'm with me."

"Bye Professors," Harry called over his shoulder as he dragged the girl into the floo.

"Wouldn't have thought it would take so little," Minerva said absently. "With all those trips to France, I'd have sworn that her curiosity would have encouraged her to . . . I guess it doesn't matter."

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"Come on you lazy witch," Harry said fondly as he carried Hermione into their bedroom. "Let's get you ready for bed."

"Harry," Hermione said with a naughty smile. "Remember what we were doing before we got interrupted?"

"Want to continue then?" He leered.

In response she laid across his lap and smiled up at him. "I've been a very bad girl Harry."

"Is that so?"

The only response he got was a soft snore.

"Well," Harry looked down at the sleeping girl with a smile. "I suppose turn about is fair play, and it's not like another day or two will make much of a difference." With that, he shut off the lights and closed his eyes.

AN: The ongoing list of people that contributed to this fic without whom, it would not have been nearly as good . . . one might go so far as to say it would be quite bad: nonjon, Ed Becerra, ausfinbar, David Wangen, , dogbertcarroll, hattenjc, the caitiff, AlanP, Lone Wolf, meteoricshipyards, Shawn Pickett, Morris Rague, luinlothana, Treck, Drake, David Brown, Moshehim, Arthur Hansen, Marneus Calgar, Goblin214, Chris LeBron, khadon99, Shawn Pickett, tekobaka, Freddie, Musings of Apathy, Brian Arcis, Fenris, Pelel, and everyone else on my yahoo group. They gave me scenes, ideas, and all sorts

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Omake by migeleelrubio: A Drinking Experience

The Aurors were drinking and talking, or more like drinking and commenting.

"For his size he sure is a lightweight."

"It doesn't seem to stop him at all, you know."

Tonks muttered under her breath "One Firewhiskey"

"Look he found another one."

"Looks like I win."

"Hey it still isn't midnight."

"One Firewhiskey and he is sloshed." Tonks stared at Tim and wondered what she was supposed to do."

In a booth Tim was sprawled across four women who were petting him and cooing over the hoplessly relaxed tentacle monster.

The door opening caught the aurors interesst as there was heavy betting on how many girl he would get into his booth.

"Tim! Are you alright?" Gretchen called out as she saw him.

A tentacle wobbled her way.

"Oh you poor thing."

Most aurors stared as Dark Bunny Gretchen came over and inspected the bandage.

"The girls decided to throw a party for you but as I see you are already enjoying yourself." Gretchen wondered. "How about we take them with us?"

The Auror who told that Tim would get more then ten girls grinned.
"Pay up guys, I win the pot."

Tonks hung her head. "Why me?"

Disclaimer: Some say the world will end in fire . . .

A Touch of Frost

Friday night found six death eaters making their way through the sewers. This was going to be easy. Just wait around until Jeremy returns, kill him, and then party back at Riddle's house. Unfortunately, they ran into Tim preparing for his date with Tonks. Which was convenient, because as they showed up, he realized he had forgotten something and wouldn't have time to run to the store.

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Hermione woke up with a frown the next morning as she remembered the events from the night before.

"GOD DAMN IT," Hermione screamed. "I was so bloody close."

"Good morning to you too Hermione," Luna said with a happy smile. "I take it you're not doing well?"

"Seems like the world is conspiring against me," Hermione replied absently. "Luna you're willing to help me with something right?"

"Of course Hermione," Luna agreed quickly.

"Ok," Hermione began with a grin. "There's this potion I'm planning to brew. If make a list of ingredients I need, would you be willing to get them for me?"

"Of course I will Hermione," Luna agreed. "What do you need?"

"After breakfast," Hermione said as she walked towards the bathroom for her shower. "Thanks Luna."

"Should we get that started Hermione?" Luna asked.

"Fine," she groaned. "Any requests?"

"I'd like to have Harry's sausage," Luna said slyly.

"I . . . I'll see what I can do," Hermione said slowly. "Ok?"

"Thank you Hermione," Luna said. "May I wait in the sitting room?"

"You may," she agreed. After Luna was gone, Hermione turned to the sleeping Harry with a wicked grin on her face. "Frigus Aeris."

Harry shrieked in surprise and turned to the giggling girl with a glare.
"Did you have to do that?"

"Yes."

"You keep doing this and I'm going to forget that I'm a gentleman and seek revenge."

"Hah, I'd like to see you try."

"Remember, you brought this on yourself."

"Luna wants sausage for breakfast," Hermione changed the subject.
"Do you mind?"

"Of course not," he agreed cheerfully. "This isn't over," he said in a low voice.

"What was that?"

"I said why don't you take your shower," Harry suggested. "I'll go get breakfast ready."

"Thank you Harry."

Harry reluctantly got out of bed, got dressed, and walked to the kitchen.

"Good morning Harry."

"Luna," he said with a smile. "Would you mind helping me with something?"

"What is it?"

"Could you hit the off switch for the hot water for a few minutes?" He asked innocently. "I need to show something to Hermione."

"Of course I'll help," Luna agreed. "Where is it?"

"It's behind the panel in that closet behind you."

"Here?" They both looked up at the muffled outraged scream.

"That's it," Harry said cheerfully. "You can turn it back on now."

"Ok Harry."

Hermione appeared a few minutes later and sent a deadly glare Harry's smiling face. "Have a good shower?" He asked innocently.

"Very," she growled.

"Good," he said with a happy grin. "Breakfast is ready."

"Thank you Harry," Hermione said sweetly. "What are you doing?"

"Throwing a quick ward up," Harry replied. "Nothing big?"

"Why?"

"Because I'd rather not have my shower interrupted by your petty attempts at revenge," Harry said with an arrogant grin. "And I know that you'll never believe me if I were to tell you that the universe avenged me. I never went anywhere near the hot water cut off switch."

"Really?" She studied him for a few moments before reluctantly concluding that he was telling the truth. "I see."

"And with that," Harry said as he put down his fork. "I'm going to get clean. Later girls."

"Bye Harry," Luna replied.

"Luna?" Hermione asked after Harry had left the room.

"Yes Hermione?"

"Who cut off my hot water?"

"I did," Luna said proudly.

"Why?"

"Harry asked me to."

"I thought so," Hermione said with a smirk. "Thank you Luna."

"No problem Hermione."

"Would you mind helping me with something?" Hermione asked.
"Since you helped Harry I mean, it's only fair."

"Of course Hermione, what do you want me to do?"

"Just cast a couple of freezing charms on . . . the section of wall above the light over there."

"Now?"

"Wait until he's been in there for a while," Hermione said in triumph.

"Ok."

Knock! Knock!

Hermione opened the door to find out who was knocking. There were very few who could be this far into the building, so she felt safe doing so.

"Hello, Tonks. Rather embarrassing picture, wouldn't you say?"

"What picture?" Tonks asked, suddenly not sure about the turn of the conversation.

"The Daily Prophet. See." Hermione handed Tonks the paper with a picture of Tim holding up a wizard with a bandana covered face while Tonks was slumped against the wall.

"Actually, are you OK?" Hermione asked.

"Oh, yes. They fixed me right up. Anyway, I was wondering if you could key someone into the wards for me."

"Anyone I know?"

"My partner," she answered, pointing to the picture on the front page, "Tim. He invited me out Friday night, and. . ." her voice trailed off.

Hermione knew her relationship with Harry and Luna was a bit unorthodox, so she reserved judgment. "Alright, we'll key him in."

"Thanks, Hermione."

"Acer Gelu," Luna incanted.

"Thank you Luna," Hermione said with a smile. "So . . . you and Tim huh?"

"I just want to make sure he's alright," Tonks said with a downcast expression. "He did save my life and . . . you saw what happened to him."

"I know it can be hard but you can't blame yourself. Besides, the specialist from Japan hasn't arrived yet. He might still be fine soon."

"I know, Hermione. It's just it makes me feel so unprofessional. I've always been clumsy, you know. When I finally made it to DMLE I thought... I was sure I managed to overcome this and now look what happened to Tim."

"Hey, it could be any other auror in your shoes there. You were just lucky to have him for a partner. And you have no idea how glad we are that you are all right. I tell you, Harry and I were really worried when we heard what happened."

"Logically, perhaps it means something. But I still can't get it out of my mind. And don't even get me started on how much sleep I already lost over that. When I think about it it's just impossible to go to sleep."

"You know, I think what you need right now is a good book. Something light to read before you go to sleep to take your mind off that."

"Hermione is right" Luna's voice cut in from the library "It could work. I think I know what you might like. It's from Hermione's Muggle collection." Luna emerged holding a stack of books "I hope you won't mind Hermione?"

"Of course not. Tonks is a friend after all."

"Then it's settled. Try the one with green cover first - it's my favourite. And if it doesn't help you can always use the other method."

"The other method?"

"Of course. It's called the year of fun."

"The year of...?"

"Sure. You get twelve men, get them dressed for each of the months"

"Luna! I mean, Luna, we should try the books and see if they work first, don't you think? No sense being pessimistic, right. Oh, and Tonks - we are going to the cinema tomorrow, sort of a girls day out. Perhaps you'd like to come with us?"

"Why not?. I don't have duty tomorrow."

"Then it's settled. Why don't you try to get some rest now."

"Perhaps I should. Bye, Hermione, Luna"

After the door closed behind the auror Hermione turned to Luna

"So, which books did you choose?"

"Oh, you know, just some light, what do you call it? Science fiction. I liked the sense of humor there."

"You liked... never mind. If she doesn't like them she knows she can always borrow something else . . . so what did you give her?"

"Hmmmm?"

"What books did you give her?"

"Oh, just a small selection on time travel and mind control."

"Time travel and mind control?"

"Uh huh."

"I . . ." She calmed her features and turned towards the opening bedroom door. "How'd you like your shower?" Hermione asked with a lazy grin.

"It was great," Harry enthused. "Though one odd thing happened towards the end of it."

"Oh?" She leaned forward with a look of great antisipation. "Do tell."

"Well, I'd just gotten out and turned off the water when frost began forming around the shower head. Weird huh?"

"Yeah," she sighed.

"And Hermione . . ."

"Yes Harry?"

He leaned down to whisper in her ear. "That puts me one ahead."

"Curses."

"Curses?"

"Always wanted to use that line, but I never seemed to get the opportunity to slip it in without it sounding awkward."

"Ah."

"Well . . . I have to go," Luna said reluctantly. "I'll see you later."

"Goodbye Luna," Hermione said.

"Yes, goodbye."

"I've got some potions to brew," Hermione offered. She gave Harry a quick kiss on the cheek.

"Have fun," Harry replied.

He had been relaxing in the sitting room for about an hour when he heard Hermione's semi panicked call. "Harry, I need you to come here."

"What is it?" He demanded as, wand in hand, he ran towards her.

"I just dropped a hot cauldron on my foot," she replied with a catch in her voice.

"Come on." He gathered her in his arms. "Let's get you to the hospital."

Harry burst into the lobby and was quickly directed to place his injured friend in a wheel chair. "We'll take care of her Mr. Potter," the nurse assured him. "Why don't you have a seat, we'll call you when we have some news for you."

"Fine," he agreed. He managed to sit still for about five seconds before jumping up and nervously pacing back and fourth.

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"What happened?" The Healer asked bluntly as he examined her damaged foot.

"I was brewing a potion and I dropped the cauldron on my foot," Hermione replied.

"Explains the burns and broken bones," he mused. "What kind of Potion were you brewing Ms. Potter?"

"Um muphghml," Hermione muttered with a blush.

"I didn't catch that. Could you speak up?"

"Muuuvlal."

"Is it some sort of . . . potion for . . . personal things?"

Red faced, Hermione just nodded in agreement.

"Would you feel better if I got a female Healer in here to talk to you?"

Hermione seemed to shrink as she nodded again.

"Very well." The Healer stuck his head out of the room. "Healer Brown, could you take over here?"

"Sure thing," a woman's voice replied. "Hi there Hermione right?"

"Yeah," she agreed.

"My name is Healer Lucy Brown," she said with a smile. "I normally work in the Psych ward but we all take turns in the General and Emergency wings. So what seems to be the problem?"

"I dropped a cauldron full of half done Potion on my foot," Hermione replied.

"What sort of Potion?"

"Well . . ." she looked around to make sure they were alone. "A um . . . an endurance potion."

"What sort?"

"One to help . . . um . . . a couple . . ."

"Having problems then?"

"Just having problems finding alone time," Hermione confessed. "I was gonna brick up the floo and lock the door and . . ."

"I understand," Lucy laughed. "So what were you brewing?"

"Quadraginta Hora Erectus," Hermione said.

"I see . . . well, I have good news and bad news."

"What's the bad news?"

"I don't feel safe giving you anything for the burns and broken bones until I'm sure there isn't any potion residue in your system, so about a day."

"What's the good news then?"

"I know a much better potion to use," Lucy giggled. "It's called the Quinque Putesco Orgia, I'll have the Pharmacy send some up for you. Just be sure to read the directions before you two take it and promise me that you'll wait until that foot of yours is healed before you have your fun."

"I promise."

"The decision to engage in . . . normal activities is up to the two of you, just don't use any potions until I clear you ok?"

"Ok."

"Healer Brown," one of the orderlies stuck his head in.

"What is it?"

"Just wanted to tell you that we're borrowing Mr. Potter for a few minutes," she explained. "He was good enough to agree put some more wards up around Snivvy's room."

"Thank you Sandra," Lucy said. "I'll keep Hermione here company until he gets back."

"Why do you need Harry to put up some wards?"

"Well, I'm sure you're aware of the Snape case?" Lucy continued after seeing Hermione's nod of agreement,. "we have him in the secure ward and your husband was kind enough to make it a bit more secure."

"How grand," Hermione said with a smile. "Um . . . I know it's not my place to say but . . ."

"What is it Mrs. Potter?"

"Well . . . it's just that . . . my parents are dentists and well . . . his teeth have always bothered me," Hermione said in a rush. "So yellow and crooked . . . do you think you could have someone take a look at them?"

"One of the other Healers is working on developing a branch of Dental Healing," Lucy mused. "And I'm sure he'd be delighted to have a chance to practice some of his theories."

"Thank you," Hermione said.

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"Hello," Luna said as she read over the Healer's shoulder. "What are you doing?"

"I'm working up a new treatment plan for one of my patients," the Healer explained with a smile. "You may have heard of Snivelus Snape?"

"He was my potions instructor," Luna said in delight. "Can I help?"

"That would be both illegal and immoral, but . . . ok." He agreed.
"What do you suggest?"

"I just want to tell him something," Luna said. "Oh, you might want to have Harry put up some more wards around his room."

"Harry . . . Potter?"

"Yes he's upstairs right now," Luna continued. "I'm sure he'd be happy to donate a few wards to keep the wizarding world safe if you ask him really nicely."

"I'll keep that in mind . . . what did you wish to tell Snape?"

"Do I just talk now?"

"Just talk."

"Hello Snivelus," Luna said cheerfully. "I just wanted to give you the good news. Harry and Hermione have gotten married and I'm sure that it's only a matter of time before they propose to me. Isn't it wonderful? There will be plenty of little Potters running around in a few years."

"Well . . . that certainly got a reaction," the Healer said in admiration. "He hasn't tried to chew through his gag like that in days, just seems to sit there with a vacant expression."

"Happy to help."

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"That should take care of your wards," Harry said with a satisfied smile. "Only way he's going to get out is . . . well, he's not going to get out of there."

"Thank you Mr. Potter," the Healer said with a smile. "We really appreciate this."

"Happy to help," Harry waved it off. "Any hope that he'll recover?"

"I'm afraid not," the Healer mourned.

"I see." Harry did his best to hide his grin. "I know it's not my place but could I make a suggestion?"

"What is it?"

"Well, he's a Potions Master isn't he?"

"Yes?"

"I'm sure that he's concerned about the Potions he's being given," Harry said. "Wishing to know who brewed it and such."

"I see . . . well, I'm afraid we get our Potions from . . ."

"Oh I'm sure it doesn't matter who actually brews it," Harry interrupted. "You could just tell him that one of his students brewed it for him."

"Yes . . . yes I could see how that could help. Who do you suggest we say it's from?"

"Well how about." Inwardly, he laughed sadistically. "Neville Longbottom."

"I'll make a note of it Mr. Potter, thank you."

"Like I said before," Harry said with unrestrained glee. "I'm happy to help."

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"There you are Hermione," Luna announced as she walked into the room. "I knew I'd see you again today but I didn't know it would be like this. I'm sorry, I wish I could have done something to prevent that."

"I know you do Luna," she comforted the other girl. "Have you met Healer Brown?"

"Hello."

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Omake by David Brown

Hermione woke up. Bad news. Harry's not there. Worse news. Luna is there. In bed. With Hermione. Hermione feels...something. "Luna, what the hell are you doing?"

"It's called The Shocker."

"What?"

"Two in the pink, one in the.." Hermione suddenly felt...something else.

"LUNA! I AM GOING TO KILL YOU!"

"I guess the name is properly descriptive. Maybe I can get Harry to try..."

"No."

"Pooh."

"Luna, go wash your hands."

Disclaimer:remialcsID

Waiting, Anticipating

"NO MORE POTTERS," Snape screamed. "NO MORE, NO MORE, NO MORE, NO MORE."

"Calm down Snivelus," the Healer said firmly. "Here, why don't we give you a nice potion to help you calm down . . . Orderly."

"Yes Healer," the burly man agreed. He approached Snape and after forcing the Snape's mouth open, inserted a large funnel. "He's ready for the potion now Healer."

"Here we go," the Healer said with a satisfied smile as he dumped the potion down Snape's throat. "Incidentally, you might be interested to know that one of your students brewed this potion just for you."

"Who?" Snape gagged.

"Neville Longbottom," the Healer said proudly. "Isn't that nice."

Snape's eyes bulged and he turned pale with fear. "Oh no."

"Oh yes," the Healer agreed.

"NOOO
OOOOOOOOOO" Everyone looked up at the sound of something snapping ". . . ahaha."

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"Harry," Hermione purred as he carried her into the apartment.

"What is it?"

"The Healer said I couldn't do what I planned to do."

"That's fine," Harry assured the girl. "Your health is more important."

"She did say that we could . . . do things the normal way," Hermione added hopefully. "Ok Harry?"

Harry pulled her into a kiss with a smile and tossed her onto the bed. He soon joined her and pulled her close, "come here."

"Oh Harry," she moaned. "I . . . owwww."

"What's wrong?" He asked quickly.

"It's ok," she assured him. "I just bumped my foot and . . ."

"And so we're going to wait until it gets healed," he sighed. "Understand?"

"But we just have to be careful," she protested.

"We're going to wait until it gets healed," he said firmly. "I don't want to hurt you."

"But . . ."

"It's not going to happen . . . unless of course you want to ask Luna for a hand?"

"Good night Harry," she snapped. "Hmph."

"Good night Hermione." He kissed her on the cheek. "One would think a smart girl like you would learn how to be patient."

"One would also think you'd would jump at the chance to jump me," Hermione said hotly.

"Oh but I would," Harry whispered. "After, I won't have a chance of accidentally hurting you."

"Goodnight Harry," she said in a softer tone.

"Goodnight Hermione."

|||||||

"Ahnd over th' dosh and I won't ave ta hurt you."

"Afraid I'm a bit pushed at the moment," Jill said nervously. "Only have a tennner or so."

"Then it seems that we have a problem," he said calmly as he took a menacing step forward.

Before Jill could react, the space in front of her was filled by two growling Dark Bunnies. "Yes," Gretchen agreed. "We do." Gretchen jammed three inches of her spiked heel into the top of the man's foot and followed up with a strike to the throat while the other Dark Bunny gave him a palm strike to the temple. The two girls took a moment to inspect the fallen man and turned back to Jill.

"Are you alright?" Gone were the harpies and Hermione's mother was left with two worried girls. "He didn't hurt you did he?"

"I'm fine girls," Jill assured them.

"Come on," Gretchen said. "Let's get you back to your house."

Jill was more then a bit amused at how gently the deferential Dark Bunnies treated her as they escorted her home. "This is it girls," she said fondly. "Would you like to come in for something to eat?"

"Thank you Doctor Jill," Gretchen spoke for the group. "We'd love to."

"Hello darling," she greeted her husband as she walked in. "I ran into a bit of trouble on the way home and the girls were kind enough to help me home."

"What kind of trouble?" He asked quickly.

"Oh some misguided youth tried to separate me from my bees and honey and he wasn't too happy when he found out I didn't have much," she said dryly. "The girls arrived just in time to convince him to leave me alone."

"And beat him into a coma," Gretchen added with a happy grin. "He's lucky master wasn't there or we'd have done worse."

"Never miss a chance to show off for master," one of the other girls agreed.

"Well . . ." Phil said. "It's a good thing you girls were there." He hadn't been sure he liked the idea of his wife working with an evil organization before.

"We always have at least two Dark Bunnies watching her," Gretchen replied. "We don't want anything to happen to her."

"Oh." Yep, it seemed that working with that evil organization did have its advantages after all. Having his wife work for one was the best idea he'd ever had.

"And don't worry about the body," Gretchen continued. "It's been a while but Elizabeth still remembers how to erase all traces of the bugger."

"What?" Jill asked in alarm. "You didn't kill him did you?"

"Not yet."

"Then you will turn him over to the proper authorities," Jill said firmly.

"But . . ."

"But nothing," Jill continued. "Do you understand me young lady?"

"Yes ma'am," the cowed Gretchen agreed.

"Good girl," Jill said with a smile. "Now, I'm going to go clean up. Just ask Phil if you need anything and I'm sure he'd be happy to provide it."

After his wife had left the room, Phil summoned Gretchen with a bent finger.

"Yes?"

"This man," Phil began. "Did you get a chance to look at his teeth?"

"His teeth?"

"Yes, did they look like they needed any work?" Upon seeing her confused expression, he decided to elaborate. "I sometimes do a bit of charity work, usually for orphans and the homeless. But I might be willing to branch out into the penal system if I find the right sort of person . . . catch my drift?"

"Oh." Gretchen's eyes lit up. "Don't worry, his teeth will be in terrible condition by the time he gets turned over to the DMLE."

"Very good. Thank you Gretchen."

"Thank you sir."

"Call me Phil."

|||||||

"Mum, can I talk to you for a minute?" Ginny asked nervously.

"That depends," Molly said evenly. "Have you given up becoming a Dark Witch?"

"Yes mum," Ginny agreed.

"Alright then," Molly said with a happy smile. "What is it?"

"I want to be a vigilante," Ginny said quickly. "Called the Scarlet Witch after my hair."

"And this will get me grandchildren how?"

"Well, the Fox and the Hound are Harry's enemies right?"

"Yessss," Molly agreed slowly.

"Then if I catch them then maybe he'll look at me as a girl and not as his best friend's sister," Ginny said. "Then . . . well . . . you know . . . happy endings and all that."

"One problem with that Ginny," Molly sighed. "Harry is married to Hermione."

"What?" Ginny squawked. "When did that happen?"

"No one is sure," Molly replied. "And I'm told that the couple is trying to keep quiet until after they leave Hogwarts."

"Oh . . ." Ginny considered things for a moment. On the one hand, Hermione was her friend and it wouldn't be right to steal Harry away from her. She was a Weasley and there were those spells that needed more than two people so. "Um, my plan could still work mum."

"How?" Molly growled. "If you're planning to break them up . . ."

"No mum, I'm planning to join them. It's not illegal and you'll get even more grandchildren this way."

"Exactly how will I get more grandchildren this way?"

"Cause if I'm married to Harry then I'll be married to Hermione too," Ginny said quickly. "That way any children Hermione has will be your grandchildren too. See mum, it all works out."

"Genevra Molly Weasley, first you intend to become a Dark Witch and try to join your brothers harem causing me no end of worry and making me think that you're going to fall in with the wrong crowd and now this?" Molly said hotly. "Dear, I'm so glad to hear that you've given up your past foolishness and decided to find a nice grandchild producing activity, I'm proud of you my daughter."

"Thanks mum," Ginny beamed. "So I have your permission to become a costumed vigilante?"

"Permission?" Molly laughed, "I'll help you make the costume."

"Thanks mum, you're the greatest."

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"What's wrong Hermione?" Harry asked.

"I don't know," Hermione replied. "I was in the middle of the best dream when I had this sudden feeling that something had just happened."

"Oh." He pulled her close. "Better?"

"Yes." She snuggled up to him. "Thank you, shall we . . ."

"Not until your foot heals up," Harry said with a smile. "Then until you can't walk."

"Damn . . . good night Harry."

"Night love."

|||||||||

"Crucio," Elizabeth watched with a happy smile as the hapless mugger once again squealed in pain. "Isn't this fun? Oh well, all good things must come to an end. Av . . ."

"Elizabeth," Gretchen yelled. "Stop."

"Did you want to do it then?" Elizabeth asked calmly.

"Doctor Jill doesn't want them dead," Gretchen explained breathlessly. "Says we're to hand him over to the Aurors."

"Why?"

"Because her husband wants to torture him," Gretchen said with a smile. "Isn't that romantic."

"Yeah," Elizabeth sighed. "It is."

"Let's kick in his teeth and get him to the Aurors then," Gretchen suggested. "Sooner we do, the sooner we can get our rewards."

"Kick in his teeth?"

"Doctor Phil wants to fix his teeth," Gretchen explained. "And he can't fix them if they're not broken."

"Oh . . . that makes sense I guess," Elizabeth agreed.

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"Wake up Hermione," Luna's voice woke the other girl. "It's important."

"What is it Luna?" Hermione sighed.

"I just found out from father's contacts at the Ministry that your mother was attacked last night," Luna said with a worried frown. "And I just knew you'd want to hear about it as soon as possible, mothers are important."

"What happened, was she hurt?"

"Her bodyguards stopped things before anything could happen," Luna replied. "And the criminal was turned over to the Department of Magical Law Enforcement suffering from extreme Crucio exposure, fifteen broken bones, and a shattered jaw."

"Oh . . . so mum's ok then?"

"I think so," Luna agreed.

"Good," Hermione sighed. "That's good."

"Uh huh," Luna agreed.

"Thank you Luna," Hermione said with a smile. "I really appreciate the fact that you brought this to me."

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"Hello Snivelus, my name is Healer Jameson. My colleague and I have been brought in to take a look at you."

"Do your worst," Snape managed to gasp. "There's nothing you can do to me."

"I think you misunderstand," the Healer said quickly. "We're not here to deal with your . . . issues. We're just here to repair your teeth."

"Really?" Snape asked sceptically. "No yogurt?"

"No yogurt," Healer Jameson agreed.

"Oh." Snape relaxed a bit, things were looking up.

"Oh, and let me introduce you to my colleague. Dr. Granger."

"And let me be the first to assure you that the fact that you bullied my daughter and were a bastard to my son in law will not in any way affect the treatment I give you," the man said sadistically. "Though it is my professional opinion that we can not use my painkillers, as they may react oddly to the potions you've been giving him."

"And I'm afraid we can't use any magic for the same reason," the healer sighed. "Pity."

"You wanted me to demonstrate my techniques didn't you?" Phil asked hopefully. "No magic?"

"If it isn't an inconvenience."

"No trouble," he said as he began pulling out his tools. "No trouble at all."

"Why me?" Snape lamented as they ratcheted his jaw open and locked it into position.

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"Hermione?"

"Yes Luna?"

"I came here so fast this morning that I didn't have time to take a shower or take off my clothes," Luna began. "May I use your shower?"

"Sure Luna," Hermione agreed. "Anything you like."

"Oh thank you Hermione," Luna said with a smile. "Thank you thank you."

"You're welcome Luna," Hermione replied. She took another sip of her tea, there was something about that last conversation that bothered her. Her eyes shot open and Hermione raced towards the bathroom to find a very naked Luna in the shower with an equally naked Harry who had his hands over his naughty bits. "This isn't what I ment when I said anything Luna."

"I'm just taking a shower Hermione," Luna said innocently. "You said I could."

"Just a shower huh?"

"That's all," Luna said with a cheerful smile.

"Then why didn't you wait until Harry was out?"

"To save water of course," Luna said with a frown. "The environment is everyone's responsibility, I read that on the side of a bus on the way here."

"Ok Luna," Hermione said with a smile.

"Ok?"

"Yup." Hermione's smile remained fixed as she reached over to turn off the hot water. "We should probably save electricity too and conserve hot water don't you think?"

"Uh huh," Luna agreed. "Do you want to huddle together for warmth Harry?"

Harry sighed, dropped his hands and stepped out of the shower.
"Why don't you two work this out on your own?"

"Ok Harry," Luna agreed. "Do you want to come in here and huddle for warmth Hermione?"

"Never mind Luna," Hermione sighed. Her hand cranked up the hot water again. "Enjoy your shower."

"Thank you."

AN: The ongoing list of people that contributed to this fic without whom, it would not have been nearly as good . . . one might go so far as to say it would be quite bad: nonjon, Ed Becerra, ausfinbar, David Wangen, , Ben Russell-Gough, dogbertcarroll, hattenjc, the caitiff, AlanP, Lone Wolf, meteoricshipyards, Shawn Pickett, Morris Rague, Iuinlothana, Treck, Drake, David Brown, Moshehim, Arthur Hansen, Marneus Calgar, Goblin214, Chris LeBron, khadon99, Shawn Pickett, tekobaka, Freddie, Musings of Apathy, Brian Arcis, Fenris, Pelel, shinji the good sharer, and everyone on my yahoo group. They gave me scenes, ideas, and all sorts of other things. Tell me if I missed you so I can add to this list. Another thanks goes to meteoricshipyards who wrote the majority of the continuing adventures of the tentacle monster as well as several others. Anything I wrote on that sub plot was fairly minor so kudos. And still another goes to who wrote a large number of scenes. Yet another goes to The Resident who was good enough to do a bit of editing and caught several of my mistakes.

Omake by Steve2: Voldemort's Revenge

As Harry and Hermione came back into their home, the first thing they noticed was a brightly wrapped birthday present sitting on the floor in the living room. Sitting next to it on the couch was a beaming Luna.

"Luna? Is something wrong?" Harry asked cautiously, not sure how to take the situation. A happy Luna could mean any one of a variety of things.

"I'm sorry for not getting you a gift on your birthday like I'd meant to do. I'd had an idea in mind, but someone," she glared at Hermione for a moment, then put her gaze back on Harry, "wouldn't let me give you my cherry."

Harry was confused. "You got me a jar of cherries?"

Hermione smirked at this but didn't clear up Harry's confusion. It was fine just the way it was.

"No, I got you something else. Here it is."

Luna opened the box and pulled out a machine.

"It's... it's a... Luna, what is it?" Hermione asked.

Harry grinned. "Wow, you got something that made Hermione speechless. That's something, Luna."

"I know how to make her speechless any time, Harry."

"What are you... mumph."

"Wow, this is a great present," Harry said as he watched the girls.

Pushing her away, Hermione said, "Now stop that, Luna, or I'm going to tie you up again."

"You can tie me up all you want, but I'm going to have to insist on a spanking first."

"No."

"Awwwww," Luna.

"Awwwww," Harry.

Hermione stuck her tongue out at her smirking husband.

"Getting back on topic," Harry continued, "what is this, Luna?"

"Oh, it's something that all important people should have. It announces your entrance like nothing else. It just screams you', you know?"

"Huh?"

"It's a fog machine, Harry," Luna patted his knee while Hermione's eyes kept a constant visage as to where that hand might go.

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After Luna left, with much assurances that he would put the fog machine to good use, Harry spent a few minutes just looking at the device from several different angles. It was clear to his wife that he was concentrating. On what, she had no idea.

"Hey, Hermione, you thinking what I'm thinking?"

"You bet. Let me just go get the edible body paint and the whip cream and I'll be right back."

"Uh, well, I was thinking about the fog machine."

"Oh. Um, what about it?"

"I was thinking this really isn't our cup of tea, you know?"

She had to concede the point. "Yeah. No matter how interesting it is, I can't see the Fox and the Hound using a fog machine to announce themselves at a future crime scene."

"I have to agree with you that. Luna's heart is in the right place, though. But you know who could use a fog machine?"

"Who?"

"Fred could use one."

"I'm not sure politicians use fog machines, Harry."

"I know, but you know Fred. And this has his name written all over it."

"You just wrote them there. I saw you."

"Just goes to prove you're the smartest witch I know."

"And don't you forget it, buster. And you know what I'm thinking now?"

"That the body paint and whip cream are in the kitchen?"

"Absolutely. I'll be right back."

As Hermione made her way from the kitchen (with edible objects in her hands), Luna's face appeared in the fireplace. "Hermione?"

"Yes Luna?" Hermione stopped on her way back to the bedroom.

"Don't forget the cherry, Hermione. Do you want to use mine?"

"No!"

"Awwwww."

11

"Yes, master," Wormtail replied automatically to his latest rant. It was easier to humour him instead of listening to him drone on and on (punctuated with an odd crucio here and there) about the need to listen to the greatest dark lord of all time (and no, I'm not referring to Dark Lord Ron Jeremy, Wormtongue!). It hadn't helped his cause any when Wormtail had heard a rumour about the other Dark Lord not bothering to recruit more followers when he can create them instead, and had told his master that tidbit of news. That hadn't been a fun hour at all.

Next time he had news like that, he was going to have that odd fellow who liked the crucio give it.

"I realize what's been behind these setbacks, Wormtongue..."

"Wormtail, master."

"Crucio!"

"Aaack!"

"No, my attacks against the Dark Lord Ron Jeremy have been thwarted too often of late. If I don't put a stop to these defeats, my name will not be synonymous with terror and chaos."

"You mean they were?"

"Crucio!"

"Aaack!"

"I need a rallying cry, Wormtongue! Something that will expand our recruiting efforts to bring in new dark troops."

Wormtail wisely kept his mouth shut about not letting prospective dark applicants see the costume they had to wear until after they'd taken the dark mark.

"I have decided on another target. A target that hits close to these sheep in wizard robes. They will again fear my name like nothing else. It is time to do something about Minister Weasley!"

"Do you want me to place an order for 100 pizzas and have it delivered to him so he has to pay a sudden bill?" Wormtail asked slowly, not sure if he was going to get crucio'd again or not.

Voldemort thought about it for a moment. "An intriguing idea, Wormtongue, but not one to use at this time. Perhaps later against that fiend, Ron Jeremy. No, this time we are going to set loose the dementors on Minister Weasley. Hahahahahahahahahaha!"

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"Nervous, Fred?" Angelina asked, straightening her minister's robes a bit.

"Not really. It's just a speech. Working on a potion under Snape's scrutiny was more taxing. It sure was nice that Harry and Hermione gave us that fog machine."

"Gave you the fog machine, Fred. You're the minister."

"Nope. They gave it to the ministry. That means it belongs to you as well," he smirked at his girlfriend.

"So where is it?"

"I have George setting it up on stage now. It needs a few minutes to get going to make all that fog."

"He must have started it. It's getting a little cold in here."

"Well, I can't have my campaign manager getting cold now, can I? How about we share a little body heat?"

"Is that all we need to share?"

"I can think of a few other things," he said while pulling her into an embrace and kissing her for a few minutes.

"Mmmmmmmmm," she moaned as he moved to her neck. "Oh, Fred, you certainly know how to turn a girl on."

"Just you wait until I get you back home and then we can..."

"Fred! Fred!" an out of breath George ran into the room he and Angelina were in.

"Yeah, George?"

George reached up and tapped his wand on a thingy on his robe that he'd put there earlier. "Sorry about that, Fred."

"Sorry about what?"

"Um... well you know how we've been experimenting with some muggle things to put into the shop?" At Fred's nod, he continued. "Well, Katie and I, well, we sort of spelled that microphone thingy on your robe to activate earlier to test it outside with the sonorous spell and, well, the reporters heard your conversation with Angelina just now."

"How much of it?"

"All of it."

Minutes later, a flushed Fred comes into the speech room. The fog machine was going full blast. He tapped his microphone (what will those muggles come up with next – this thing was just spiffy, well, most of the time when his brother let him know it was on) and walked through the mist to the podium. "Hi, everyone. I'm glad you could make it," he started.

"Better than making out!" someone yelled from the back.

Hahahahahahahahahah!

Considering there were only six reports present, Fred had a pretty good idea of who it was. Or would have had a good idea if he could see them. Man, that fog machine really worked in a closed spaces.

"Uh... right. Anyway, I just wanted to give you an idea of what's going on with the ministry these days. Just a heads up so to speak."

"Which head?"

Hahahahahahahahah!

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Voldemort sat in his throne at the breakfast table. He wore a fuzzy black robe cinched around his waist with some matching black fuzzy slippers, both of which Malfoy Sr. had procured for him prior to his incarceration. He knew he was going to have to do something about the new tenants on the main floor before too long. Why Narcissa had thought to sell this house (with his lair in it) was beyond him. But he was certainly getting tired of those new tenants moving their furniture around all the time, scuffing the floor, just making themselves at home in his lair! It was unheard of and they were going to have to be taught a lesson. If it hadn't been for the Fidelius charm he'd put on the basement door, who knows what kind of tomfoolery they'd have tried down here.

He sipped his cup of coffee and read the paper. The headline was not full of doom and gloom like he had expected. Instead, it read:

MINISTER WEASLEY AND HIS FIRST LADY GET DOWN AND FUNKY WITH EACH OTHER!

What had happened to his plan? Where had his dementors gone? Why weren't they back yet? Where was that idiot Wormtongue when he needed his bagel toasted?

Moments later Voldemort felt the familiar chill run down his spine and saw one of the dementors drift into his sanctuary. I wonder where all the others are? he thought.

Putting the paper down, Voldemort cast the ministry-restricted, super-duper secret spell that allowed him to converse with the dementor (and allowed the Ministry to keep them working at their prison prior to them telling the Wizard Warden to take his job and shove it). "What happened to the plan?" Voldemort hissed. "Were you foiled? Too many patronus and you were forced to retreat?"

"No," it hissed back. "The aurors and ministry staff didn't even know we were there. We infiltrated like you said we could. We were poised for attack in his speech room. Again, as you planned."

"Then what happened?" Had Voldemort been a better student of body language, he would have been able to tell that the dementor was a little livid.

The dementor pointed a finger at Voldemort and said, "You didn't tell us he had a fog machine! Do you know how much that hurts?! Do you know how it feels to have your being atomized in one of those blasted machines and then shot out the other end with the rest of the rubbish? Do you?! It took me all day to put myself back together again and I'm not even sure if I have my right arm or someone else's! Now due to your shoddy lack of information, I've got to go back home and take inventory with the rest of the gang. That is, once they reconstitute themselves! Do you know how much I hate going back home?!"

"What's a fog machine?" Voldemort wondered aloud.

The dementor looked up the sky (or more appropriately, to the ceiling which was the floor of the main level above). "Wizards!" he choked in annoyance.

The dementor ghosted closer and reached out with his hand to grab Voldemort's robes, pulling him out of his chair (er, throne). "Now here's a little reason why I think you ought to tell me the next time if you are sending me into a situation that has a fog machine! It's a little something I picked up when I watched one of you humans called Uncle Bubba elucidate his exasperation of a situation to someone else."

It was strange, but Voldemort could have sworn he heard the dementor crack his knuckles.

Wormtail heard screaming coming down the hall while he was taking a bath, but didn't think much of it since his room was next to the guy who designed the recent version of the assless chaps for the Death Eaters.

Disclaimer: Overkill is a concept invented by the enemy.

The Scarlet Witch

"Excellent work Dr. Granger," the Healer said. "I'm quite impressed with the amount of skill you had with your chosen tools."

"Years of practice," Phil said with a shrug. "Still not as good as my wife, not fair she has such nimble fingers."

"Quite," Jameson agreed. "I look forward to seeing you in action again."

"I'm stopping by the DMLE after this to do a bit of charity work if you mean that," Phil said mildly. "Specifically the one that tried to assault my wife."

"I trust she wasn't harmed?"

"She's fine," Phil agreed. "Apparently the Dark Bunnies have a twenty four hour guard on her."

"Despite what most would believe, they are good girls," Healer Jameson explained "And they just adore your wife."

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"Harry," Hermione said with an eager smile. "It's time to go to the Healer to get my foot taken care of."

"Eager to get it fixed up as soon as possible huh?"

"Sooner I get it fixed the sooner we can . . . um . . . get to know each other in the biblical sense," she finished hopefully.

"Let's go," he agreed. "Coming Luna?"

"Uh huh," Luna said with a smile.

"Carry me?" Hermione asked with puppy dog eyes.

"Fine." Harry lifted the girl up into his arms and walked towards the floo. "Could you get that for me Luna?"

"Of course Harry," Luna agreed.

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"Have a seat," Narcissa ordered. She was in the visiting area for the Ministry holding cells sitting in front of a very large tattooed man. "Now."

"Why should I listen to you?" The man demanded.

"Because of who I am," Narcissa said flippantly. "My name is Narcissa Black, and I have a business proposal for you."

"Why should I care about a dieing family?" He asked as he took a seat. "No offence, a hundred years ago it was powerful but now . . ."

"Now we have a proper Head of the Family," Narcissa said with a smile. "Within days of assuming his position he destroyed both the Malfoy and Lestrange families and took for his own what was once theirs. I believe you know my ex-husband Lucius?"

"And you want us to stop passing him around then?"

"Why would I want that?" Narcissa asked with a frown. "I did say ex-husband didn't I?"

"Yes but I thought . . ."

"Don't think," Narcissa interrupted. "Leave that to me."

"Alright," the man agreed with a nod. "What do you want then?"

"Two men have recently been arrested for crimes against the Black family," Narcissa said coldly. "I want them to understand how displeased we are with them."

"Who?"

"The fist was arrested for Assault on an Auror," Narcissa replied.

"I know him," the prisoner agreed. "But the Auror he bagged, wasn't she named Tonks."

"Her mother was a Black before she was thrown out of the family," Narcissa explained. "The new Head hasn't reinstated them yet and I presume it's because he has other plans for the pretty young Auror that would preclude her from being a family member."

"Got ya, what about the other?"

"Muggle, tried to harm the new Head's mother in law?"

"Muggle?"

"His wife is muggle born. Our new Head cares about ability, not about accidents of birth. She's the most brilliant witch of her generation."

"What's in it for me?"

"I've arranged for the guards to give you a few more luxuries and perhaps a few small items," Narcissa said with a wave. "On the other hand, if you say no then it wouldn't be too difficult to arrange to have your life made a bit less comfortable."

"We have a deal Ms. Black."

"A pleasure doing business with you Mr . . ."

"Just call me Uncle Bubba," he said with a grin.

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The fire turned green and Hermione lept through it back into her apartment followed by Harry and Luna.

"Healers did a good job then?" Harry asked dryly as he watched the girl dance around the room.

"She did a wonderful job," Hermione agreed. "Oh it's so good to have my foot back."

"I . . ." Harry cut off at a knock on the door. "Someone's here."

"Probably Tonks," Hermione said. "I'll get it."

"Ok."

Hermione went to the door and spent a few minutes chatting with whoever was on the other side. "Harry, can I go out with Tonks and Luna for a few hours or do you want me to stay behind and help with the new wards?

"Have fun," Harry called back.

"Thank you Harry." Hermione ran up and gave him a quick kiss.
"Come on Luna."

"Ok Hermione," Luna agreed.

"First things first," Harry muttered to himself. "A way to block the floo."

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"DATING?!" Draco squeaked. Narcissa nodded, happily humming as she finished putting on her dress and jewelery.

"Yes. He's a very nice old friend of mine."

"But-But what about Father?! How can you just-just abandon him?"
Draco squawked, pale face turning red. Narcissa sighed.

"Draco, we've been over this. I was in a loveless marriage with a hateful, racist man who tried to turn you into his clone. And has apparently largely succeeded. The Dark Lord's ideals are going nowhere fast, I'm sick of the bloodline purity nonsense, and bottom

line, I'm lonely. I want actual love in a relationship, not obligation and disdain." Narcissa managed a fond smile at her gaping son, and patted his head.

"Someday, you will understand Draco. I promise." She walked out the door of the room. Draco grumbled.

"But dating a WEREWOLF?!"

"I have it on good authority they have superhuman stamina," Narcissa called back. Draco blanched.

"MUM!" Skin crawling in horror, Draco did the only thing he could do, did what years of habit had taught . . . he went to find someone in a position of Authority that could help him.

Andromeda was very surprised to see her nephew appear in the floor, looking down at his feet.

"Um... Aunt Andromeda... Can I... Talk?" He said awkwardly. The eldest Black sister mentally shrugged, led him into her kitchen, and served him some hot chocolate. Draco almost turned up his nose at the Muggle drink, but he was so lost at this point he didn't refuse it.

"Mum's... Dating someone else... And Father's not around," he began slowly. Andromeda smiled happily, but schooled her face back to 'sympathetic understanding' when the blond boy raised his head.

"That can be difficult, I imagine," she said. Draco snorted.

"You have no idea! And she's dating a-a WEREWOLF! Father always said they were lower than dirt! Subhuman! And she's DATING one?!"

Andromeda shrugged.

"Well, they do have superhuman stam-"

"AUNTIE! I KNOW THAT! DON'T REPEAT IT!"

"Okay, okay, sorry!" Andromeda soothed. "Look Draco; like it or not, your mum is an adult and capable of making her own decisions. And if she wants to date a werewolf, you should support her. After all, what if he breaks her heart? Or mistreats her?"

A somewhat foreign feeling began to grow in Draco's chest. A need... To protect someone. To fight and possibly kill, not for a Dark Lord's ambitions, but for someone he loved.

Draco nodded, a dark smile on his face.

"Yes... If he breaks her heart... I'll break his face!" He cackled. Andromeda sighed. It was probably the best she could hope for.

|||||||

"How did you like the show Tonks?" Hermione asked.

"Not bad," Tonks replied. Despite coming from a mixed marriage, she'd never had a chance to see a motion picture. "Can muggles really change memories like that?"

"I don't think so," Hermione said quickly. "There have been rumors but nothing from anywhere I'd trust."

"It wouldn't be hard to do it using magic," Luna mused, giving Tonks an appraising look. "Maybe that's what happened to myself in the future."

"I'm not you from the future that learned to shape shift, came to the past, and lost my memory Luna," Tonks sighed.

"Of course not," Luna agreed. Of course the wink she added at the end made her words a bit less then sincere, but Tonks was willing to take what she could get.

As the group walked back into Harry and Hermione's apartment, jaws dropped at the sight in front of them. A large double vault type door sat in front of the fireplace blocking the floo.

"Where'd you get that Harry?" Tonks squeaked.

"Gringotts," Harry replied. "I asked them where I could get one and they sent one over with their compliments after they found out what I wanted it for. Safety first."

"Yeah," Tonks agreed dumbly. "Uh . . . do you think you could get me one of those too?"

"I'll see what I can do," Harry said. "Later."

"Thanks Harry."

"Did you get the wards up?" Hermione asked eagerly.

"Just have to raise them," Harry replied. "Some of my best work if I do say so myself."

"Let me get my part finished and we'll be ready for everything," Hermione suggested. "No more interruptions."

"Before we close up, your mother called."

"Oh?"

"She wants to have dinner with us," Harry elaborated. "Says she has something important to tell you."

"I forgot about that," Hermione mused. She turned back to the other two girls. "I don't want to seem rude but . . ."

"But you have work to do and you're chasing us out?" Luna offered.
"Ok, see you later Hermione."

"Bye Luna, bye Tonks."

|||||||

The Scarlet Witch, dressed to the nines in her new uniform, stalked down Knockturn alley with a singular mission in mind. She needed to

find someone dealing in stoled goods, and, 'persuade' them to give up some information on the Fox and the Hound. Little did she know she was about to meet her match, or was that match her meat? She always got those muggle sayings mixed up, of course, she was certain her dad got them wrong most of the time as well, anyway, moving on.

Coming the opposite was, as far as most of the criminal element in the alley was concerned, the devil himself, the man with only one fear Dean Thomas. He was simply looking for either a way to forget, or a way to end it, and he didn't particularly care which he got.

Meanwhile, the Dark Frat boys were walking out of Borgin and Burkes being somewhat disappointed to learn there was no such thing as an ever full beer keg. Fate took an unkind turn as they noticed the Scarlet Witch walking their way.

"Hey babe, we're heading for a party at our place, you wanna come" Hous Bin Farteen asked, leering at the young witch.

"Get lost losers, I've business with Borgin to attend to." The Scarlet Witch replied nastily.

Not quite getting the picture Aif Bin Farteen replied "Aww, come on baby, a kinky girl in a mask like you ought to be up for this, it'll be a gas." grabbing the Scarlet Witch's arm while saying this.

"What part of no don't you get, imbecile." the witch punctuated her statement by breaking Aif's wrist.

"AHHH, YOU BITCH, YOU BROKE MY WRIST!!!" Aif screamed in pain.

"Get that red menace!" Mi Balz Iz Harry called out.

At this point Dean arrived behind them "If it's a fight you dip shits want, I'm your huckleberry." he drawled out.

The Scarlet Witch looked up in annoyance "They're mine!" she growled.

"Kick both their arses!" Hous yelled.

The ensuing melee would've done Adam West and Burt Ward proud. Dusting off her hands, The Scarlet Witch looked at Dean with some annoyance, "While I appreciate your desire to help, I could've handled them."

Dean finally took a good look at the witch, "Yes, I'm sure you could've, but I was looking for something to take my mind off my troubles, and those idiots were made to order. Hey, your not like a hundred years old under that mask or something are you."

The Scarlet Witch replied in the only manner a young lady could to that question, she decked him.

Picking himself up off the ground, Dean said "Sorry, I guess I'm a bit paranoid about that sort of thing. What are you doing know?"

The Scarlet Witch said "I was looking for some information on the Fox and the Hound, I figured this would be a good place to start."

Dean thought for a moment "Sounds like fun, can I come along."

Ginny paused, and thought, Dean was certainly no Harry Potter, but he had been good in the fight, and had helped her, even if she didn't need it. That he was also easy on the eyes didn't hurt either. That being the case, there was only one answer to give "Sure, why not? They call me the Scarlet Witch."

'Dean.' He nodded and said, "this could be the start of a beautiful friendship."

Hiding in the Alley behind them, the reporter rubbed her hands in glee at being the first to find out about the newest crime fighting duo that had emerged to protect the magical world. The Scarlet Witch and . . . and . . . she frowned, what in the hell could she call the other guy? Hmm, her eyes lit up as she remembered a front page story about the boy from a few days before. The Scarlet Witch and the Man

Without Fear, keeping the Wizarding World safe since a short time before.

AN: The ongoing list of people that contributed to this fic without whom, it would not have been nearly as good . . . one might go so far as to say it would be quite bad: nonjon, Ed Becerra, ausfinbar, David Wangen, , Ben Russell-Gough, dogbertcarroll,hattenjc, the caitiff, AlanP, Lone Wolf, meteoricshipyards, Shawn Pickett, Morris Rague, Iuinlothana, Treck, Drake, David Brown, Moshehim, Arthur Hansen, Marneus Calgar, Goblin214, Chris LeBron, khadon99, Shawn Pickett, tekobaka, Freddie, Musings of Apathy, Brian Arcis, Fenris, Pelel, Andrew Joshua Talon, shinji the good sharer, and everyone on my yahoo group. They gave me scenes, ideas, and all sorts of other things. Tell me if I missed you so I can add to this list. Another thanks goes to meteoricshipyards who wrote the majority of the continuing adventures of the tentacle monster as well as several others. Anything I wrote on that sub plot was fairly minor so kudos. And still another goes to who wrote a large number of scenes. Yet another goes to The Resident who was good enough to do a bit of editing and caught several of my mistakes.

Disclaimer: Well, it took sixty four chapters but here it is.

Love is in The Air, Every Time I Look Around

"I'll stay here," Dean said stubbornly. "I'm not going near her."

"What?" Ginny asked. "Why?"

"I don't want to talk about it," Dean muttered.

"Fine," Ginny growled. "I'll do it myself." Ginny walked up to the old woman behind the counter and fixed her with a glare.

"May I help you?" The old woman asked.

"Something occurred to me," Ginny said to the old lady. "I wanted some information and since I'm sure you don't want to have your hand fed into a meat grinder, why don't you tell me everything you know about the Fox and the Hound?"

"Isn't that precious," the old woman cackled. "You're trying to threaten me. Listen honey, I've danced with the best. You've got potential but you've got a long way to go before you're ready to try intimidating me."

"Oh . . . um . . . anything you want in trade then?"

"That boy you came in with." The old woman licked her lips. "Is that Dean Thomas?"

"Yeah," Ginny agreed slowly. "Why?"

"Perhaps we can work something out," the old woman suggested. "I'll tell you everything I know about the Fox and the Hound and I'll pass on anything I learn in the future."

"In return?"

"You send Dean in to . . . entertain me every now and again," the old woman said with a leer. "Well?"

"I don't know . . ." Ginny shot a guilty look at her sidekick, hoping to make the old woman believe that she was reluctant to pimp the boy out. "I'm not sure I could do that to him."

"I'll throw in fifty Galleons a session," the old woman offered.

"One hundred," Ginny said quickly.

"Seventy five," the old woman countered.

"Deal," Ginny agreed. "Pleasure doing business with you."

"Likewise."

|||||||

Harry walked up to Hermione and looked over her shoulder at her work. "Ready?"

"Just about," Hermione replied. "Just have to work out a couple more spells and it'll be finished."

"Finish soon," Harry said. "We still have to visit your parents."

"Done," Hermione said with a satisfied smile. "Let's go."

|||||||

"Remus, Draco, why don't you get acquainted while I have the kitchen staff prepare us some drinks?" Narcissa said, smiling at both Draco and Remus. Remus smiled, a bit nervously, while Draco grinned in a malicious way. Narcissa raised an eyebrow, but was sure Remus could take care of himself, and so she turned and walked into the kitchen.

The two men began to glare at each other. "Enjoying my mother, beast?" Draco sneered. Remus sighed and prayed for strength.

"Draco, I know you may have trouble understanding this, but I do care deeply for your mother. We were friends once, and I want to be friends again."

"Just so you can get into her dress, is that it?" Draco growled. Remus growled back, secretly impressed that Draco wasn't cowering as he'd originally thought he would.

"No Draco. I care for her. Which seems to have at last given us something in common," Remus observed mildly. Draco glowered a bit harder.

"If Mum hadn't removed all the silver from this room you'd be dead," he growled. "Keep that in mind, werewolf."

'Oh, this is going to be a fun dinner,' Remus thought with a sigh.

|||||||

Hermione knocked on the door and waited for her parents to open the door. "Hello mum."

"Where's Harry?" Her mother asked.

"He's just checking your wards," Hermione replied. "And I think he might be adding a few more."

"Oh . . . come in dear," Jill ushered the girl in and sat her down. "How are you doing?"

"Fine mum," Hermione said nervously. There was something odd going on and she wasn't sure she liked it. "Everything ok with you?"

"Everything is wonderful dear." She jumped up at a knock on the door and opened it to admit Harry. "Now that everyone is here, we can start dinner."

"What . . . what did you want to talk about mum?" Hermione asked nervously.

"Well . . . you know how you've always wanted a little brother or sister?"

"You mean?" Hermione asked hopefully.

"Yes dear," Jill agreed.

"Oh mum," Hermione squealed. "That's wonderful."

"I was rather pleased with the news," Phil agreed. "Glad you're so enthusiastic about it."

"Of course I'm enthusiastic," Hermione said quickly. "And with magic available, it won't even matter that you're a bit old."

"Old are we?"

"Just a bit," Hermione agreed.

|||||||||

"Hey new guy," Uncle Bubba began. "Aren't you the one that bagged an Auror?"

"Yeah, only wish I'd have had a chance to spend a bit of alone time with the bitch before I got arrested. Why?"

"Just wanted to make sure I didn't go after the wrong guy," Uncle Bubba replied as he smashed in the man's face. "Nothing personal, you just angered the wrong family." That said, the brutish man rolled up his sleeves and went to work.

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The young couple couldn't keep their hands off each other as they staggered back to their apartment from Hermione's parents house.

"Just let me put out the note," Hermione giggled. "And you put up the wards ok?"

"Hurry," he growled.

"Right," she agreed. Hermione stepped out for a minute and then ran back in after she'd posted her note. "Ok Harry."

The air seemed to crackle as the wards became active. "Now," Harry said with a lecherous grin. "Where were we?"

"Not yet," Hermione said quickly. "I want to go change into something first. Wait for me in the bedroom?"

"Ok."

"Don't fall asleep this time," she said with an impish grin as she darted past him into the loo.

"It was only the one time," he protested to the empty room.

|||||||

In her bedroom several miles away, Luna Lovegood frowned as the connection to her monitoring devices snapped and then smiled as she realised the likely reason. It was about time, she was beginning to fear that her turn would never arrive.

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Draco yawned, feeling more rested than usual. He got out of his bed and walked downstairs, smacking his lips.

'Why do I taste sleeping draught?' He absently wondered as he entered the kitchen.

"Morning Draco," Remus said pleasantly. Draco nodded as he grabbed some eggs and bacon from the oven.

"Morning," he mumbled. Narcissa kissed her son on his forehead.

"Good morning Draco," she said happily. Draco yawned . . . he blinked.

His mother was dressed in a man's shirt. Not his father's, he'd only wear silk. The werewolf was dressed in a bathrobe at the table. His mother had a dreamy expression on her face.

Draco dropped his breakfast plate, curled into a fetal position and began muttering "There's no place like home, there's no place like home..."

Remus raised an eyebrow. Narcissa sighed. "Probably shouldn't have drugged him last night. Maybe he wouldn't be so shocked now?"

"I think hearing . . . us, would have been far more traumatizing," Remus coughed.

"Care to find out?" Narcissa asked with a sultry grin.

"Here in front of him?"

"I was going to suggest that we retire to another room, but I suppose he's old enough to leave if it bothers him."

"Aieeeeeee," Draco screamed as he fled the room.

"That was just cruel," Remus laughed.

"True," Narcissa agreed. "But that's the joy of parenthood."

"Traumatizing your children?" Remus ventured.

|||||||

"Mum, can I talk with you for a minute?" Ginny asked nervously.

"What is it dear?"

"Well . . . I was wondering . . ."

"Yes?"

"Is it wrong for a costumed vigilante to rent their sidekick to lonely old women for information and profit?"

"That depends," Molly said slowly. "Are you doing it just for the money or is justice served?"

"I'm mostly doing it for the information mum," Ginny said quickly. "The money is just a nice bonus."

"And your sidekick is making these women less lonely?"

"Yes mum."

"Then I'm sure it's fine dear," Molly said with a smile. "Now why don't you run along and have fun?"

"Ok mum," Ginny agreed. She'd heard that there was a new broom on the market and she figured it was high time she found out how much it cost. Poor Dean would be awfully busy for the next few days . . . in the interests of justice of course.

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Tonks buried her head under her pillow as she did everything she could to muffle the noise coming from up the hall.

"Had to forget to put up the bloody charms tonight didn't they?" She groaned to herself. "Had to do it when I have to get up the next morning didn't they?" She sighed. "Bloody wards."

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"Orderly," Healer Brown called out.

"Yes Healer Brown?"

"That man still needs to learn that some words aren't acceptable ways to address a lady," Lucy growled. "So I want you to give him another hot sauce enema and another and another until you think he realises what he did was not acceptable."

"Yes Healer."

"And be sure to dump at least five gallons of soap down that dirty mouth of his."

"At least five gallons," the Orderly repeated. "Understood Healer."

|||||||||

"Oh master," Gretchen said with a pout.

"What is it Gretchen?"

"I've been a very naughty witch," she moaned. "Punish me?"

"What have you done now?" He demanded.

"I lied about being a naughty witch," she replied. "And I think I should be soundly spanked . . . please?"

"Fine," Ron agreed. "Now bend over my lap."

"Yay, thank you master."

"Um . . ." Elizabeth watched enviously as her friend got her 'punishment.' "I've been a wicked witch too master."

"What did you do?"

"I didn't stop Gretchen when I had a chance," she said with crocodile tears. "Punish me?"

"Fine," Ron sighed. "Get over here."

"Thank you master."

|||||||||

Tears leaked out of the corners of his eyes as Lucius contemplated just what he'd lost. His wife was nothing that couldn't be replaced, he'd been thinking of informing the Dark Lord that she was a traitor to the cause for months and had already selected the Greengrass girl as the next Mrs. Malfoy. No, the things he missed, the things he cried for were much more important. His fortune, his house, his library of male cosmetic spells. These were all things that could not be easily replaced.

"What have I done to deserve this," Lucius lamented. "What?"

"Shut up bitch," Uncle Bubba growled. "Mike here gave me a pack of cigs and a bottle of toilet wine to rent you for the week. You better treat him right or I'll cut out your tongue."

"Curse you god," Lucius sobbed.

|||||||||

Narcissa slinked into Remus's flat wearing a Hogwarts uniform about two sizes too small around the chest. "Oh Professor Remus," Narcissa purred. "Isn't there anything I can do to raise my marks a bit?"

"Narcissa?" Remus choked. "But . . . I thought you weren't coming over tonight? Something about a conversation with Draco?"

"I promised Draco that I wouldn't ask you over to the house tonight," Narcissa explained. "I never said anything about inviting myself over to your flat, he really needs to learn to pay attention to the details."

"Oh . . . well Ms. Malfoy," he said with a sinister leer. "I can think of one thing you can do to rase those marks of yours."

"Oh thank you Professor," she gasped. "What do you want me to do?"

"Just come over here," he growled. "And I'll show you."

|||||||||

Far away and safe in his bed, Draco felt a sudden chill go up his spine. He felt a great disturbance in the force, as if that damn wolf had somehow managed to trick mum into coming over to his flat and then taking advantage of her. But that was impossible, mum was safe and ALONE in her bed . . . wasn't she?

|||||||||

"Arg," Tonks growled. "Don't they ever quit? Bloody hell, give it a rest will you?" She was honestly happy with the young couple and a bit jealous that she didn't have a relationship of her own . . . and somewhat annoyed that she couldn't shake the strange feeling that everyone was getting laid except for her damn it.

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Disclaimer: I may be the last one to say this, but be sure you've got the right word and not another word that looks similar.

Dark Bunnies: 1

"You're late," Ginny growled at her sidekick. "Come on, we've got things to do."

"Wait," Dean said. "You sold me to an old woman, how could you?"

"It was for justice," Ginny protested. "Are you saying you hate justice?"

"I'm not saying that," Dean screamed. "And I'm not going anywhere with you until you promise not to sell me to another old woman?"

"I promise," Ginny said with what appeared to be remorse. "Good enough?"

"Yeah," Dean said with a relieved smile. "Thanks."

"No problem, come on." A sinister grin appeared on her face as soon as the hapless boy turned his back, she'd never said anything about groups.

Dean shivered. "I just felt a sudden chill go up my spine."

"Must be your justice senses tingling," Ginny said with a smile. "We'd better hurry up."

"I guess," he said with uncertainty. "Are you sure it's my justice senses?"

"What else could it be?" Ginny asked with a frown. "Hurry up, justice doesn't wait."

"Ok," he agreed reluctantly. "Where are we going?"

"See that house with the red trim?"

"Yeah?"

"Count to ten and then burst through the front door," Ginny said firmly. "I'll be sneaking around the back and I'll need you to play your part or the mission could fail."

"Right," Dean agreed. "You can count on me."

"I knew I could," Ginny cooed. "Come on."

Dean stood in front of the door and counted to ten, then with a mighty roar he kicked the door open and jumped in. "Alright," he screamed. "Who wants to go first?" He looked around at the darkened figures as his eyes adjusted to the darkness. "Well?"

"How about me sonny boy?"

Quick as a cat, Dean sprang back and tried to go through the now closed and heavily warded door. "Oh god no," Dean sobbed. "No, why?"

"Well?" Ginny asked.

"I'll have the goblins transfer the money into your vault," the wrinkled old hag said with a toothless smile. "Pleasure doing business with you."

"Remember," Ginny said. "You can keep him as long as you want but if you let him escape then I can't guarantee that I'll be able to set this up again."

"Teach your grandmother to suck eggs," she cackled.

"Actually," Ginny said with a smile. "My grandmother is sucking . . ."

"It's just an expression," the old woman interrupted. "You run along now."

"Bye bye."

|||||||||

Having two Dark Lords, and only one major shopping district in London, it was inevitable that Diagon alley would eventually be overbooked.

Ron had started his latest Diagon alley snuggle-fest from atop the roof of the owl emporium. He had finished the wide area lust field while Elizabeth and Gretchen finished up the inhibition lowering spell when the Death Eaters apparited in. They never got a spell off.

Ron immediately recast the lust field, concentrating on just the Death Eaters, and Elizabeth, on her own initiative started anti-apparition wards. Gretchen followed her friend's lead with a set of anti-portkey wards.

In retrospect, Macnair made a mistake in leading a squad of new Death Eaters into a lust zone. He had managed up until that point to ignore that none of them were wearing trousers, and the ass-less chaps had become familiar enough that he didn't think too much about it.

But you can't kiss through a Death Eater mask, so when the . . . ahem, excited men arrived, masks, robes, and some assless chaps seemed to fly from the Death Eaters at an alarming rate. One overzealous new recruit removed Macnair's mask forcibly, and sucked Macnair's tongue into his mouth before he could resist. This prompted him to try and escape, but the wards prevented him from leaving.

Those Aurors in the area, who were memorizing unmasked Death Eater's faces were treated to the sight of an unmasked ministry Death Eater being chased by another unmasked Death Eater shouting "Snookybear!"

Unfortunately Macnair escaped, but not without losing his job, and a number of Death Eaters were rounded up by the Aurors. The headline of the Daily prophet the next morning read:

Dark Bunnies: 1

Death Eaters: Buggered

||||||||||

"What's going on twin of mine?" Fred asked. "Minding the store?"

"Someone has to," George agreed. "Minding the Ministry?"

"Someone has to," Fred agreed.

"I've been thinking we could use our knowledge of the family spells to make some borderline adult wheezes."

"What did you have in mind?"

"We could make something called an orange creamsicle. I was thinking of an orange flavored popsicle shaped lollipop. While a woman is licking it, the orange flavor temporarily gives her a mild veela-like aura, and when the orange potion is consumed, there's a sudden burst of vanilla ice cream flavor and the holder of the popsicle is hit with a very brief Cunnus Instigo spell. What do you think?"

"We really should release something for the boys at the same time, you know."

"Like what?"

"I don't know. How about something in a package that's difficult to get the contents out of. Something that would require sticking your tongue or finger in to get the magical portion of the treat?"

"It's iffy. What should the wheeze do to the recipient?"

"Maybe Phamatis Fellat combined with a quarter inch of facial hair?"

"It's a start, I guess."

||||||||||

"Those bastards," Gretchen grumbled. "How dare they interrupt one of Master's attacks. They don't even follow the official Dark Lord."

"Yeah," Elizabeth agreed. "Their Dork Lord isn't fit to lick Master's boots."

"Or anything else of his."

"Are you thinking what I'm thinking?"

"That we should go lick master?"

"After that," Elizabeth said. "We need to plan another attack, one that will show the world who the Dark Lord is."

"Good idea Elizabeth," Gretchen congratulated her friend. "We can discuss it after we're done licking Master."

"Let's go."

|||||||

"I quit," Dean screamed.

"What?" Ginny asked dully.

"I said I quit," Dean growled. "I'm not working with you anymore. Find yourself a new sidekick."

"Dean," Ginny began. "Why do you hate justice?"

"I don't hate justice," Dean replied.

"Cause you must hate justice and want little babies to get eaten by wolves if you're just going to walk away," Ginny continued. "I can't think of any other reason you'd stop being my sidekick."

"So the fact that you rented me out to a bunch of old ladies couldn't possibly have anything to do with it," Dean asked sarcastically. "Is that what you're telling me?"

"It saddens me to see a defender of justice fall so low," Ginny said with a fake tear sliding down her face. "Saddens me so."

"Forget it," Dean said. "See you in hell."

"You might not want to . . ." Ginny said as her former sidekick stormed away from her and into a familiar bar. "Oh well, hope they enjoy him." Ginny began walking away. "And on the plus side, I did deliver him over . . . I was getting worried about that."

Dean's muffled scream echoed behind her as she wandered off to check her bank account. Who knew that being a costumed vigilante paid so well?

|||||||||

Tonks stumbled back into her apartment and tried to ignore the sounds coming form down the hall. "Give it a rest will you?" She tried to yell back. "How in the hell can you two keep it up? It's not like . . . damn it."

Tonks got a quick shower and crawled into bed. "Earplugs, have to remember to buy earplugs tomorrow."

|||||||||

"Hey, this place says they have everything," one of the Dark Frat Boys said, looking at an owl-order catalogue that had come in with that morning's mail. "And that if they don't have it, they'll create it. And they've got this Ever-full Lemon-Drop Dish here. Maybe we should see if they can do an Ever-full Beer Keg?"

"Sure, why not?" one of the others replied, and the first quickly filled out an order form.

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Fred blinked, looking at the owl-order form that had just come in. The handwriting was atrocious, but he was pretty sure... yeah, that's what it said. Shrugging, he called George over, and they were shortly deep in a discussion of what it would take to fill the order. They couldn't figure out what anyone would do with the requested item, but the money offered was worth the effort.

|||||||||

"YES," Ron cheered from his perch above Diagon Alley. "Dance my little puppets dance. Bwahahahahaha."

"Do you think Master's getting into this a bit more than usual?" Gretchen asked. "I mean, we don't usually stay around this long."

"I think he's just worried that the Death Wankers might try something again," Elizabeth replied. "You know how guilty Master would feel if anyone got hurt."

"True," Gretchen agreed. "Master is so noble."

"And handsome."

"And virile."

"And he has sooooo much stamina."

The two girls gave each other appraising looks. "Oooooh Master," they said together.

|||||||||

While no one had yet been hurt by a Dark Jeremy attack, barring a few cases of dehydration, a bystander pummeled by a jealous husband and a few cases of permanent mental damage, the Aurors were not about to completely ignore the possibility that he might do something violent. So it was clear that he couldn't be completely ignored.

The Aurors needed a way to function during a Ron Jeremy attack. And since a number of Aurors wanted such protection for themselves and their loved ones, several of them devoted some time off the books to developing a charm to protect themselves.

They weren't having much luck; developing a counter to a specific spell is hard enough, but when the researchers could only see Ron's spells occasionally, and when the researchers decided to become snugglebunnies when they should have been testing their new defences, they didn't get far.

They did discover that a spell prepared to protect against a hypothetical dark lord's veela troops was partially successful. It allowed a strong-minded auror to resist, so long as they had a reason and desire to resist.

Even for the strongest of the Aurors, the protection would be useless in the wrong circumstances. For example if the area was otherwise peaceful (and with everyone else busy snogging it often would be) and confronted by a beloved wife or fiancee, even the most paranoid would give in.

But even with those restrictions, an auror could make use of the spell to insure that while a Ron Jeremy attack was going on, no one else would be injured. They could put out fires, stop fistfights, and call for backup.

Only Aurors who could manage this slight protection were assigned to the patrols in Diagon alley. They hadn't the manpower to try and apprehend Ron, but they could protect people from other damage, and collect information.

Which was why our favorite multifaced Auror was doing her level best to keep order and she was having more then a bit of difficulty in performing her Ministry assigned task for several reasons, not the least of which was that her partner had fled at the first sign of trouble. She didn't blame him, really she didn't since 'he' was following orders. For some reason Madame Bones didn't want a tentacle monster mixed in with the normal Diagon Alley Orgy as several papers had started calling it, something about bad publicity and budget cuts.

"Damn it," Tonks cursed as she sent another stunner into a wizard that had gotten a bit too close. "Why does this sort of thing always happen to me?" She looked around and amended herself. "Actually, why does this sort of thing never happen to me? Why can't I find anyone decent?"

|||||||||

Dean huddled in his room crying as he thought back to his last . . . experience. Why did this sort of thing always happen to him? What made him so irresistible to those in their golden years?

"Bloody magic," he sobbed. "Why can it do everything except protect me from this?" His eyes opened and a smile appeared on his face. "Why can't magic protect me from this?" He asked himself. "I could . . . I could make a spell or take a potion to keep women away from me." Cheered up, he opened a book and began researching. "Or better yet, change it so I'm irresistible to young hot chicks yeah."

|||||||||

"Auror Tonks! I received word that you were caught in the latest attack by the Dark Lord Jeremy."

"Yes Director Bones. It was," she paused, trying to put her thoughts into words, "erotic during the event but disturbing afterward."

"Were you violated? Do you need to see the healers?"

"No, I'm alright, Director. Thank you for your concern. I was protected from the worst of it."

"What!?! The unspeakables have been trying for weeks to get a counter to his dark powers."

"It wasn't a spell or anything. I was just. . . protected."

"And what, pray tell, protected you?"

Tonks looked around the office. She and director Bones were the only ones there. She quickly pulled up her robes for a moment, and let them drop again.

Tonks looked away, embarrassed. "I don't even want to speculate why my mother has a collection of jewel encrusted chastity belts. At least this one had a working lock."

"I . . . see? Uh, carry on Auror Tonks."

"One more thing ma'am" Tonks said.

"What is it?"

"The reports we got about the attacks weren't exactly true," Tonks said. "The charms didn't compel me do anything, just sort of . . . put me in the mood and take away fear of rejection."

"Good work, dismissed."

"Yes Madame Bones."

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Disclaimer: Like I said, be careful.

Ear Plugs

Remus lowered the newspaper he was reading at Narcissa's dinner table. He smiled at the blonde woman before him, who looked a bit tense.

"Cissa? You okay?" He asked. Narcissa smiled sheepishly. Remus frowned and got up, going around and hugging her.

"Something wrong?"

"Possibly," she said quietly. She cleared her throat. The werewolf sniffed her, trying to pick up anything that might explain...

"Oh. Oh dear," Remus began calmly, though his eyes were wide. Narcissa blushed.

"Er... It seems that those contraception spells don't work as well as they used to," she offered.

"I'm going to be a..." Remus' eyes rolled in the back of his head and he fainted, collapsing to the kitchen floor. Draco looked in.

"Mum, you killed him?" He asked hopefully. Narcissa frowned.

"I better not have. I'll not have your new sibling growing up without a father."

THUMP!

Narcissa rolled her eyes. Her son was such a pansy.

|||||||

"Auror Tonks . . . Auror Tonks . . . TONKS."

"Wha . . . sorry about that chief."

"Is there a reason you've been nodding off?"

"Harry and Hermione forgot to put silencing charms up," Tonks explained. "And the wards won't let me put my own up."

"I see . . . still, one night without sleep should . . ."

"One night?" Tonks laughed. "Try the last three days straight."

"No breaks?"

"None longer than an hour . . . I'm still trying to figure out when and if they sleep."

"I see . . . carry on Auror."

"Thanks chief."

"And feel free to catch a nap in one of the interrogation rooms," Amelia added. "The third one has a rather comfortable couch and it's sound proof."

"Got it chief."

"Three days huh?" Amelia whispered to herself. "Lucky girl."

||||||||||

"You son of a-! I should skewer you-! I'll burn you to-!" Draco sputtered, as Remus sat next to Cissa at the table.

"Draco, like it or not but I helped create this life, and I'm staying to help look after it," Remus stated firmly. He squeezed Narcissa's hand under the table and the blonde smiled warmly at him.

Draco stood up and stomped off.

"If anyone needs me, I'll be at Aunt Andromeda's!" He snarled, vanishing into the floo. Narcissa shrugged, and pulled Remus in for a kiss.

"Want to celebrate?" She asked seductively. Remus growled with a feral grin as he picked her up and set her on the table.

"Bloody hell yes. You have any idea of the pheromones you're giving off now?"

"I have an inkling. M..."

|||||||||

The Dark Frat Boys huddled around the large keg that had been delivered just minutes before by over a dozen owls. Not bothering to look at the invoice, they quickly opened the tap.

As the screams of pain started, the invoice floated to the floor, along with a copy of their original order for an 'Ever-full Bear Keg'.

|||||||||

"HE BLOODY KNOCKED HER UP! I'LL KILL THAT BSTARD! NO, I'LL RIP HIS LUNGS OUT FIRST! WITH A SILVER SPOON, YEAH!"

Andromeda calmly sipped her tea as Draco ranted. She shrugged.

"Look on the bright side Draco; You're going to have a little brother or sister."

"And what the hell is good about that?!" Draco demanded. Andromeda sighed.

"Fine. But if you're going to stay here, you need to get a job."

"A job?!" Draco screeched. Andromeda shrugged.

"Unless you'd like to try and stay with your Aunt Bellatrix?"

"No, no... Fine, I'll get a bloody job," Draco grumbled. "After all, it's not like feeble Muggle work will be hard. I'll be rich in no time!"

"That's the spirit," Andromeda cheered. "I knew you were a Black and not someone from a lesser family that would be discouraged by such a small thing."

||||||||||

"It's no bloody use," Dean said to himself. "I can't help it that I'm so damn sexy and there's no way to change my sexiness to attract younger women . . . it's my curse and there's nothing I can do about it."

Dean sighed and began pacing. "Nothing to do but stay home, keep myself away from society . . . unless." A smile bloomed on his face, he knew what he had to do."

||||||||||

"What do you mean I can't be the Lord Mayor of London?" Draco demanded.

"I'm afraid that we already have a mayor," the long suffering secretary sighed.

"Then tell the fool that he's fired," Draco said with a wave. "I'll give him five minutes to clear out his things, I'm not a cruel tyrant . . . but be sure he knows that if a single thing is missing or if he leaves the office a mess then I shall have him soundly thrashed."

"Security."

||||||||||

"Harry," Hermione moaned. "Do you know what I want to do now?"

"Flip to the next chapter of that book Ron gave me?" Harry asked.

"That." She gasped. "That too."

"What then?"

"I was hoping that we could take an hour or two to rob the Dolohov famili," Hermione said. "It . . . it . . . it occurs to me that we haven't pulled a job for a while."

"And you're annoyed about the little scar he gave you," Harry said as he traced it. "Hmmmm?"

"Just a bit," Hermione admitted.

"Ok," he agreed with a kiss. "In a bit, there's something I want to do first."

"What's that?"

"Chapter four," he said with a grin.

"What's on chapter four Harrieeeeeee."

|||||||

"Draco," Andromeda began. "You can't just be appointed Lord Mayor."

"Why not?" Draco demanded arrogantly. "I'm like a god to these people, they should recognise that fact and treat me in the manner I deserve."

"Still, the position of Lord Mayor isn't something you can just become one day."

"It isn't?"

"No it isn't," Andromeda said gently. He may be an idiot but he was family, damn that Malfoy DNA mucking up his Black heritage. "Perhaps you should start in an entry level job, something that takes advantage of your skill set and natural abilities."

"Like what?"

"Well . . ."

|||||||||

"Hurry up," Harry whispered to his friend. "I don't want to waste more time on this than we have to." The two of them were bounding across the rooftops on their way to the next job.

"Can't wait to have round two?" Hermione asked with a sultry smile.

"Think we're up to round thirty," Harry mused. "Come on." He landed on the roof of the Dolohov family town house and tore through the wards without any of his usual finesse.

"Right behind you lover boy," Hermione agreed.

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Tonks stumbled into her apartment and crawled towards her bed. She'd just had the misfortune of working a double shift and she couldn't wait to close her eyes and get a few dozen hours of restful, blissful sleep.

"Something's wrong," she muttered to herself sleepily. "It's . . . it's quiet, they've finally stopped oh happy day. With a sigh of contentment, Tonks closed her eyes and fell asleep.

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"Fox," Harry called out. "Cast the Dark Mark while I take care of this safe."

"Right," Hermione agreed.

"Remember," Harry purred. "The sooner we get done here, the sooner I can try out chapters five through nine on your tight little body."

Hermione shuddered and a look of anticipation bloomed on her face. "Hurry Harry." She lifted her wand and quickly cast the Dark Mark. Unfortunately as she incanted, the one thought that had been

occupying the majority of Hermione's time . . . corrupted the Dark Mark. "Done," she said quickly. "I'm done, can we go now?"

"We can go," Harry agreed. "Come on."

"Right," she agreed. The two of them left the room at a run without a backward glance.

|||||||

"What are you doing crabapple?"

"I'm making a silk rope father," Luna replied.

"Finally wormed your way into your relationship then ragweed?" He asked with a smile.

"Not yet father," Luna said. "It's not my turn yet."

"And you want the rope for your turn then cottonseed?"

"I'll need it for my turn father," Luna said. "I'm making a ball gag next."

"Be sure to line the inside with silk cannabis," her father said sternly. "Remember, if you don't make it a fun experience then they won't want to do it again."

"Unless they're into that sort of thing."

"Are they chicory?"

"No father," Luna said cheerfully. "May I use the Dragon hide scraps you had left over from making your Dragon hide underwear?"

"Long underwear dandelion," he admonished.

"Of course father," she agreed.

"And yes you may use the scraps mugwort."

"Thank you father."

"And don't forget to reinforce the bed frame before you start things off birch," he said sternly. "There's nothing your mother hated more than accidentally bending the bed frame in the heat of the moment."

"I won't forget father."

"Such a good daughter," he said with a smile. "Your mother would have been so proud."

"I wish mum was here to see this too father."

|||||||

Tonks woke with a start when the noises from up the hall started again. "Just couldn't bloody quit could you?" She sobbed. "Just had to keep going, don't you ever rest?" Eyes lighting up, she carefully reached down to the floor and groped for her Auror robes until she managed to get a hand into the pocket to withdraw a small packet. "These earplugs are the best bloody investment I ever made," she said with a smile. "Thank god," she sighed. "I was afraid the wards would prevent these from working, fifteen hours of sleep here I come."

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another goes to The Resident who was good enough to do a bit of editing and caught several of my mistakes. Still more go to Andrew Joshua Talon who wrote much (most) of the subplot with Narcissa, Remus, and Draco.

Disclaimer: Always make sure first, you DON'T want to find out the hard way.

Imagine Luna on Arbor Day

"Hey Chief," the Auror called out to his boss. "Got another robbery. It's the Fox and the Hound again."

"Send in Auror Tonks," Amelia said without looking up.

"She's got the day off boss," he reminded her.

"I hate to disturb her," Amelia mused. "On the other hand, she might be able to use her relationship with the Potter family to smooth things over. Gather up a team of curse breakers and have them meet me in front of the Potter's building."

|||||||

"Getting ready for work Draco?" Andromeda asked.

"Yes aunt Andromeda," Draco agreed.

"Don't forget your uniform," Andromeda said calmly.

"Yes aunt Andromeda," Draco said with a subdued voice.

"About your job," Andromeda said. "You may not think it's suitable employment for a Black but I want you to remember one thing."

"Yes?"

"Everyone has to start somewhere," the woman said. "You have to learn to follow before you can lead and once you reach the top, the power is sweeter because of what you can compare it to."

"I understand aunt Andromeda," Draco sighed.

"Good boy," she said fondly. Narcissa was always the manipulator in the family, always the one that liked to make her puppets dance to her tune but Narcissa had to learn her craft somewhere.

|||||||

Amelia met her people at the entrance of the building and led them up to Tonks's apartment. "Auror Tonks," she called out as she knocked on the door. "Auror Tonks."

"I've got one person inside," one of the curse breakers announced. "No movement, slow heartbeat."

"Take the door," Amelia ordered. The door shattered and she rushed into the apartment ahead of her Aurors and into Tonks's bedroom. "Tonks," she called out. "Speak to me, wake up Nymphadora." She reached down to check the young Auror's pulse.

Tonks felt a hand on her throat and she reacted with the reflexes that had kept her alive since she'd taken a position in the DMLE.

"Oof." The air rushed out of Amelia's lungs as Tonks gave her a quick jab to the stomach.

Tonks threw herself onto her assailant and tried every dirty trick Moody had drilled into her head.

"That's enough of that Auror Tonks," Amelia growled. A few quick twists and she had her Auror pinned beneath her. "Didn't know you could do that," she said as the arm she was holding grew a new joint and began twisting free. Adjusting her hold, Amelia tapped the Auror on the cheek.

Tonks opened her eyes and immediately stopped struggling. "Sorry about that boss," she said quickly.

"Don't worry about it Auror Tonks," Amelia sighed.

"Wearing earplugs boss," Tonks interrupted. "Can't hear you."

Amelia released her Auror and Tonks was quick to remove her earplugs.

"I told you not to worry about it Auror Tonks," Amelia said dryly. "And I was going to add that in the future, you may wish to open your eyes when you fight."

"I will boss," Tonks agreed. "Wasn't thinking till you pinned me . . . how'd you do that anyway?"

"Moody may have taught you everything you know about fighting dirty," Amelia said with a grin. "But no everything he knows and certainly not everything I know."

"Got it boss," Tonks said. "What's up?"

"The Fox and the Hound have hit another house," Amelia explained. "We need the Potters and I was hoping that you could help me convince them that we are very sorry that we interrupted their personal time. I am sorry that I had to disturb you on your day off."

"No problem boss," Tonks sighed. "Hazard of the job."

"Though I do notice that it's a bit quieter then you've led me to believe," Amelia said with a wicked grin.

"Give them a couple minutes," Tonks said with a frown. "There they go again." Faint sounds began coming from the Potter apartment.

"That doesn't sound so bad."

"It'll get worse." Tonks got out of bed and threw on her Auror Robes over her evening attire. "Let's go."

The group of Aurors walked up the hall towards the door to the Potter apartment. On the wall was a short note in Hermione's precise handwriting informing the world that the couple was unavailable for the foreseeable future and requesting that visitors write their name and contact information in the space provided and promising that they would be contacted as soon as possible. A few feet beyond that a

large bear trap sat in the middle of the floor, teeth dripping with poison.

Amelia gave a low whistle as she inspected the wards. "You know, I've never seen wards powerful enough to be visible without mage sight." She had to raise her voice to be heard over the sound of a headboard methodically slamming into the wall along with the accompanying squeals. Before any of the others could respond, their attention was drawn to a large moth flying towards the door. "Oh my," she gasped. As soon as the insect had crossed the ward barrier, several things had happened. An ominous hummm that caused more than one of the Aurors to take a nervous back step, arcs of electricity covered the ward, until finally they coalesced and fried the poor creature to dust.

"Um . . . you know what chief," Tonks said nervously. "Why don't we just handle this case ourselves?"

"Good plan Auror Tonks," Amelia said dryly. "Add your name to the list and . . ."

"I wouldn't do that," one of the Ministry Curse Breakers said quickly.

"Why not?" Amelia growled.

"Because that is a magical contract," the man explained. "You don't want to know what'll happen if you try to bother them again after signing that."

"I guess Hermione really wanted her personal time," Tonks giggled. "And from the looks of the wards, so did Harry."

"EEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE
EEEEEEEEEEEEEE."

"Vocal isn't she?" Amelia asked blandly. "Come along children."

"Yes boss," the Aurors agreed.

|||||||

Draco's eyebrow twitched.

"Can I take your order, sir?" He hissed the fat man in front of the register.

"Why yes, young lady! I'll take a-!"

"THAT'S IT! NEXT PERSON TO CALL ME A GIRL DIES!"

"Holy shit, she's a guy!" One of the other employees gasped. "I just thought she was flat!"

|||||||

"Madame Bones, I think you'd better have a look at this."

"What?" The woman asked as she walked towards the Auror.

"You know the Fox and the Hound's Dark Mark?"

"What about . . . oh." Amelia watched as the Fox and the Hound . . . frolicked. "Kinky."

"What do you think it means?"

"I suspect that it's a taunt aimed towards the Potters," she said dryly. "Alluding to their recent activities."

|||||||

Luna was bustling around the house gathering potions ingredients and making occasional trips back to their small library to check her books.

"What are you doing strangler fig?"

"I'm getting ready for my visit with Harry and Hermione father," Luna replied. "They've put up wards and they forgot to key me in again."

"Are you sure you want to have a relationship with such absent minded people thistle?"

"You told me that one has to make allowances for their partner's little foibles father," Luna pointed out. "Like mother's habit of wearing clothing on arbor day."

"Oh yes," her father agreed. "I'm sorry chestnut."

"That's ok father," Luna assured the man. "Everyone has their moments."

"Would you like my help pignut?"

"I've just finished father," Luna replied. "And I have to go to bed now."

"But it's only nine kelp," he protested.

"Harry and Hermione have just fallen asleep and I wish to join them father," Luna explained. "The poor dears have worn themselves out."

"Have fun then crabgrass."

"I will father," Luna replied as she skipped up the stairs. Luna spent the next hour dousing her bed with the potion she'd spent the last several hours brewing and casting the occasional charm. When she was satisfied that she had done everything correctly, she stripped, crawled into bed, and pulled her blankets over her head. Pulling them back down after a few seconds of disorientation.

Luna curled up beside Hermione and Harry. She made a sigh of contentment as Hermione rolled over and pulled Luna into her arms. Luna knew that while they may play hard to get, Harry and Hermione were also careful to leave the BeTaNe or Bed transportation network, commonly called the Bed Floo open for her. Just before Luna drifted off, she experienced a brief moment of doubt thinking that her future lovers might not know about that method of travel? Nah! Someone would have mentioned it by now, even if it was a bit old fashioned.

Hermione felt wuuuuunderful as she woke up in Harry's arms. The night before had been everything she imagined it to be, better than the ones that preceded it. She sighed in contentment as she cuddled the person in her arms and . . . wait, she paused. If she was in Harry's arms then who was in hers? Hermione opened her eyes and looked down to confirm that yes, Luna had managed to find a way to sneak in and climb into their bed. To hell with it, Hermione thought as she closed her eyes. I'm feeling too relaxed to do anything at the moment.

Hermione woke again a few hours later and reluctantly climbed out of bed. "Good morning Luna."

"Good morning Hermione," Luna chirped. "How are you today?"

"A bit sore," Hermione admitted. "Yourself?"

"I'm feeling quite limber," Luna replied.

"Care for a shower?"

"I've been waiting to hear you say that for months," Luna said joyfully.
"Of course I'd like a shower."

"Then you can have it first," Hermione said with a smirk. "Have at it."

"Want to use that spell I taught you to watch me shower huh?" Luna said with a knowing grin. "I'll be sure to put on a very good show for you and Harry then," Luna finished with a happy grin before skipping into the bathroom.

"That's not what I . . . never mind," Hermione sighed.

"I didn't know you were a voyeur," Harry said with a yawn. "Mind if I join you?"

"I'm not planning to watch Luna shower Harry," Hermione said quickly.

"Fine," Harry said with a fake look of hurt. "I understand, this is something you want to keep to yourself for now. Don't mind me, I'll

just be in the kitchen . . . slaving over a hot stove for you and the object of your desire."

"Just go," Hermione giggled as she threw a pillow.

"Come here for a bit," Harry commanded.

"Why?" Hermione quickly complied.

"My morning kiss," he said in a husky voice as he pulled her close.
"Don't want to miss that do I?"

"No," she agreed. "You don't."

|||||||

"Aunt Andromeda," Draco began.

"Shouldn't you be getting ready for work Draco?"

"I have the day off," Draco replied.

"Then what is it nephew?"

"Could you teach me to brew poisons?"

"I am not going to help you murder Remus," she said flatly.

"I don't want you to help me kill the wolf," Draco growled. "That's something I want the pleasure of doing myself . . . when the time comes."

"Then who do you want to murder?"

"My store manager," Draco replied. "I've become the assistant manager which means that if something were to happen to him . . ."

"When did you become the assistant manager?" She asked with an odd look on her face. "You haven't even been working there a week."

"I've been there the longest without being caught stealing things or befouling the food," Draco replied.

"That's wonderful Draco," she said with a smile.

"Yeah," Draco agreed. "As if a bunch of muggles could catch me befouling the food or . . . supplementing my income."

"Uh . . . moving right along."

"I was happy to take the position until I found out that there wasn't any extra pay and that it gave me more work," Draco continued. "But after thinking about it, I realised what an opportunity I'd been given."

"I see . . . well, I think this is something you need to learn to do on your own."

"I understand," Draco said with a pout.

"But that doesn't mean that I won't give you any hints," she continued. "For starters, I don't believe you should kill your manager."

"What?" Draco demanded. "Why not?"

"Because that would bring in the police Darling," she replied. "And you can't just memory charm them."

"I suppose," Draco sighed. "So what am I suppose to do?"

"You're a smart boy," she said. "Figure it out yourself."

"Yes aunt Andromeda," Draco agreed.

"Come back later if you haven't had any ideas and I'll give you a few more hints."

"Thank you aunt Andromeda."

"We're family Draco," she said with a smile. "We do things like that for each other."

|||||||

Luna got out of the shower to find Hermione waiting for her outside.

"Can I talk to you for a minute Luna?" Hermione said seriously.

"Of course Hermione," Luna agreed. "What do you wish to talk about?"

"I . . . could you just stop coming here without any clothes on," Hermione said in a tired voice. "Is that too much to ask?"

"Of course not," Luna replied. "You just had to ask Hermione, you really need to learn to express yourself clearly."

"The definition of clothes for the purpose of this conversation being something that covers up all the naughty bits."

"Naughty bits?"

"Everything from here." She indicated a point just above the girl's knees. "To here." She raised her hand to Luna's collar.

"Ok Hermione," Luna agreed. She noted that Hermione never mentioned anything about the removal of clothing after she was already in the house

"Thank you Luna."

"No problem Hermione," Luna said cheerfully. "But I'm afraid I'm going to have to borrow some clothing today since I didn't bring any of my own."

"You can wear some of my clothes if you want," Hermione offered. "Or one of Harry's shirts."

"I'd prefer one of Harry's shirts," Luna said after a moment of thought. "You know Hermione . . ."

"What is it Luna?"

"I liked spooning with you this morning," Luna said with a dreamy smile.

"I . . . didn't mind finding you there either Luna," Hermione allowed cautiously, not wanting to admit too much.

"But . . . well . . ."

"Yes?"

"I'd really prefer to fork."

"To . . . no Luna."

"But you had your turn," Luna protested. "It should be mine now."

"No."

"Not fair," Luna waled. "I kept my promise didn't I? If I can't have my turn with Harry then I can I have my turn with you?"

"No."

"Why not?" The blond was close to tears.

"I just . . . don't want you to get hurt Luna."

"Get hurt?" Luna brightened up a bit.

"What'll people say if you do . . . that sort of thing before you get married?"

"But I can't wait that long."

"You only have to wait until you get betrothed," Hermione was quick to assure the other girl. "Then it's ok."

"So all I need to do is get betrothed and I can have my turn?"

"You can have your turn with whoever you're engaged to," Hermione said quickly. "Ok Luna?"

"Ok Hermione," Luna agreed with a happy smile.

"And don't get engaged to someone just for the . . . physical benefits," Hermione added. "You should only get engaged to someone you love."

"Of course I should only get engaged to someone I love," Luna agreed. "You don't have to worry I'd do otherwise. And I'm sorry I misunderstood you before." Luna leaned forward to give Hermione a deep kiss. "I'll go tell Harry."

"Ok Luna," Hermione agreed in a daze. "Wait what?" She said to the retreating girl.

"Hey Harry," Luna called out as she bounced towards him.

"What is it Luna?"

"Hermione said we could all have a bit of fun with one another after she proposes to me," Luna said happily. "You know . . . in the bedroom fun."

"She said that huh?"

"Not in those exact words," Luna demurred.

"I'll let you two work out the details then," Harry said with a grin. He couldn't wait to hear Hermione's version of the events.

"Wait," Hermione screamed as she rushed into the room. "I didn't say that Luna."

"I know you didn't Hermione," Luna agreed. "I was just having a bit of fun with Harry."

"Oh . . . good one Luna," Hermione said with a nervous laugh.

"I know." Luna didn't bother to add that Hermione had promised it as a birthday present for her she didn't want to ruin the surprise.

AN: The ongoing list of people that contributed to this fic without whom, it would not have been nearly as good . . . one might go so far as to say it would be quite bad: nonjon, Ed Becerra, ausfinbar, David Wangen, , Ben Russell-Gough, dogbertcarroll, hattenjc, the caitiff, AlanP, Lone Wolf, meteoricshipyards, Shawn Pickett, Morris Rague, Iuinlothana, Treck, Drake, David Brown, Moshehim, Arthur Hansen, Marneus Calgar, Goblin214, Chris LeBron, khadon99, Shawn Pickett, tekobaka, Freddie, Musings of Apathy, Brian Arcis, Shalon Wood, Fenris, Pelel, Andrew Joshua Talon, shinji the good sharer, and everyone on my yahoo group. They gave me scenes, ideas, and all sorts of other things. Tell me if I missed you so I can add to this list. Another thanks goes to meteoricshipyards who wrote the majority of the continuing adventures of the tentacle monster as well as several others. Anything I wrote on that sub plot was fairly minor so kudos. And still another goes to who wrote a large number of scenes. Yet another goes to The Resident who was good enough to do a bit of editing and caught several of my mistakes. Still more go to Andrew Joshua Talon who wrote much (most) of the subplot with Narcissa, Remus, and Draco.

Disclaimer: Not sure where that subplot came from, possibly lack of sleep since I've been up for about twenty four at the moment.

Black Bag

"So what made you decide to drop by Luna?" Hermione asked. And how, she left unsaid. It was clear that they needed to do a bit more work on their wards.

"My Healer's appointment is today Hermione," Luna replied. "And you promised to go with me remember?"

"I do remember Luna," Hermione agreed.

"And . . . well . . . I was also feeling a bit lonely," Luna added. "And hungry."

"Hungry?"

"Father is a terrible cook and I've grown rather accustom to Harry's nutritious delights," Luna explained.

"Good to be appreciated," Harry said dryly. "What are you going to the Healers for? Nothing serious I hope."

"I have a wart on my toe that looks like former Minister Fudge," Luna explained.

"So you're going to have it removed?" Hermione asked.

"That or have it changed to look like current Minister Weasley," Luna agreed.

"Have it . . . when do we need to be there Luna?"

"Any time today," Luna said. "The sooner the better."

"After breakfast?"

"Ok."

Hermione got up to answer the door after hearing a knock. "Morning Tonks."

"Morning Hermione, Harry, Luna," Tonks replied. "

"Hey Tonks."

"Hello Tonks," Luna said. "Have your memories returned yet?"

"I . . . moving right along," Tonks continued. "Can I talk to you guys about something?"

"What is it Tonks?" Hermione asked.

"Look," Tonks began. "I'm all in favor of people getting laid . . . especially if one of those people is me, so unless you want to include me could you please PLEASE remember to put up a few silencing charms next time? The wards wouldn't let me put up any of my own and I need my sleep."

"Um . . . ok Tonks," a very red Hermione said.

"No problem," Harry agreed.

"Thank you Hermione," Tonks said as she hugged the younger girl. "You're a good friend."

"Harry my man." Tonks gave her . . . god cousin? A high five. "What are you a machine, good job."

"Thanks Tonks," Harry said proudly. "Care to stay for breakfast?"

Hermione's blush deepened and she hid her face in her hands

Tonks grinned at Hermione's reaction. "Sure Harry, thanks."

"No problem."

|||||||

"Hey Gretchen," one of the recruits began. "Do you think master would get angry if a few of us got together to attack a few isolated muggle houses? Muggles need loving too, it would be cruel to keep them from hearing master's word."

"I don't see why master would mind," Gretchen mused. "So long as you don't do any magic in front of them."

"Ok," the Dark Bunnie agreed. Little did she know what effect the Weasley family lust and fertility charms would do when cast on muggles. Nine months later, the BBC would report that emergency rooms around the country were experiencing a surge in the number of twins, triplets, and multiple births in general. Experts would be trotted out to report that the trend was nothing unusual, at least not given the fact that the birth rate as a whole had increases. Twelve years later, Hogwarts would experience the largest influx of muggle born students in history, but that's not important . . . at least not yet.

|||||||

"Morning boss," Tonks said as she wandered into the office. "Thought you'd want to know that Harry and Hermione have sort of rejoined society."

"What do you mean sort of?"

"Wards are down and they're taking callers again," Tonks explained. "I think."

"You think?" Amelia said dully. "Does anyone know how to persuade the Potters to rejoin the world?"

"You could give Harry some really good vintage porn," Kingsley offered.

"What?" Amelia asked flatly.

"He collects it," Shacklebolt explained quickly. "Has the largest collection I've ever seen, stuff from all eras . . . things I think must go back to the founders."

"Wonder if the misus knows?" One of the other Aurors mused.

"I'd say so," Tonks giggled. "Their favorite kinky sex outfits look like what the Fox and the Hound wear."

"Oh?" Amelia leaned forward. "Do tell."

"I imagine they use them with their Auror robes . . . or the school girl uniforms . . . or . . . hmmmm."

"I saw the Lovegood girl in a naughty nurse outfit," Kingsley offered.

"Wish I had his luck," Tonks sighed. "Or theirs."

"Hmmmm." Several Aurors got a far away look in their eyes.

"Moving right along," Amelia brought them all back to the real world.
"Does anyone have anything new to share?"

One of the Aurors spoke up. "My missus likes me to put on a Harry Potter costume and she dresses up as McGonagall."

"Ohhh. Naughty school boy bit with paddle and everything?" Asked another Auror.

Amelia sighed as her entire staff got into arguments of which Hogwarts female teacher worked best for the scene.

|||||||||

"And what are we here for?" The Healer asked as he walked into the room.

"Well," Luna began. "That's a complicated question and . . ."

"She needs to get a wart removed," Hermione interrupted.

"It looks like former Minister Fudge," Luna added helpfully. "And I'd like it to look like current Minister Weasley if possible."

"Just close your eyes," the Healer said in a soothing voice. "It'll sting for a second and . . . here we are."

"May I see it?" Luna asked eagerly. "Oh . . . you removed it."

"Yes, take a look Ms. Lovegood."

"You were only able to make it look like his brother George?" Luna said in disappointment, "well . . . you were close. Thank you for removing it Healer, it's no fun to have a wart unless it looks like the Minister."

"No problem Ms. Lovegood," the Healer replied. "Do you mind if we keep this."

"Why?"

"We're experimenting with tissue transplants," the Healer explained. "Taking it off you and putting it on . . . well, confidentiality prevents me from saying who we're going to put it on."

"Ok," Luna agreed. "Come on Hermione, we have to write that article for Teen Witch and you've procrastinated long enough."

"What do you mean procrastinated?"

"Our deadline is coming up," Luna explained. "And it isn't like homework, you can't just copy off Hermione at the last minute."

"I . . . what?"

|||||||

The door opened before Amelia had a chance to knock and she found herself looking into the curious eyes of Harry Potter.

"What can I do for you Amelia?" Harry asked.

"I just need you to take a look at some wards for me," Amelia replied. "Maybe do a bit of ward breaking if you can get in without raising the alarms . . . off the books."

"What's a little breaking and entering between friends?" Harry asked with a laugh. "Let me grab my stuff."

"Don't you want the details?"

"I presumed you'd give them to me when we were traveling to the site," Harry replied. "And if not . . . well, you are the Director of Magical Law Enforcement."

"And you'd be out of our cells in an hour if we tried to take you," Amelia sighed. "I imagine that gives one peace of mind."

"While I might be able to get through the wards in an hour," Harry said modestly. "I'd have a bit more trouble with the rest of it. Shall we?"

"Thank you Harry," Amelia said with a relieved smile. "Needless to say that this is a very sensitive job."

"Ministry official or Auror?"

"Neither of those would be a problem considering the new Minister," Amelia said slowly. "Do you know anything about International Law?"

"Maybe enough to fill a thimble," Harry said cheerfully.

"Well . . . embassies are considered the soil of the country that put them in, it's . . . it's a really bad idea to get caught sneaking into one."

"Sure you don't want me to do this myself then?" Harry asked seriously. "You'd of course be shocked that your trusted friend Harry Potter would . . ."

"No," Amelia said firmly. "That's the sort of thing Fudge would do."

"Figured I'd offer," Harry said mildly. "Let's go."

"Don't you want to know why?"

"Is it important?"

"Yes . . . yes, it's potentially very important."

"Then yes, I'd like to know. But your word that it's important is good enough for me."

"Thank you Harry."

"Not at all Amelia."

|||||||||

"Got another one for you," the Healer announced as he walked into the psych wing with Luna's wart. "Any room left on his nose?"

"Fraid not," Healer Brown replied. "We could put it on his lip though."

"How about his ear?"

"Eyelid, it's got to be his eye lid," another insisted.

|||||||||

Hermione arrived home to find the apartment empty. With a shrug, she selected a book and curled up in her favorite chair for a few hours of quality reading.

Knock! Knock!

"Hi, Tonks! Looking good!"

"Watcha, Hermione. Thanks. Could you do me a favor?"

"I suppose it depends on the favor."

"Can you contact the Aurors and have them pick up the package on the table next to the door of my flat? Tim gave me a bouquet of a dozen Death Eater arms, and I'd like it gone before I get home."

"Arms?" Hermione asked, a little shocked.

"Yes. I'm sure he thinks it's romantic. Got to go. Thanks."

"Yeah . . . bye Tonks . . . arms?"

|||||||

"How's it going?" Amelia asked.

"Tricky," Harry replied. "Whoever put this up was very good."

"So you can't get in?"

"I could have gotten in two hours ago," Harry said with sweat poring down his face. "It's getting in without getting caught that's the hard part. Bet you wish you could have brought the Fox and the Hound instead of lil'ol me huh?"

"I can trust you, not sure if I can trust them."

"And I'm in," Harry whispered. "Now what?"

"Now?" Amelia cast a quick charm. "We can go."

"That's all?"

"That's all," Amelia agreed. "Are they going to find this hole?"

"I've got it covered," Harry said. His wand blurred for a few seconds. "Tell me if you want to get in again, might as well be a revolving door now. It'll look good . . . even work good, unless you know the password."

"Password?"

"In a matter of speaking, will that be all Amelia?"

"Yes, thank you Harry."

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Disclaimer: The only good politician is a politician that has no power over you or anything you care about . . . and is on fire.

The Magic Street

"Good morning Hermione," Luna said with a happy grin. "I'm wearing things that cover my naughty bits."

"Is that some of the lingerie we bought the other day?"

"Uh huh," Luna agreed. "Do you like it?"

"Good morning Luna," Harry said in an odd voice. "Nice outfit."

"Thank you Harry," Luna said modestly. "I'm glad you like it."

"I do . . . quite a bit," Harry said as he pulled Hermione close. "Could you wait outside for a bit? I have something I want to . . . discuss with Hermione."

"Ok," Luna agreed. She stepped out and made a beeline to the kitchen to make herself some popcorn. Returning to the sitting room, Luna made herself comfortable and cast a quick spell on the wall. "Oooh flexible, I can't wait for my turn."

|||||||

"Dobby wants to report a crime," the little house elf said seriously.

"Oh?" Amelia asked, this was gonna be good.

"Dobby is thinking bad thoughts about Minnster Weasel and Dobby must be punished with jail time."

"I'm afraid that it's not against the law to think bad thoughts," Amelia said dryly.

"Hmmmm." Dobby's eyes screwed up in concentration. "Dobby knows." He snapped his fingers and a pair of familiar undergarments

appeared in his hands. "Dobby wants to know if Madamee Bonseses feels a draft?"

"How many days did you want again?"

"Dobby wants three," Dobby replied. "Dobby hears that they is filthy and Dobby wishes to clean them."

"You know you don't have to get arrested to clean them don't you?"

"Dobby doesn't?"

"Pay is five Galleons a week and . . ."

"Dobby must be paid?" The little elf cried in horror. "Dobby . . . Dobby agrees, but only if Dobby is allowed to do something else when he is in the cells."

"Whatever you want."

"Thankee Boneses." With that, the little elf disappeared with a pop.

"Why do I get all the weird ones?" Amelia lamented. "Ah well."

|||||||||

Tonks knocked on the door to Harry and Hermione's apartment and sighed in frustration. It wasn't that it was a bad date and the departmental regulations against dating one's colleagues were made to be ignored. It was . . . well, Tim had prior encounters with Dumbledore and Snape in the past and that was just disgusting.

"Yes?" Luna asked as she answered the door.

"Are Harry and Hermione here?"

"Uh huh," Luna agreed. "But they're a bit busy at the moment, would you like to wait until they're done?"

"Sure." Tonks followed the other girl to the couch. "Uh . . . quick question."

"Yeah?"

"Do you think you could teach me that spell to make the wall transparent?"

"I believe I could," Luna agreed. "Popcorn?"

"Thanks," Tonks said. "Would you teach me that spell later?"

"Sure."

"Wow . . . she sure is flexible for a non metamorphmagus."

"That's what I thought too," Luna said happily.

|||||||

Dobby appeared in a filthy cell and looked down to find an emaciated figure at his feet.

"Dobby?" Lucius asked in disbelief. "Thank god you've come here to rescue me."

"Dobby didn't come here to rescue you," Dobby disagreed.

"Then . . . why?"

"You is Dobby's bitch now," the house elf said savagely. "Dobby traded his Galleons to nice Uncle Bubba."

"No," Lucius said in horror. "No . . . NOOOOOOOOOOO."

|||||||

Tonks and Luna gave Harry a standing ovation when he walked into the sitting room and he gave them a bow in return.

“Enjoy the show?”

“Very much thank you,” Luna agreed.

“Give me some skin,” Tonks said, giving Harry another high five. “And thanks for throwing that silencing spell around your apartment.”

“Threw another around yours,” Harry said. “Does Hermione know that you know that spell?”

“Uh huh,” Luna agreed. “I showed it to her not so long ago and she thought it was really neat.”

“Good enough for me,” Harry said with a shrug. “Any requests for breakfast?”

“Sausage?” Luna purred.

“Sure,” Harry agreed.

“Wait,” Luna said suddenly. “I promised Hermione . . . pancakes?”

“Pancakes it is,” Harry said. “What brings you here Tonks?”

“Madame Bones sent me over,” Tonks replied. “She was hoping that you could help with something.”

“What's she need help with?”

“The boss was hoping you could get through the wards on this thing,” Tonks said as she pulled out a leather satchel.

“I'll take a look at it after breakfast,” Harry offered.

“Mmmmorning,” she said with a smug grin directed to the other two girls.

“Hello Hermione,” Tonks said.

“What are we having for breakfast?” Hermione asked.

"Pancakes," Harry replied.

"Can I help?"

"Sure," Harry agreed with a shrug.

|||||||

"You called Minister Weasley?" Amelia asked formally.

"Just thought I'd let you know that the Persian Embassy is claiming that one of their couriers lost their diplomatic pouch," Fred replied. "Refresh my memory, they're the ones that have been giving sanctuary to a group of Death Eaters from the last dust up aren't they?"

"I believe they are Minister."

"Well . . . guess it's not our problem if their man can't do his job," Fred said with a grin. "Did you know that they had the audacity to accuse us of having something to do with the . . ."

"Unfortunate way their things were misplaced?" Amelia suggested.

"Exactly," Fred agreed. "Oh and Amelia."

"Yes Fred?"

"Next time tell me about it," Fred suggested. "It was a great prank, promote anyone that needs to be promoted."

"I'll take care of it Fred," Amelia agreed with a grin. "And you're still not thinking like a real politician, if you don't know about it then you can throw me to the wolves if something goes wrong to protect your career."

"Hang my career," Fred laughed. "Didn't want it anyway. If I ever get to be the kind of person that would throw you or anyone else to the

wolves to protect myself then I want you to toss me in a cell next to Fudge's. That's what we like to call an order Madame Bones."

"Yes Minister."

|||||||||

"I should be able to get into this," Harry said after examining the satchel. "Lots of traps on it."

"Some nasty ones too," Hermione agreed. "Yuck. Whoever warded this thing wasn't a very nice person."

"Through though," Harry mused. "Though they did make a couple large mistakes."

"Seems like a pretty good job to me," Hermione replied.

"Tonks," Harry raised his voice. "Would I be correct if I said that whoever charmed this would rather destroy whatever is inside rather than let it fall into someone else's hands?"

"I think so," Tonks said slowly. "Why?"

"Cause most of the traps are targeted at people opening it, almost none of them are designed to destroy the cargo. Shouldn't be much trouble to disable the ones that are."

"So the only risk is to you then?" Hermione asked in an odd voice.

"Looks like it," Harry agreed. "Pass me the number four hook."

"Here." Hermione watched with a frown as Harry worked on the ward.

"Number five pick . . . four hook . . . three . . . no two blade," Harry sighed. "And it looks like . . ." A ball of flame erupted from the top of the satchel and hit Harry directly in the chest.

Luna and Tonks watched while Harry ripped off his robe and Hermione hit him with a stream of water from her wand to put out the residual flames from the tripped ward.

Tonks stared at the soaked young man in his boxers glistening wetly.
"I'd really love to..."

Luna interrupted, "Tie him to a bed and get out a bowl of chocolate sauce and strawberries while wearing a catholic schoolgirl outfit and pretend he's the naughty headmaster you caught peeping and has to be punished by you and your bisexual roomate?"

Tonks stared at Luna. "Yeah."

Luna nodded. "Well despite having our mind wiped and being sent through time we are still Me, of course we'd think of that."

"I'm just going to take Harry to the other room to check for damage," Hermione offered. She hustled Harry out of the room and cast a quick privacy charm around the bedroom. "What happened?"

"Afraid Harry Potter still isn't quite as good as the Hound," Harry said with a fake frown. "It's a good thing I managed to reduce it enough so that it wasn't life threatening or able to cause any damage to whatever it is that Madame Bones wants to look at."

"Just . . . just don't do that again," Hermione begged. "My heart stopped when you got hit."

"I'll see what I can do," Harry replied. "Come over here."

|||||||

"Popcorn?"

"Thank you," Luna said happily. "Shouldn't you be taking that back to Madame Bones?"

"Selfish?"

"Curious," Luna replied. "I wouldn't want to get fired."

"She told me to wait here and that she'd pick it up," Tonks replied. "It just isn't the same without the sound."

"I know," Luna agreed. "Do we still have that birthmark on the inside of our right thigh?"

"What birth mark? I mean . . ."

"This one silly," Luna replied, hiking up her skirt to show Tonks.

"I don't have a mark there," Tonks said a trifle smugly.

"Must have gotten it removed then," Luna mused. "Or perhaps we used out powers after we became a metamorphmagus?"

"I'm not you from the . . ." Tonks paused. "There's someone at the door."

"It's Director Bones," Luna said helpfully, refusing to tear her eyes off the scene in front of her.

"Damn." Tonks sprang to her feet and ran to the door. "Morning boss."

"Uh . . . how." Amelia was staring at the scene on the wall.
"Energetic."

"And flexible," Luna added proudly.

"Which one of you cast that spell?"

"Luna did," Tonks replied.

"Do you think you could take the time to come down to the department to teach my Aurors?" Amelia asked mildly. "And don't be coy, I've known your father long enough to be very tired of that little word trap."

"Ok," Luna agreed.

"Well? I'd be more then happy to make it worth your while."

"I'll think about it," Luna said after a moment of thought. "It's not a family spell but it is an origonal."

"Thank you. Did Harry manage to get the package open?" Amelia asked.

"Yeah," Tonks agreed. "But he still needs a bit of practice with ward breaking."

"Oh?"

"Tripped a ward and got hit by . . . something. Scared the hell out of Hermione and she's just showing him how worried she was."

"I see . . . please pass my congratulations along after they've finished," Amelia commanded. "And take the remainder of the day off."

"Thanks boss."

|||||||||

"Still having trouble dear?"

"It'll come," Marta said defensively. "The Doctors say there's nothing wrong with me or Richard but . . ."

"But you need to take a walk down the magic street," her friend interrupted. "It's how Mark and I got pregnant."

"The magic Street?"

"I read about it in one of the tabloids," she admitted with a blush. "You take a walk down Charing Cross and take a right down one of the alleys until you come before an old house with an obscene door knocker."

"Then what?"

"Assuming nothing has happened by the time you reach the house, wait five minutes . . . maybe give Richard a little kiss."

"And?"

"Trust me, Mark and I have done it a dozen times in the last week and we've had something happen every time."

"But you're already pregnant?"

"Doesn't mean . . . just try it yourself, you'll understand why we can't stop doing it."

AN: Fairly sure I stole the line about being Dobby's bitch, not sure where I stole it from though.

AN02: The ongoing list of people that contributed to this fic without whom, it would not have been nearly as good . . . one might go so far as to say it would be quite bad: nonjon, Ed Becerra, ausfinbar, David Wangen, , Ben Russell-Gough, dogbertcarroll, hattenjc, the caitiff, AlanP, Lone Wolf, meteoricshipyards, Shawn Pickett, Morris Rague, luinlothana, Treck, Drake, David Brown, Moshehim, Arthur Hansen, Marneus Calgar, Goblin214, Chris LeBron, khadon99, Shawn Pickett, tekobaka, Freddie, Musings of Apathy, Brian Arcis, Shalon Wood, Fenris, Pelel, peterson9803, Andrew Joshua Talon, shinji the good sharer, and everyone on my yahoo group. They gave me scenes, ideas, and all sorts of other things. Tell me if I missed you so I can add to this list. Another thanks goes to meteoricshipyards who wrote the majority of the continuing adventures of the tentacle monster as well as several others. Anything I wrote on that subplot was fairly minor so kudos. And still another goes to who wrote a large number of scenes. Yet another goes to The Resident who was good enough to do a bit of editing and caught several of my mistakes. Still more go to Andrew Joshua Talon who wrote much (most) of the subplot with Narcissa, Remus, and Draco.

Omake by migele

"Good enough for me," Harry said with a shrug. "Any requests for breakfast?"

"Sausage?" Luna purred.

"Sure," Harry agreed.

"Wait," Luna said suddenly.

"Good idea, I haven't had decent sausage in a long time" Tonks agreed.

Harry ignored that Luna seemed to be disturbed for some reason and watched Hermione slowly get up. "Guess it'll be both Pancakes and sausage this time. Blueberry with cream this time Luna?"

The blonde thought for a moment, "I think it's strawberry time."

"Then strawberry it is."

|||||||

Hermione walked out of the shower and heard ... something disturbing.

"Your sausage is just perfect Harry." Tonks moaned.

"I want it next Harry." You could actually hear the plea in Luna's voice.

"Luna next, okay."

"Where's Hermione? I thought she would have already joined us, this is way toooooo goood to miss."

Hermione frowned, while she knew that is wasn't like that she wondered what it was this time. While she wondered about Luna at times she trusted Tonks ... didn't tonks always complain about the lack of good men?

When she entered she she Tonks eagerly eating and moaning over the plate of sausage and eggs, Luna was bouncing in her seat as Harry was preparing her plate.

"Strawberries?"

"No, Blueberries this time, we are out of strawberries." Harry responded while smiling at his wife, ignoring the sounds that Tonks was making.

"Hermione." Tonks cooed. "Mind if I join you, I'll even agree to split the bills."

"Ah my future self has seen the light." Luna nodded.

"I'm ignoring that." Hermione decided. "Now where are my pancakes? I worked up an appetite."

Disclaimer: TO those about to ROCK.

Teamwork

“Mum?” Tonks asked slowly.

“What is it Nymphadora?”

“Did I ever have a mark on my inner thigh?”

“Yes you did,” she replied. “It was one of the first things you removed when you were first learning to use your powers . . .why?”

“No reason,” Tonks replied sickly. “Thanks mum.”

“No problem dear,” Andromeda replied with a shrug, wondering why her daughter wanted to know about a simple vaccination scar that nearly every child in the magical world had. Deciding it didn't matter, she dismissed the thought and went about her business.

|||||||

“Ready to write that article Luna?” Hermione asked.

“Uh huh,” Luna agreed. “You write it and I'll convert it into something that normal people can understand.”

“So long as you help with the research,” Hermione said with a smile.

“Of course.”

“What are you writing?” Harry asked.

Hermione leaned into him as she replied. “Cosmetic charms for self defence.”

“Like using a mirror to look around corners?” Harry asked.

“A mirror isn't a charm Harry.”

"S'the only thing I could think of," Harry admitted.

"But it's also something we could include in the article," Luna said brightly. "Thank you Harry."

"No problem Luna."

The two girls spent the next few hours researching before Hermione was confident that she had enough material.

"I'm still not sure about these last charms," Hermione said with a frown.

"Why not?"

"Well . . . they're not really in use anymore are they?" Hermione asked. "Who's going to use a hair removal charm that hurts when they can use one that doesn't?"

"No one that isn't into that sort of thing," Luna said with a smile. "But knowing the newer version should help with the older ones."

"I guess," Hermione agreed. "How's this look?"

"A bit too technical," Luna said with a frown.

"That's what you're here for," Hermione said with a grin. "Right?"

"Right," Luna agreed cheerfully. "You know Hermione, we make a good team."

"Yeah."

"And there must be a lot of things in the world that we can team up on besides writing for 'Teen Witch.' Like, say . . ."

"No," Hermione said automatically.

"You don't like Bridge?" Luna asked in disappointment.

"I don't know how to play Bridge," Hermione said in surprise. That wasn't even close to what she expected.

"I can teach you then," Luna said in delight.

"Ok."

"And after that, we can surprise Harry in the bedroom and show off our team work."

"No Luna," Hermione sighed. That on the other hand, was pretty much exactly what she expected.

"Harry doesn't know how to play either then?" Luna said innocently.

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"Hey mum," Tonks began.

"What is it now Nymphadora?"

"What color was my hair before I started morphing?"

"Blond," her mother said immediately. "Just like your Aunt Narcissa, it was so cute the way you turned it pink to match your stuffed bunny when you were four."

"Oh . . . uh mum, this may seem like a strange question but . . ."

"What is it dear?"

"If I were a time traveler that came from the future and lost my memory and morphed back into a child, you'd tell me right?"

Andromeda just stared at her daughter with an unreadable look.

"Right?"

"Of course dear," Andromeda agreed. "Whatever makes you happy." She made a note to have a little chat with her old friend Amelia, it

seemed that her baby wasn't able to cope with the stress of being an Auror.

"And Mum?"

"Yes dear?"

"If you were in a German 'scheisse' video, you . . . you'd tell me, right?"

Andromeda just stared at her daughter with an unreadable look.
"Sure, hon."

|||||||

"Hermione?"

"What is it Luna?"

"Do you know what the definition of Monogamy is Hermione?" Luna asked brightly.

"What is it Luna?" The other girl sighed.

"Having one wife too few," Luna chirped. "By strange coincidence, Bigamy has the same meaning."

"No it doesn't Luna."

"Are you sure?"

"I'm sure."

"But this Dictionary says that . . ."

"Let me see that." Hermione snatched the book out of the other girl's hands. "Hmmmm . . . published by . . . Lovegood Press huh?"

"My three greats grand father put it out," Luna added helpfully.

"Here's your book back Luna," Hermione said as she handed it back.
"Sorry I grabbed like that."

"That's ok Hermione," Luna said with a dreamy smile. "In fact, you can feel free to grab anything of mine at any time you feel like it."

"That's ok Luna," Hermione replied quickly.

"I insist," Luna said brightly. She grabbed Hermione by the wrist and brought the other girl's palm up. "Oooooh, squeeze Harder."

"Luna . . ." Hermione's eyes opened in shock when she noticed Harry watching the show. "This isn't what it looks like."

"Don't mind me," Harry said with a smile. "Just continue what you're doing."

"Thank you Harry," Luna chirped. "My turn?"

"I gotta . . . I need to check on dinner," Hermione gasped.

"Ok."

"About that," Harry said with a grin. "Your mum called, she was hoping to have us over again."

"That means we can keep playing," Luna said happily.

"Urk."

"Actually," Harry interjected. "I have to borrow Hermione for a few minutes."

"I'll wait out here until you're done borrowing her," Luna offered happily.

"Thank you for being so considerate Luna," Harry replied.

"Do I get a say in this?" Hermione asked.

"If you want to stay in here with Luna then . . ."

"Never mind," Hermione said quickly. "I was just asking. Let's go Harry."

Luna grinned as she watched them go, she couldn't wait for her turn.

|||||||||

Tonks checked her makeup again and resisted the urge to sigh in frustration. She was going on another date with Tim and this time, she told herself, she was going to break up with him. It just wasn't fair to either of them to keep this relationship going. Tim was a great partner and a great friend but he just wasn't . . . just wasn't what she was looking for in a boyfriend.

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Luna was waiting when Harry and Hermione emerged dressed and ready for a night in the muggle world.

"Going to visit your parents now?" Luna asked.

"Yes," Hermione agreed. "Would you like to come Luna?"

"You want to introduce me to your parents?" Luna asked happily. "I'd love to but I'm afraid that there's something I have to do with father. Could we do it another time?" She ended hopefully.

"Sure Luna," Hermione agreed. "Have fun with your father."

"I will," Luna agreed.

They made the trip to Hermione's parents house and Jill took charge of her daughter and ushered her into the kitchen as soon as they arrived.

"Don't worry about them," Phil advised. "Jill just wants to have a little chat."

"Ok," Harry agreed.

"Harry," Phil began. "You may be wondering why we asked you two to come here tonight."

"Not really," Harry replied. "Just figured you wanted to spend some time with your daughter."

"Look . . . Harry, um . . ."

"Yeah?" Harry asked.

"This may seem like an odd request for a father to make but could you keep Hermione . . . um . . . occupied for the next few days?" He said with a cough. "However you can?"

"Occupied?"

"So she doesn't leave your apartment," he continued. "It's really important. You have to understand that she's a good girl, it's just that . . . well . . . let's say no more about it."

"If you like." Harry wished he had some idea what this conversation was about.

"Now, why don't you tell me about that game you play with brooms . . . Quidditch wasn't it?"

"Quidditch," Harry corrected automatically. "Well . . . I'm a seeker and . . ."

|||||||

"Hello Cousin Gretchen," Luna said happily. "Father and I are happy you could have dinner with us tonight."

"I wouldn't miss it," Gretchen said. "You two are the only family I have in England after all . . . well, aside from master and the others of course."

“Of course,” Luna agreed.

“So, have you made any progress with your loves?”

“I think so.”

“Oh?”

“Hermione wants to propose to me before we do anything kinky,” Luna said with a sigh.

“Do you want me to have master do something about that?”

“No, there's something special planned for my birthday and I don't want to spoil the surprise.” Luna confided with a naughty grin.

“Ok.”

“So tell me about the baby,” Luna asked. “Did those potions I sent help with the morning sickness?”

“They did,” Gretchen agreed.

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“I have some exciting news to share with you Hermione,” Jill began. “It's about your prospective sibling.”

“Is there something wrong?” Hermione asked in concern.

“No, it's just . . . well . . . I should have put an 's' on the back of that.”

“You mean?” Hermione squeaked.

“Triplets,” Jill sighed. “It's a common side effect of the spell we used.”

“That's wonderful mum,” Hermione cheered.

“That's one way of looking at it,” she said dryly. “Hand me the salt.”

"Yes mum," Hermione agreed.

"How's your cooking coming along dear? Is Harry still doing it all?"

"About that," Hermione began.

"Yes?"

"Mum," Hermione said with a lazy smile. "Could you teach me how to make a pie for Harry?"

"Fine dear," she agreed. "Why?"

"Well . . ." she began with a wicked grin.

"Never mind," Jill said quickly. "On second thought, I'm perfectly happy not knowing the details of my daughter's sex life."

"But mum," Hermione protested. "I really want to brag about this."

"Fine," Jill agreed. "So long as I can reciprocate, for starters there's this thing your father does with his . . ."

"Stop," Hermione shouted. "You win mum."

"I always do hun and I always will," she said fondly. "Youth and enthusiasm are no match for old age and treachery."

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Tonks returned to the apartment after the date. She and Tim shared a hug, which was more difficult for her than for him. She said goodnight and went into her place alone. As she lay in bed in the quiet dark (thankful Harry had put up silencing wards) and felt depressed.

Tim was a great guy, and an excellent Auror, but they didn't have much in common. Beyond work, every topic she had tried had fizzled out. She admitted it to herself: this relationship wasn't working out. It just . . . wasn't easy to give him the bad news. Resolving to end it the next day, Tonks closed her eyes and went to sleep.

|||||||||

At St. Mungo's, two of the few 'old guard' Death Eaters were sneaking in to break out one of their comrades. While they weren't any older than most of the other recruits, their ideals were more in keeping with what had brought their parents to the Dark Lord's service.

"You know, it does kinda look like he's happy here. Why don't we just leave him to enjoy himself."

"Actually it looks like he's trying to scream in pain. Also, his eyes make me think of all those pictures of muggles who've been tortured. You know, the ones they show us to psych us up before a raid? It's like he's begging for salvation."

"Nah, it's just your imagination."

The two Death Eaters turned and started to walk away. "Besides, he was always a bit of a prick while he taught us."

Weren't you in Slytherin?"

"Yeah...he was still a prick though."

|||||||||

They four of them finished their meal and Hermione gave her mother a kiss goodbye before leaving. "Talk to you later mum."

"Goodbye dear," she said fondly. "You two have fun."

Hermione took possession of Harry's arm as they walked down the street.

"Wanna take a stroll then?" Harry asked as she snuggled up to his arm.

"Yeah," Hermione sighed. "Let's just . . . let's just walk up the road a little while and look at the stars."

"Ok," he agreed pulling her close. They walked up the street until they came upon a small market.

"Dad used to buy me drinks here when I was a girl," Hermione sighed. "Always got me juice because ice cream is bad for my teeth . . . do you have any pounds on you Harry?"

"A few," he agreed.

"Could . . . could we get something to drink?"

"Sure," Harry said with a smile. "Come on."

Hermione skipped to the back and pulled two bottles out of the fridge and then skipped back and presented them to Harry. "Hope you like grape."

"Never had it before," Harry admitted. "Didn't exactly have much chance to try new things when I was growing up."

"Oh . . . yeah."

"Come on," he said as he led her to the check out line. Harry paid for the drinks and turned back to find Hermione frozen. "What's wrong?"

"The paper." Hermione stared down at the newspaper with an evil grin. "Look at this Harry."

"Body believed to be suspected embezzler Vernon Dursley found floating in a sewage tank," Harry said with a grin. "Couldn't have happened to a better guy."

"The one next to it."

"Tenth annual telemarketers trade show and convention?"

"Can we go and ruin their lives Harry?" Hermione begged. "Please?"

"I don't know . . ."

"You know that thing in chapter ten?" Hermione asked. "The thing I said I'd never do?"

"What about it?"

"You do this for me and I'll do that for you," Hermione purred.
"Whenever you want."

"Whenever I want?"

"Whenever you want."

"Deal," Harry said after a moment of thought.

AN: The ongoing list of people that contributed to this fic without whom, it would not have been nearly as good . . . one might go so far as to say it would be quite bad: nonjon, Ed Becerra, ausfinbar, David Wangen, , Ben Russell-Gough, dogbertcarroll, hattenjc, the caitiff, AlanP, Lone Wolf, meteoricshipyards, Shawn Pickett, Morris Rague, luinlothana, Treck, Drake, David Brown, Moshehim, Arthur Hansen, Marneus Calgar, Goblin214, Chris LeBron, khadon99, Shawn Pickett, tekobaka, Freddie, Musings of Apathy, Brian Arcis, Shalon Wood, Fenris, Pelel, peterson9803, Andrew Joshua Talon, shinji the good sharer, and everyone on my yahoo group. They gave me scenes, ideas, and all sorts of other things. Tell me if I missed you so I can add to this list. Another thanks goes to meteoricshipyards who wrote the majority of the continuing adventures of the tentacle monster as well as several others. Anything I wrote on that subplot was fairly minor so kudos. And still another goes to who wrote a large number of scenes. Yet another goes to The Resident who was good enough to do a bit of editing and caught several of my mistakes. Still more go to Andrew Joshua Talon who wrote much (most) of the subplot with Narcissa, Remus, and Draco.

Omake by luinlothana

"Luna?" Hermione finally spoke "Didn't you say something about three of your Great grandfathers? What happened with the fourth one?"

"Hermione, no matter what you might think of my grandmother three was enough. That way she had a week for each of them. It would be highly unhygienic if she had to have a fourth one during those days"

"Uhm, but I thought you said your great grandfathers"

"Oh yeah, they were really great. Grandma often told me about it. And stresses I should settle for nothing less. Quite sensible that. On that note We are just lucky to have Harry, don't you think?"

"I... never mind, Luna"

Disclaimer: Few things in this chapter were mentioned a few chapters ago, I love it when a plan comes together.

Hermione's Evil Plan of Linguistic Purity

“Yes?” Augusta Longbottom answered the door. “What can I do for you.”

“Ma'am, my name is Healer Lucy Brown. I work in the Psychological wing. I'm sorry to call on you this late but it's important.”

“Did something happen to my children?” Augusta asked with outward calm.

“Your . . . no, I'm not assigned to work with the Longbottoms.”

“Then I am at a loss, what can I do for you Ms. Brown?”

“I was actually hoping to speak with your grandson Neville.”

“I'm afraid that he's not here at the moment,” Augusta said. “Perhaps I could pass a message along?”

“We . . . I would like him to brew an experimental potion for Snape,” Lucy said slowly. “While we don't believe this could heal him, it could provide valuable insight on the workings of the human mind.”

“I've heard of you Healer Brown,” Augusta said sternly. “Top of your class at Beauxbatons, most promising apprentice in generations, and now assigned to be the chief healer to the most deranged man to curse our world in centuries.”

“Yes . . . well . . .”

“I have a very good relationship with my grandson's girlfriend Ms. Brown,” Augusta said with a smile. “And I am willing to use that influence on your behalf on one condition.”

“What condition is that?” Lucy asked slowly.

"I would like you to take a look at my children's file," Augusta said. "And I am willing to pay a large percentage of the costs if you are willing to take a more active role in their treatment."

"You realise that there is very little that I can do that hasn't already done," Lucy said helplessly.

"Very little is what they're getting now," Augusta sighed. "I believe that at the very least you'd spend more time than Healer Michlan."

"Healer Michlan is a fine Healer who . . ."

"Glances at my children once a week on his way past their beds," Augusta interrupted. "He's concluded that there is nothing that he can do and no point wasting any more time on them. I believe you could be different, even if you can do nothing I believe that there is a chance that you can look at them with a new view point and may even be able to consider that it is true when you hear hoof beats, you should think of horses and not zebras but when horses don't fit the description, then consider zebras or even centaurs. And at the very least, your new view point and clinical tests may expose different ways of looking at a chronic problem that now no one thinks can be cured. You may just be the one who can cure this problem. All it may need is a fresh view point. Go into it with an open mind. Don't think anything is too outlandish, but think that whatever you consider even if foolish may just be worth consideration. And don't let Healer Michlan talk you out of something! Besides you might learn something that would help treat someone else in the future."

"I'll do it Ms. Longbottom," Lucy said slowly. "And I give you my word that I will do whatever I can for them."

"Thank you Ms. Brown."

"Please, call me Lucy."

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Hermione woke up the next morning to find Luna curled up next to her on the bed. "Morning Luna," Hermione yawned. "Is that one of Harry's shirts?"

"You said I should cover up the naughty bits until after we get engaged," Luna reminded her.

"I didn't . . . close enough," she muttered the last part. "Thank you for being so considerate Luna."

"You're welcome Hermione."

"I'll be in the shower," Hermione announced.

"Are you awake Harry?" Luna asked. She placed her hand on his mouth and pinched his nose. "How about now?"

Harry reached up to remove the girl's hands. "You want something?"

"I wanted to know if you were awake," Luna explained. "And you didn't answer me so I decided to get your attention."

"Ah . . . no I wasn't awake Luna."

"You weren't?"

"Nope."

"Oh." She seemed to droop. "Well, tell me when you wake up. I've got a surprise for you."

"I'm awake now," Harry pointed out.

"You are?" She clapped her hands. "Oh goody."

"So what's the surprise?"

"The what?"

"Surprise."

“Oh right.”

“Well?”

“I cooked breakfast,” Luna said proudly. “I had my cousin teach me how to cook it.”

“Thanks Luna,” Harry said warmly.

“Sit at the table,” Luna commanded. “Let me do everything.”

“Ok,” he agreed.

Luna skipped into the kitchen and returned with three plates and a handful of silverware. She placed one of the plates on the table and the others in her and Hermione's places respectively. After that she began setting the silverware.

“Oops,” Luna lamented.

“What is it?”

“I dropped a fork,” Luna replied. “I'll get it.” She turned away and bent down to pick it up, revealing that she wasn't wearing anything under Harry's shirt. “Got it.” Luna straightened. “I can be so careless sometimes. I'm sorry you didn't get that fork Harry but don't worry, it'll come to you if you wait.”

“That's between you and Hermione Luna, I'm not going to get involved.” Harry noticed with amusement that there wasn't a piece missing from any of the places.

“I know,” Luna said with a pout. “She'd be hurt if you did anything without her.” With a wink, Luna returned to the kitchen.

Hermione joined him a few minutes later and shot Harry a confused look.

“Luna made breakfast for us,” Harry explained.

As if she was summoned, Luna walked in with a large platter and set it on the table. "Bon appitete."

"Spaghetti?" Hermione exclaimed in surprise.

"It's all I know how to cook that doesn't tast like bogmolly slime," Luna explained cheerfully.

"I didn't mean anything bad by it Luna," Hermione said quickly. "I was just commenting."

"Ok Hermione," Luna said happily. "Try it."

"Tastes great Luna," Hermione said.

"Yeah," Harry agreed.

"I'm so glad you both like it," Luna said. The girl placed one end of a noodle in her mouth and slurped the entire mass on her plate into her mouth and down her throat. "I'm very good at sucking things," she explained to the gaping couple. "You just have to learn to relax the muscles in your throat."

"That's very . . . interesting Luna," Hermione choked out.

"Isn't it though," Harry agreed with a speculative smile on his face.

"Harry?"

"Just being agreeable," Harry said with a smile. "Was there some other meaning there that went over my head?"

"Of course not Harry," Hermione sighed. "I'm just being . . . paranoid. I'm sorry."

"Just another of the adorable little flaws you possess," Luna chirped. Is how gullible you can be, Luna left unsaid.

"Thank you Luna," Hermione said with a fake smile.

“You're welcome.”

“That was sarcasm,” Hermione groaned.

“It was?”

“It was.”

“Are you sure,” Luna persisted. “Because it sounded sincere to me.”

“I'm positive,” Hermione agreed.

“Was that sarcasm?”

“Forget it Luna,” Hermione said in defeat.

“But if I forget 'it' then it will become more difficult to speak,” Luna protested. “You wouldn't want that would you?”

“Huh?”

“I'd have to use phrases like 'that thing' and even then that wouldn't be nearly as useful as 'it' don't you see Hermione, you're severely restricting my linguistic flexibility with your request. I do realise that over use of one word or phrase is a trap that every writer must endeavor to avoid, but I really think you're taking the whole thing too far.”

“Huh?”

“And then what happens if I should happen to hear 'it'? Am I then to forget it again? But I'd have forgotten 'it' so how would I know to forget 'it'? Will you periodically order me to forget 'it' in the vain hope to keep me from remembering 'it'? Or . . . or is that what you've been doing?” Luna finished with a suspicious look directed at Hermione.

“I haven't been forcing you to forget the word 'it' Luna,” Hermione sighed.

"Is that true Harry?"

"This must have been the frist time she tried it," Harry said solemnly.
"Don't worry, I won't let her evil plan to force you to forget the word 'it' succeed."

"Thank you Harry," Luna purred. "I knew I could count on you to protect me from Hermione's mad ideas of linguistic purity."

"I told you I'm not . . . you know what, forget it."

"She did it again," Luna gasped.

"And she must be punished," Harry agreed as he rose from his seat.
"If you'll excuse us Luna," he said as he grabbed a squealing Hermione and threw her over his shoulder. "I have work to do."

"My hero," Luna sighed. "Punish her good Harry." Luna cleared the table and washed the dishes with a couple flicks of her wand, then she gathered up her morning bowl of popcorn and took her seat at the couch. "I didn't realise Hermione liked being spanked so much," she mused to herself. "I'll have to remember that."

|||||||

"You really think this new regime of potions will work Healer Brown?"

"I think it's worth giving it a try," Lucy replied.

The administrator sighed. "It'll have to be custom made."

"I've already got someone who's willing to brew it," Lucy said quickly.
"And someone else who's willing to pay half the materials costs."

"Then I guess it's a done deal," he sighed. "Regardless of the amount of research you've been able to do, Snape is starting to become a major expense . . ."

"We can't just let someone as sick as he is go," Lucy protested.

"No . . . no I suppose we can't," the admin agreed reluctantly. But if the man were to escape . . . well, that was different now wasn't it?

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"Is anyone there?" Minerva's voice came out of the floor.

"Is anyone where?" Luna replied. "Here or there? Because if it's there then I would assume that you're there . . . of course that would be here for you so then here would be there but that would make there here and we're back where we started which is either here or there."

"Hello Ms. Lovegood," Minerva sighed. "How are you doing today?"

"I'm still a bit confused by the here there paradox," Luna replied happily. "How are you doing?"

"I feel the beginnings of a headache," the old Professor said. "Would you mind telling Harry and Hermione that I wish to speak with them?" Her eyes widened and she quickly added, "and if not please tell them that I wish to speak with them."

"Ok," Luna agreed. "Is that all Professor?"

"For now, have a good day Ms. Lovegood."

"Possibly."

"Who was that?" Hermione came into the room to find Luna closing the heavy vault type doors in front of the fireplace.

"Professor McGonagall," Luna said. "She asked me to tell you that she wishes to speak with you."

"Thanks Luna."

"And I wanted to tell you that I won't be here tonight and possibly not tomorrow," Luna continued. "But I forgot to."

"Forgot to what?"

"Tell you that I won't be here later tonight and possibly not tomorrow either," Luna said. "Thank you for reminding me Hermione."

"When are you leaving?"

"Later this afternoon," Luna said. "So I'll be at my house until I leave, the address is Lovegood Shack."

"Ok Luna."

"Can I have a goodbye hug?" Luna asked hopefully.

"Alright," Hermione agreed.

Luna sank into the other girl's embrace with a wicked look on her face.
"Can I have a goodbye kiss too?"

"Not today Luna."

"Then how about a goodbye fu . . ."

"Not a chance Luna."

". . . dge? Candy is dandy after all," Luna finished. "No?"

"That isn't what you were going to say and you know it," Hermione accused.

"I'm not sure what you mean Hermione."

"Of course you're not."

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"Madame Bones?"

"What is it?" Amelia demanded.

"There's someone here to see you," her secretary said. "Says her name is Shinobu and that you've been expecting her?"

"Send her in," Amelia said quickly.

A small Japanese girl in a school uniform walked in and took a seat in front of Amelia's desk. "Forgive my lateness, I'm afraid I was delayed by another tentacle monster . . . one not nearly as polite as your employee."

"Not a problem," Amelia said quickly. "Have you had a chance to look at the file our healers sent over?"

"I have," the sailor suited specialist agreed. "And while I can't be sure without examining 'him' in person, I believe that the tentacle he lost should grow back within a decade or two."

"Alright," she sighed. "I'll have someone escort you to his current residence."

"Thank you," the magical girl said as she rose to her feet.

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After Luna had left, Hermione walked to the floo, opened the blast doors, and called her favorite Professor.

"Mrs. Potter?" Minerva answered the floo. "Thank you for calling me."

"What is it Professor?"

"Albus has another 'breakthrough' to share with you and Harry," Minerva sighed. "I think he may have finally finished that little project of his."

"Can it wait?" Hermione sighed. "School starts in a bit less than a week."

"I'd prefer it not wait," Minerva said apologetically. "Albus is still under the impression that . . ."

"Yes of course," Hermione agreed. "I'll talk to Harry."

"Thank you Hermione," Minerva said with a grateful smile.

"Harry," Hermione called out.

"What is it?"

"Professor McGonagall would like us to meet with Dumbledore," Hermione replied. "He's got something he wants to share with us."

"Ok." He walked into the room. "Ladies first."

"Thank you Harry."

|||||||||

"Making any progress with the Longbottoms Healer Brown?" The orderly asked. "They saved my life in the last war and it tears me to see them like this."

"Maybe," Lucy sighed. "Maybe . . . if we used pleasure to counter the memory of pain?" She mused. "But where would I find a pleasure spell as powerful as one of the unforgivables?"

"That's the rub isn't it," he agreed. "Too bad you can't just have the Dark Lord Jeremy come in ta do it for you."

"Wait . . . why can't I?"

"Because . . . because he's a Dark Lord," the orderly said in shock. "I mean . . ."

"He's a Dark Lord but he still seems like a decent sort," Lucy said with a grin. "Thanks for the inspiration orderly."

"No problem Healer Brown," the orderly replied.

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"What did you want to talk with us about Headmaster?" Harry asked.

"I've . . . I've finally finished all the work on the Lemon Drops and the compulsion charms to insure that they're consumed," Dumbledore sighed. "We just need to find a way to get everything . . . shame about Severus going insane like that . . . I . . ." Dumbledore sighed again.

"What is it sir?"

"I . . . I . . . I am so sorry Harry," Dumbledore sobbed. "So very sorry."

"About what sir?" Harry shared a worried look with Hermione.

"Tom . . . I believe that Tom did a very foolish thing in his pursuit of immortality," Dumbledore said sadly. "It appears that . . . I believe that he split his soul into several pieces and then placed those pieces into several items."

"The diary?" Harry ventured.

"Yes," Dumbledore said with a slow nod.

"Like the Russian folk tale?" Hermione asked.

"If it is the one I am thinking of, yes."

"Then what's the problem?" Harry asked. "We find these things that he put his soul into and destroy the rest of them."

"If only it were that easy," Dumbledore said with tears flowing down his face. "Harry . . . your connection . . ."

"You mean?"

"Yes, Harry will have to die."

"There isn't any way to use magic to get it out?" Hermione demanded shrilly. "Isn't there a family that has the spells to do it?"

"There was, but I'm afraid that they no longer exist. Harry . . . unless you can find a way to learn the Teufelhex family spells," Dumbledore said slowly. "Then I am afraid that the only way we can remove the soul fragment from your body is to . . . I'm so sorry Harry. But it's the only way to destroy him for good."

"Tell us more about the Teufelhex family," Hermione demanded coldly. "Where could we find them?"

"You couldn't, as I said they no longer exist." Dumbledore said sadly. "The last one was Grindelwald's chief enforcer and she disappeared towards the end of the war. As loyal as she was, the only reason I can see that she was not at his side would be her death. I'm so sorry Harry."

"Wait," Hermione said with an odd look on her face. "Did you say Grindelwald's chief enforcer?"

"Yes, why?"

"I need to use your floo," Hermione pushed past the old man and grabbed a handful of floo powder.

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"What are you doing kelp?"

"I'm waiting for Hermione to call me on the floo father," Luna replied. "She should be calling any minute now."

"Does this have anything to do with why you've chosen to visit my parents in Spain toadstool?"

"Perhaps father," Luna agreed. "It all depends on how good Hermione's memory is."

"I thought you said she had a good memory maze."

"I thought I might have said that too father."

“Might you have?”

“I might have?”

“You might?”

“Maybe?”

“Possibly?”

“I . . . that must be her now, I'm afraid I'm going to have to cut this game short father.”

“Well . . . alright rubber tree.”

“Hello Hermione,” Luna said as Hermione's head appeared. “Was there something you needed?”

AN: The ongoing list of people that contributed to this fic without whom, it would not have been nearly as good . . . one might go so far as to say it would be quite bad: nonjon, Ed Becerra, ausfinbar, David Wangen, , Ben Russell-Gough, dogbertcarroll, hattenjc, the caitiff, AlanP, Lone Wolf, meteoricshipyards, Shawn Pickett, Morris Rague, luinlothana, Treck, Drake, David Brown, Moshehim, Arthur Hansen, Marneus Calgar, Goblin214, Chris LeBron, khadon99, Shawn Pickett, tekobaka, Freddie, Musings of Apathy, ubereng, Brian Arcis, Shalon Wood, Fenris, Pelel, peterson9803, Andrew Joshua Talon, shinji the good sharer, and everyone on my yahoo group. They gave me scenes, ideas, and all sorts of other things. Tell me if I missed you so I can add to this list. Another thanks goes to meteoricshipyards who wrote the majority of the continuing adventures of the tentacle monster as well as several others. Anything I wrote on that subplot was fairly minor so kudos. And still another goes to who wrote a large number of scenes. Yet another goes to The Resident who was good enough to do a bit of editing and caught several of my mistakes. Still more go to Andrew Joshua Talon who wrote much (most) of the subplot with Narcissa, Remus, and Draco.

Disclaimer: Being able to speak to snakes is a very impressive linguistic feat, what did you think I meant?

Really Quite Cunning

"Hey Bob, open the window already."

"Just wait! You just can't open a window in the dungeon. Ah, here's the key. Who sends mail to the dungeon? All the prisoner's mail is routed to the receptionist, and they check it for contraband."

"That's no owl. It's an augry."

"Who sends mail by augry?"

"I think I've seen that bird before. Remember the date Tim had in the swamp?"

"Yes, and this is addressed to the 'tentacle monster in the dungeon.' We should get this to Tim."

|||||||

Luna was waiting for Harry and Hermione when they tumbled through the floo back into their apartment.

"I'm gonna go start lunch," Harry offered. With any luck Luna saved some popcorn from this morning, Harry thought to himself as he walked into the kitchen. I've got a feeling that this is going to be more entertaining than usual.

"You wished to speak with me Hermione?" Luna asked happily. "Are you going to propose?"

"Yes and no Luna," Hermione replied. "You mentioned that your grandmother was Grindelwald's chief enforcer right?"

"Mmm hmmm?"

"Well . . . her maiden name wouldn't happen to have been . . . oh . . . I don't know, Teufelhex would it?"

"It just might have happened to have been that," Luna agreed.
"Why?"

"And you're her heir right?"

"Yup," Luna said brightly. "And my cousin Gretchen after me."

"You said your grandparents had retired in Spain?"

"I may have."

"Did your grandparents retire in Spain?"

"Why yes they did Hermione, how did you know?"

"Lucky guess," Hermione said dryly.

"Really? Are you sure you're not a seer?"

"Who can be sure of anything in this world," Hermione said with a smirk. See how she handled that.

"I think I can," Luna said after a moment of thought. "Why do you ask?"

"Forget it," Hermione muttered absently.

"I won't," Luna said stubbornly. "I don't need Harry to rescue me this time, I'm far too cunning to let your evil plan succeed."

"Cunning?" Hermione asked despite herself. "Don't tell me you're a cunning . . ."

"Linguist," Luna finished innocently.

"You've been waiting a while to use that haven't you?"

"I'm sure I don't know what you mean," Luna replied.

"Of course you don't," Hermione agreed. "And Luna."

"Yes Hermione?"

"I think Harry's more cunning than you are," Hermione said with a wicked smile. "If you catch my drift."

"Really?"

"Truly."

"Hmmmm." Now she really couldn't wait for her turn. "How about you?"

"What?"

"How cunning are you?"

"I . . . I . . ."

"We'll just have to find out when it's my turn then," Luna continued. "Oh it will be ever so much fun."

"Back to the original subject," Hermione said firmly. "Could you give me your grandparents address?"

"I believe I . . ."

"And if so then give it to me," Hermione added.

". . . have it written down on this card," Luna finished. "Here you are Hermione."

"Thank you Luna."

"You're welcome Hermione."

|||||||

“Excuse me,” Healer Brown called out as she knocked on the door to the Dark Lord Jeremy’s poorly concealed hideout . . . really, the large neon sign proclaiming that it wasn’t a dark hideout was a bit much.

“Yes?” One of the Dark Bunnies peered out suspiciously. “What do you want?”

“I was hoping to get an audience with the Dark Lord Jeremy,” Lucy replied.

“New recruit?”

“No I . . .”

“Then we’re not a dark hideout . . . just look at the sign.”

“I’m a Healer,” Lucy sighed.

“Here to give us all a check up?”

“I could do that, but that’s not why I’m here.”

“Why are you here?”

“I was hoping to get his help to try an experimental treatment on a couple of my patients,” Lucy replied.

“Which Patients?”

“The Longbottoms.”

The first Dark Bunny was pulled away and another took her place.
“Did you say the Longbottoms?”

“Yes I . . .”

“What are the chances of this treatment working?”

"No clue," Lucy sighed. "I'll be happy if it gives me enough data to work on something else . . . why?"

"Come in," Daphne said. "And you," she turned to the first Dark Bunny. "Not a word about this understand?"

"Uh huh."

"And tell Gretchen and Elizabeth that I want to meet with them."

"Ok."

|||||||

"And that's why all dentists are evil," Luna finished her lecture. "You know, there are rumors that there is a Dark Lady of Dentistry loose in the world . . . they say her reach extends into the Ministry holding cells and that she arranged the severe torture of one of the inmates."

Luna, that is totally fallacious and you know it!" insisted Hermione.

Luna stared off slightly dreamily, "I can't wait much longer to be fellacious."

"'Fallacious' means false; telling lies."

"But I couldn't say anything, either true or false, if my mouth was full."

"I . . ."

"Speaking of a full mouth," Harry entered the conversation. "Were you planning to stay for lunch Luna?"

"Ok," Luna agreed. "Thank you Harry."

"Always happy to fill that mouth of yours," Harry laughed causing Hermione's eyes to bulge and Luna to giggle.

|||||||

"So what can I do for you Healer Brown?" Ron asked.

"I was hoping that you could cast your . . . pleasure charms on a couple patients of mine."

"Which patients?"

"The Longbottoms."

Ron looked at the pleading eyes of his minions and sighed. "Gretchen, Elizabeth . . . oh hell, anyone that wants a chance to learn my family spells come over here right now. Afraid that you're going to have to learn them from the Dark Enforcer of the North, Kitty."

"Wouldn't have it any other way," Daphne said smugly.

"Master," the girls cheered. "You mean it?"

"We can have a formal ceremony later," Ron said. "Healer Brown here needs someone to cast my family spells on a couple of her patients and I'll be damned if it's going to be me." And his life would be a living hell if he taught some of the girls the spells and neglected some of the others.

|||||||||

"Who's he?" Macnair asked dully.

"He's a muggle darling," the Death Eater replied. "Didn't you know?"

"What the hell is a muggle that's not screaming in pain doing here?" Macnair demanded.

"Oh he's been screaming," the Death Eater said with a smug grin. "Just not in pain . . . we met cause my sister married his brother."

"But . . . doesn't that sort of . . . miss the point?" He screamed. "We're here to destroy muggles and blood traitors not sleep with them."

"There wasn't any sleep involved," the muggle Death Eater said smugly. "Nope . . . no sleep at all."

"You can't do anything with him except torture him to death," Macnair growled.

"So he can't join then?"

"Arrrg." Macnair stormed off.

"Well if he can't join then we're going to start our own club," the Death Eater said thoughtfully. "Any objections . . . suggestions?"

"I never liked the name Death Eater," one of them mused. "I'd rather we call ourselves Dick . . ."

"Don't get ahead of yourself hon," the Death Eater giggled. "We'll vote on that all after we've got our new clubhouse."

"My sister is a Dark Bunny," one of the others offered. "I'm sure she'd put in a word with the Dark Lord Jeremy so we can meet with him."

"I'd love to meet the Dark Wizard Jeremy," his 'friend' drooled. "But I'm guessing that he isn't into the sort of . . . activities we are. Pity."

"Isn't it," the Death Eater agreed. "But I was thinking more along the lines of asking the Dark Wizard Jeremy to rent us one of his numerous Dark Properties."

"And I'll ask Harry Potter," the muggle Death Eater offered. "He must have a spare house or two that he's willing to rent out."

||||||||||

"It's working," Lucy said in excitement. "Frank . . . can you hear me?"

"Cn hrrr uuu."

"Do you remember what happened?"

“Lsrnge . . . Crcco.”

“Yes . . . you've . . . you've been asleep for a very long time, years.”

“How many?” Frank began to steady his voice.

“Over fifteen years,” Lucy said sadly. “Your wife is already awake already, can you try to move your toes?””

“Who are they?” Frank croaked. He raised his hand and waved at the group of Dark Bunnies.

“They're minions of the current Dark Lord,” Lucy explained. “And they were good enough to help me bring you and your wife back to your senses.”

“Oh . . . well . . . I always knew we would win,” Neville's father said slowly. “Hail current Dark Lord, my loyalty was never in doubt.”

“Shut up Frank,” Alice hissed. “We're Aurors.”

“Uh . . . undercover as Aurors placed there by the current Dark Lord, long may he reign.” Frank said quickly, hoping to buy enough time to escape.

“That never happened and you know it,” Alice growled.

“Damn damn damn.” They were going to die, they were going to die because his wife was so damn insistent on always telling the truth. No I won't pretend to be a hooker, she'd always say in the old days. It's not honorable and if I won't do it at work then I won't do it in the bedroom either. Why couldn't he have married a nice girl who could lie and deceive with a straight face. He glanced over at his wife. Ah right, because of her massive . . . reserves of magic.

“Could we have a few moments alone with them Healer Brown?” One of the Dark Bunnies asked.

“Of course,” Lucy agreed. “I'll just be waiting outside.”

"I'm the Dark Bunnie Greengrass," she began. "Though I usually use another stage name."

"Pleased to meet you," Frank giggled. "So . . . how were you planning to kill us?"

"Kill you?" Daphne frowned. "Why would I do that?"

"Because we represent a threat to your dark organization?" Frank ventured.

"I think Neville would be quite cross with me if I killed you both," Daphne said dryly. "I may be the Dark Bunnie Greengrass now, but I'm hoping that will change to the Dark Bunnie Longbottom after we leave Hogwarts."

"Come over here so I can take a look at you dear," Alice commanded. "Such a beautiful daughter in law I'm going to have."

"Thank you Mrs. Longbottom," Daphne said with a blush.

"Call me mum."

"Ok mum."

"Wait . . . you're dating our son and you're a dark minion to a Dark Lord?" Frank was confused.

"Yes?"

"Am I the only one who thinks that's odd?"

"Why would it be odd?" Daphne asked with a frown. "He is the Dark Enforcer of the North, most feared man in the United Kingdom aside from the Dreaded Dark Lord Jeremy."

"Our son is a Dark Lord?" Frank squeaked.

"Second in command," Daphne corrected. "Sort of, it's more of a show title then anything else. He's more of a dread enforcer type then a commander."

"I knew our son was going places," Alice said in delight. "Tell me more, how are his grades?"

"Tops in Herbology," Daphne said proudly. "I'm . . . well, I haven't told him but I'm hoping we can open up a greenhouse."

"Don't make too many plans without consulting him dear," Alice advised.

"I won't," Daphne agreed.

"Am I the only one who thinks it odd that our son is a feared Dark Enforcer?" Frank whined.

"He's mostly only feared by the Dark Frat Boys," Daphne mused. "Most other people don't worry about him."

"Dark Frat Boys?" Frank fell back onto the bed. "Just what have I missed?"

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enough to do a bit of editing and caught several of my mistakes. Still more go to Andrew Joshua Talon who wrote much (most) of the subplot with Narcissa, Remus, and Draco.

Disclaimer: Remus always was a rule following type.

Twice is Coincidence

“What are you doing Luna? And come to think of it, when did you show up?”

“Hello grammy I just arrived,” Luna said cheerfully. “How are you doing today?”

“Wonderful child,” the old woman replied. “Now what are you doing?”

“Opening the safe to remove the family spells,” Luna replied as if it were the most natural thing in the world. “What are you doing?”

“Talking to you,” the old woman sighed. “Where did you learn the combination?”

“Learn?”

“Never mind.”

“Ok.”

“So why are you removing the family spells?”

“Because I'm going to accept a proposal soon,” Luna replied. “Why are you removing the family spells?”

“I'm not, I'm speaking with you.”

“But you're helping me remove them.”

“I suppose one could look at it like that,” the old woman allowed. “Then it's because you're my granddaughter and I enjoy helping you.”

“Ok grammy . . . oh, before I forget. I bought six gallons of whipping cream that you're going to have to whip,” Luna said with a firm nod. “I'd do it myself but I don't know the spells.”

"Why am I going to need to do that?"

"Because grampy likes to mix whipping cream and seduction of course," Luna said dumbly. "Did you forget, are . . . are you getting senile like Dumbledore?"

"I wasn't aware that he was planning to seduce me tonight," the old woman said calmly. "And please don't compare me to Dumbledore in the future."

"He's not, you're planning to seduce him."

"I am, am I? When was I planning to find out that I was planning to do that?"

Luna paused and mentally reviewed the conversation. "Oh . . . I forgot to tell you, the Fox and the Hound are going to try to rob you and I'm going to be waiting for them here. I was hoping that you could distract grampy?" Luna pleaded.

"Why not just capture them and eat their souls?"

"Because they're going to be my betrothed," Luna explained.

"I thought you were in love with the Pot . . . ah, I think I understand."

"You do?"

"Possibly," she agreed. "If some of my preconceptions are wrong . . . quite an elegant plan if my suspicions are correct. Would you mind asking the Potters to ward our house later?"

"Ok grammy."

"And thank you for getting the whipping cream dear, that was very good of you."

Luna basked in the approval. "I try grammy."

|||||||

"Excuse me."

Harry spun and had his wand in his hand and pointed at the Death Eater's throat. "What do you want?" Harry demanded. His eyes shifting from side to side searching for more opponents.

"I'm here alone," the Death Eater held up two hands covered in white leather gloves. "And unarmed."

"So what do you want?" Harry growled, not letting his guard down.

"I'm here on behalf of the other Death Eaters," he said. "We were hoping that you could rent one of your spare properties to us."

"You want me to do what?" Harry asked with a smile.

"Rent out one of your properties," the muggle Death Eater repeated himself. "We were hoping that you might have a spare you weren't using."

"Well, it's not that I don't have spare houses." Harry began. "It's well . . . aren't you all planning to kill me?"

"Oh we've gotten away from that," the muggle Death Eater assured him. "We just want a place where we can meet and have a . . . well, not to get to graphic but . . ."

"I understand," Harry said quickly. "But I'm still having a hard time getting around the idea that you've stopped trying to kill me."

"Well . . . I personally never wanted to kill you, that was all Voldemort."

"And he's decided to stop?"

"I don't know," the muggle Death Eater admitted. "All he seems to do is sit in his room and mope about how he really is a feared Dark Lord. We've all decided to get away from him, change our names and our images and start anew."

“What about muggles? Do you still want to kill them?”

“I’d hope not,” the muggle Death Eater said quickly. “I’d have to kill myself.”

“But . . .?”

“I just joined to meet men,” he explained. “Well?”

“So long as you don’t take Voldemort with you then I think I can find a place for your meetings,” Harry agreed. The Malfoy Manor really had been vacant for too long. “Uh . . . you wouldn’t be willing to do a few favors for me would you?”

“I heard you were married?”

“Happily,” Harry said quickly. “And I don’t want those types favors. I was wondering if you’d be willing to drop a few items off in Voldemort’s headquarters?”

“While he’s in it I suppose?”

“Correct.”

“It won’t be dangerous will it?”

“Shouldn’t be,” Harry said. “For you anyway.”

“Then I think we have a deal,” the muggle Death Eater said happily.

“Pleasure doing business with you.” Harry held out his hand.

“You too.”

“Uh . . . one more thing.”

“Yes?”

“Feel free to ignore this question if you want.”

"Go on."

"How's being a muggle Death Eater working out for you?" Harry asked. "I'd have thought it would be a bit awkward what with the whole . . . hating muggles thing."

"Oh it did," the Death Eater agreed. "That's why we've decided to find a new place to hold our meetings."

|||||||

"So, how are things now that Draco's moved out?" Bellatrix asked her big sister happily. She smiled coyly at the blush on Narcissa's face.

"Very, very good," Narcissa fairly purred. "He's so considerate, and skilled, and such stamina!"

Bellatrix giggled.

"Aw, that sounds lovely!" Bellatrix said, a wistful look on her face. "If only my husband had been like that. Bastard always thought of himself first... Truth be told, that's part of the reason I went mad."

"Really?" Narcissa asked, intrigued. Bellatrix nodded, cuddling Mr. Poki.

"I have never once had an orgasm. Ever. Nobody has even gotten close!" She broke into tears. "Oh! It drove me mad! MAD!"

"But I thought-?" Narcissa began.

"No! Contrary to popular belief I DO NOT get off on pain!" Bellatrix bawled. Narcissa sighed . . . Before an evil smile came over her face.

'Well, I did tell Remus I was open to . . . Certain things...' "Sister, I have it. The solution," Narcissa said. Bellatrix looked up, sniffling and hugging Mister Poki.

"What?"

"Have you ever heard of a threesome?"

"... Cissy, I love you!"

|||||||

Harry returned to the apartment to find Hermione dressed up in her costume and getting ready for a job.

"Telemarketers?"

"More important," Hermione said absently. "I'll be back soon."

"Planning to go without me then?"

"I . . . I don't think you'll approve of this job," Hermione admitted.

"Well?"

"I'm going to go . . . borrow Luna's grandmother's family spells," Hermione said slowly.

"You remember what happened the last time."

"I remember, I've learned from that." Hermione said smugly. "I'm almost positive that nothing can go wrong this time."

"Uh huh . . ." He gave her a flat stare. "Well, before we do that there's another job we have to do. Strip out of that outfit and get into your other clothes."

"Ok," she purred. "How about my teachers robes?"

"Not those clothes, your other clothes . . . we'll get to that later."

"What's up?"

"I think I've figured out a way to beat Voldemort," Harry mused.
"Well . . . contain him anyway."

“Harry that's wonderful.”

|||||||||

“So let me get this straight,” Frank began. “The Fox and the Hound have reappeared and they're being hunted by Harry Potter and his wife. The Dark Lord Voldemort lost the election to be the official Dark Lord to your master the Dark Lord Ron Jeremy who named his followers the Dark Bunnies and my son is serving him as his chief enforcer Peter the Dark Enforcer of the North.”

“Right.”

“While he lost the election for Dark Lord, he did narrowly beat out former Minister Fudge to be the Dork Lord. There's a reason that all the Death Eaters are male and the guys who aren't into that have formed another group called the Dark Frat Boys about whom there are rumors that the Death Eaters are changing their names to the Dick Eaters and ditching Voldemort to form their own group. Professor Snape is a mincing boy hungry pedophile who was molesting Dumbledore who's too senile to know what was happening.

“Uh huh.”

“And on top of all that the top Ministry Auror is a tentacle monster named Tim?”

“Close enough,” the Dark Bunny agreed. “Now do you want to know what happened before this summer?”

“No,” Frank said faintly. “That's ok, I think I've heard enough . . . is it too late to go back into a coma?”

“Shut up Frank,” Alice giggled. A smile lit up her face as she turned back to Daphne. “Now tell me more about my son darling.”

|||||||||

“Where are we?” Hermione asked.

"Right outside Volde's lair," Harry replied. "I had one of the Death Eaters take a few things through the wards in exchange for letting them rent the Malfoy Manor and turn it into a gay night club."

"Oh . . . what have they decided to name it?"

"I think they're staying with Malfoy Manor," Harry said absently. "Watch my back while I do this."

"Do what?"

"Did you know that a primitive form of the Fidelius charm was originally used by thieves hide their jobs from prying eyes?"

"You're going to Fidelius his hideout?" She asked flatly. "I suppose it would be annoying but how is that going to contain him?"

"Use that brain of yours," Harry said with a grin. "Show me that a thought or two goes behind those pretty eyes of yours."

"Bastard," she said playfully. "You're . . . going to invert it?"

"Precisely," Harry agreed. "Watch my back."

"Right . . . and Harry?"

"Yeah?"

"You think my eyes are pretty?"

|||||||

"Remus," Narcissa began with a coy smile. "Remember when I said I was open to . . . certain things?"

"What about it?" He asked.

"Well . . . do you also remember how I told you that I was going to make you the happiest man in the United Kingdom while simultaneously traumatising the hell out of my son?"

"Yes?"

"Remus, do you think you could do me a favor?" Narcissa said in a childish voice. "If you say yes then I promise I'll make it worth your while."

"What do you want?" He sighed.

"I've just learned some rather shocking things about my poor sister Bellatrix," Narcissa began. "Her husband treated her much worse than I'd previously been led to believe."

"Go on."

"I was hoping you'd be willing to help me cheer her up," Narcissa said while drawing little circles on his chest with the tip of her finger. "If you do that it'll make me very happy and if you make me very happy then I'll put a grin on your face that'll have to be surgically removed."

"Sure," he agreed. "So what, do you want me to read to her or something?"

"We could do that," Narcissa allowed. "But I'd much rather multi task, it'd save sooooo much time."

"Multi . . . task?"

"Yes, come in Bella," Narcissa called out. "Why don't you help me cheer Bella up while I put that smile on your face."

"You mean . . ." Remus was conflicted. On the one Hand, the woman before him had been responsible for the death of his best friend. On the other . . . "Narcissa, I love you." Sirius would understand. After all, walking away from this situation would be a major violation of the man code.

Meanwhile on the other side of the veil.

"...and make her yell out my name at least once!"

"Sirius what are you doing?"

"Umm. Nothing, Lily. I was just making sure Remus was happy."

"Hmmm. You're probably up to something, but I'm sure it's something I'd rather not know about, so lets go get James. He's been watching Luna and talking to her mum and crying about how proud he is of Harry."

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Disclaimer: There's nothing wrong with being a manager at a fast food place, or even working at one. A job's a job and they all suck.

Chrome Trailer Hitch

“Come on Hound,” Hermione whispered.

“Fine,” Harry agreed. “I still think that you're going to regret this.”

“Just help me find the damn safe,” Hermione hissed. “Ok Hound?”

“My guess is it's behind the picture Fox,” Harry sighed.

“No, that's where they keep their pet Lethifold, you really don't want to open that.” Luna said softly. “And keep your voice down, you don't want them to catch us.”

“Luna?” Hermione asked in shock.

“You know my name?” Luna said in delight. “Are you going to ravish me now?”

“No,” Hermine said quickly.

“Then is it my turn to ravish you?”

“No.”

“Awwww . . . wait, you sound awfully familiar. Do I know you?”

“Run Hound,” Hermione screamed.

“Coming Fox,” Harry sighed. “Goodbye Luna.”

“Goodbye,” Luna said cheerfully.

Harry caught up to Hermione outside the, the girl's chest was heaving in interesting ways and she was hiding behind a shrubbery.

"If you say I told you so then I'm going to glue my knees together," Hermione said sullenly.

"Perish the thought," Harry laughed. "Though it would be amusing to see you hop everywhere."

"Shut up Harry," Hermione sighed. "Guess it's plan 'b' then."

"What's that entail?"

"Ignoring the situation until I think of something else," Hermione replied. "Uh . . . how tired are you?"

"Why?"

"Cause the night is young and I have a bit of stress I'd like to burn off . . . please?"

"How can I say no to a request like that," Harry said cheerfully.

"Carry me?"

"Where? We're using a portkey."

"That'll land in our sitting room . . . carry me?" She begged.

"Come on you lazy witch," he said as he lifted her into his arms. "You know, I'm not sure why I put up with you sometimes."

"I'll show you in a couple minutes," she whispered into his ear with a wicked grin on her face. "Over and over again."

||||||||||

Draco got up with the sun and carefully put on his uniform. Today was the day, today he was going to drive out the lay about that called himself a branch manager and take the bastard's place.

"Have a seat Draco," Andromeda commanded. "It's time for breakfast."

"I can eat at work Aunt Andromeda," Draco said respectfully.

"And you can eat actual food here," Andromeda said firmly. "Now sit."

"Yes Aunt Andromeda," Draco agreed.

"So how were you planning to do it?"

"I'm sure I don't know what you mean Aunt Andromeda," Draco said innocently.

"Spare me the bad acting, well?"

"Let's just say that the Metropolitan Police have been informed that a certain person keeps large amounts of contraband in his office," Draco said with a grin.

"Does he?"

"I found more then enough in my . . . co-workers' lockers to confidently say yes to that question," Draco said proudly. "What do you think?"

"I think you should also file a claim of sexual harrasment," Andromeda said calmly. "Before the Police have a chance to arrive if possible."

"Why?"

"Draco . . . Darling, haven't you ever heard of killing two birds with the same stone?"

"Yes Aunt Andromeda," Draco agreed happily. "And thank you."

"It's what family is for dear, now run along. You don't want to be late for the show do you?"

"No Aunt Andromeda," Draco said quickly. "I don't want to be late."

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Hermione awoke with a mouth full of hair and a warm body in her arms. "Luna?" Hermione asked sleepily. "What're you doing here, I thought you were in Spain?"

"Oh I was," Luna agreed. "But grammy and grampy were feeling frisky and it was a bit loud and . . . well . . ."

"Yes?" Hermine asked nervously.

"There's nothing like sleeping in your own bed," Luna finished with a happy smile. "Don't you agree Hermione?"

"Your own bed huh?" Hermione muttered.

"Uh huh."

"What time is it?"

"Almost five in the morning," Luna replied. "But I was going to sleep in a bit more if that's alright with you."

"Yeah," Hermione agreed sleepily. "Pleasant dreams Luna."

"Thank you Hermione." Luna cuddled up to the other girl. "I'm sure they will be."

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"No . . . no," the manager screamed as the police dragged him away. "I'm innocent . . . innocent I tell you. None of it was mine, it wasn't mine."

"Shut up," one of the officers growled. "Scum like you makes me sick."

"Excellent," Draco rubbed his hands together in glee. Finally, finally he was in a position worthy of a Mal . . . Black.

"What should we do Draco?" One of the employees asked.

"That's Mr. Black to you," Draco barked. "Unless you want to end up like our former manager."

"Yes Mr. Black," the pimple faced teen agreed.

"Now then," Draco began. "I want everything cleaned before the customers start to arrive. The former manager may have tolerated the fact that none of you cretins knows how to wash their hands after using the water closet . . . frankly, I'm amazed that any of you knew what such a thing was for rather than befouling the corner like so many of your fellows. He may have tolerated it, but you may rest assured that I will not. Fifty lashes to the first one to ignore my instructions and ten for the slowest . . . move." Draco watched in satisfaction as the rats scurried to carry out his will, this was living, this was what he'd been born to do . . . a pox on the so called Dork Lord and a pox the Malfoy family. Draco was a Black, a family that was meant to rule from the shadows and follow none.

|||||||

Hermione awoke to the smell of breakfast cooking. After several unsuccessful attempts to untangle herself from Luna's grasping arms, she finally gave up and woke the other girl.

"Wake up Luna," Hermione commanded.

"Mmmm?"

"Or let me go," Hermione said. "I don't care, breakfast is almost ready and I'm hungry."

"M'ok," the groggy girl agreed. "Help me up?"

"Come on Luna." Hermione dragged Luna to the table and seated her.
"Thank you for breakfast Harry."

"It's either that or live on spaghetti and chicken soup," Harry said with a smirk. "Still can't understand how the two of you can sleep in so long."

"Not all of us had your upbringing Harry."

"Thank god for that," Harry agreed with a laugh. "Little enough room in my cupboard as it was. Can't imagine how cramped it would have been if I had company . . . course, it might have been nice to have a bit of help with the chores once and a while."

"Harry," Hermione said sadly.

"You could have always used magic to enlarge it so there'd be room for all of us," Luna suggested. "That way you'd have help and space."

"Should have thought of that," Harry said as he snapped his fingers.

"Don't worry," Luna said cheerfully. "I was here to think of it so you didn't have to . . . do you think we should add that to our next column Hermione?"

"I think we should focus on practical defense until after the troubles have been laid to rest," Hermione replied.

"Do you think we could add a simple ward then?" Luna asked. "Not many people can afford to get new wards and a simple do it yourself ward could be a wonderful thing to have."

"How are we going to bundle it so that teenage girls will read and learn it?"

"We could take Harry's shirt off and write it on his chest," Luna mused. "And then we could take a picture and put that in the magazine, that way they'll memorize every bit of it."

"That could work," Hermione agreed.

"Not gonna happen," Harry interjected. "Try again."

"Well . . . if you could throw up a quick proximity ward then it would cut down on the number of times you get interrupted by Professors when you're enjoying a bit of personal time," Luna said with a wink. "If you know what I mean."

"Why don't we work out the spellwork now and figure out the why's later?" Hermione suggested. "It's too bad all the wards require active magic."

"It's too bad the Ministry only tracks muggle born students," Harry added. "So why don't you put in one of the quick and dirty wards we worked out for the wands? Wouldn't be too hard to modify it to prevent other people from using your wand . . . just be sure to mention that they need to remove it before going on summer holiday or it would . . . no it could interfere with the charms that the Ministry uses to monitor underage magic use. Be a shame if the little darlings had the opportunity to practice and defend themselves wouldn't it?"

"Thank you Harry," Luna said happily. "That should work."

"Yes it should," Hermione agreed. "What's our deadline Luna?"

"We've got lot's of time," Luna assured her friend.

"In that case there's an errand I have to run," Hermione said. "I have to go pick up a few things."

"Me too," Luna said in surprise. "Where do you have to go?"

"Downstairs, you?"

"Down the street," Luna replied. "Looks like you have the shower to yourself Harry."

"Looks like," Harry agreed.

Luna cleared the table with a couple flicks of her wand. "Let's go Hermione," Luna said cheerfully. The two girls walked out of the apartment and down the stairs. "I'll hurry back," Luna promised.

"Take your time Luna," Hermione replied in a dead pan. She watched as Luna bounced down the street past a number of confused early shoppers before turning to walk into her downstairs tenant.

"Morning Hermione," Angelina greeted her friend. "How are you doing today?"

"Wonderful," Hermione replied. "I was wondering if I could pick up a few things."

"Like what?"

"Anything that causes nausea, vomiting, diarrhea, and night terrors." Hermione said cheerfully. "Any other side effects that can be added would be icing on the cake so far as I'm concerned . . . no overtly magical effects, just good ol'fashioned pain and discomfort."

"I could also add in headaches, runny noses, trench foot, a bladder infection, hemorrhoids, athletes foot, and anal seepage fairly easily." Angelina mused, "what do you want it for?"

"A group of muggles," Hermione said with a grin. "Very bad evil muggles who must be punished to show them the error of their wicked ways."

"I'll have something ready for you in a few hours," Angelina said with a shrug. It wasn't her place to judge, and it wasn't her place to alert Magical Law Enforcement either . . . well, not pertaining to things sold at the shop anyway. "Have a nice day."

"You too Angelina."

||||||||||

The admin looked down at the paperwork with a frown. It was time to stop the drain on his hospital's resources, time to get rid of that dead weight to make room for more profitable patients.

Grabbing his quill, he wrote several notations in the file. It really was for the best, he told himself. The . . . patient would be out of the

wizarding world and if anyone got hurt, well they were only muggles right? It wasn't like they were important, there were gads of them. Who'd miss a few of them. Besides, with Sn . . . the patient gone, there might be enough left over funds to give a nice bonus to the important staff after all. Damn Healers and their self righteousness anyway, without money the hospital wouldn't run. It was only fair that the people who kept the money flowing were appropriately compensated . . . wasn't it?

|||||||||

Harry watched as Hermione attempted to sneak a large brown paper bag into the apartment.

"None of that's for me is it?"

"Eep."

"You bought several things downstairs," Harry said to the shell shocked girl. "None of it is for me is it?"

"I'm sure that I don't know what you're talking about," Hermione said in what was supposed to be an innocent tone. "And even if I did I'm not about to buy pranks to use on you . . . or Luna."

"Ok," He agreed. "Have fun then."

"You're not going to ask what I got this stuff for?"

"What stuff?" Harry asked. "I thought you didn't buy any pranks."

"Thank you Harry," Hermione said softly. After stowing the items, Hermione returned to the sitting room and made herself comfortable on Harry's lap. "So . . . what do you wanna do today?"

"Are you trying to convince me to help you use those things you didn't buy on those telemarketers?"

"Of course not," Hermione cooed. She rested her head on his shoulder. "What makes you think that?"

"Well . . ." Harry cut off as the door opened to admit Luna.

"What in the hell is Luna doing?" Hermione mumbled to herself, the afore mentioned girl had just walked past holding a length of garden hose in one hand and a golf ball in the other.

"How am I supposed to know?" Harry asked mildly. "Go ask her if it means so much to you."

"Could you do it Harry?"

"Suppose I could," Harry agreed. "But if I do then you'll never learn to do that sort of thing on your own."

"Please Harry Please."

"Do it yourself you lazy witch."

"Pleeease," she begged as her hand came up to undo a few buttons. "I really don't feel up to dealing with Luna right now. Not after what happened last night."

"I'm busy."

"Doing what?" She challenged.

"Not asking Luna what she's doing."

"Haaaarrrrry." Her shirt came off, "I'll make it worth your while."

"Fine," He groaned. "But it had better be really worth my while." Harry got up and walked into the other room for a few minutes. When he returned, he grabbed Hermione by the hand and began walking towards their bedroom. "Hurry up."

"Well?"

"Well what?"

"Well what was she doing?"

"She said she was practicing," Harry replied.

"Practicing . . . Luna stop that," Hermione called over her shoulder.

"Awwww."

AN: The ongoing list of people that contributed to this fic without whom, it would not have been nearly as good . . . one might go so far as to say it would be quite bad: nonjon, Ed Becerra, ausfinbar, David Wangen, , Ben Russell-Gough, dogbertcarroll, hattenjc, the caitiff, AlanP, Lone Wolf, meteoricshipyards, Shawn Pickett, Morris Rague, luinlothana, Treck, Drake, David Brown, Moshehim, Arthur Hansen, Marneus Calgar, Goblin214, Chris LeBron, khadon99, Shawn Pickett, tekobaka, Freddie, Musings of Apathy, ubereng, Brian Arcis, Shalon Wood, D.J. Thorens, Fenris, Pelel, peterson9803, Andrew Joshua Talon, shinji the good sharer, and everyone on my yahoo group. They gave me scenes, ideas, and all sorts of other things. Tell me if I missed you so I can add to this list. Another thanks goes to meteoricshipyards who wrote the majority of the continuing adventures of the tentacle monster as well as several others. Anything I wrote on that sub plot was fairly minor so kudos. And still another goes to who wrote a large number of scenes. Yet another goes to The Resident who was good enough to do a bit of editing and caught several of my mistakes. Still more go to Andrew Joshua Talon who wrote much (most) of the subplot with Narcissa, Remus, and Draco.

Disclaimer: I'll write it later . . .

Schmoo

"What is . . . Hermione?" McGonagall said in delight. "What can I do for you?"

"I was hoping that you could call Dobby," Hermione said sweetly. "I need to speak with him."

"Harry Potter sir's Hermy wishes to speak with Dobby?" A voice squeaked from behind Hermione.

"Thanks Professor," Hermione said as she shut off the floo. "I was wondering if you'd be willing to help me deal with some evil muggles, but it has to be a secret."

"Dobby can keep secrets," the little elf agreed.

"Ok." Hermione wrote out a quick note. "I need you to make sure the people going to this convention get this potion in their food."

"Dobby understands."

"And take their wallets and anything in their hotel rooms," Hermione continued. "Oh, and block the doors on all the toilets if you think of it. Could you do that for me Dobby?"

"Dobby can do it," the elf agreed.

"Ok, I'll pay you fifty galleons and . . ."

"Fifty Galleons?" Dobby cried in dismay. "One Knut."

"Erk . . . twenty Galleons."

"One Galleon and Dobby gets to clean Harry Potter sir's house."

"Fine but I won't go lower then . . . ten Galleons."

"Then Dobby gets to cook dinner and clean everything," he said firmly.
"That is Dobby's final offer."

"Deal," Hermione agreed. She watched in satisfaction as the house elf disappeared to carry out his evil . . . er, good mission. "Excellent."

"Yessss," Luna agreed in a hiss. "Our plans are nearing completion."

"Luna?"

"Hermione?"

Hermione sighed. "Yes Luna."

"Do you have anything planned for this evening?"

"Not at the moment, why?"

"Can you check on Tonks when she gets back?"

"Gets back from where?"

"Where ever she's going. I don't think it will be a late night. She'll probably come back hungry. Better make sure you have chocolate ice cream. It will keep away the Indigos."

"Indigos? There's no such. . . . Whatever."

"Just make sure you have the chocolate ice cream. It's important Hermione."

"All right, Luna. I'll do it."

"And you should probably have Harry out of the flat. If you want he can come over to my place and . . . "

"No."

"Awwww."

|||||||||

"Mr. Black."

"What is it you simpering moron?" Draco barked.

"There are some men here from the corporate office," the teen's voice broke three times. "They want to talk with you."

"Send them in."

"Draco Black?" One of the men asked.

"Yes," Draco agreed.

"I'm prepared to offer you this check for fifteen thousand pounds in exchange for your signature on this document."

"What is it?"

"It's just a formality really," the man laughed. "Well?"

"I'm afraid that I'm far too distraught to deal with that right now," Draco stalled.

"Alright," the man agreed quickly. "I can respect that, you want some time to think about it. But why don't we just deal with this issue between the two of us, we don't want to involve any solicitors do we?"

"Best just to handle things quietly," Draco agreed. He smiled inwardly, this was exactly what his aunt had told him would happen. He couldn't wait to get home to tell her what happened. "I'll try to get everything handled after I go home."

"Why don't you take the rest of the day off," he suggested. "After everything that's happened to you, you deserve it."

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"Harry?" Hermione began.

"No."

"What?"

"You want something and the answer is no, I'm comfortable and I'm not moving."

"It's not for me," Hermione sighed. "It's for Tonks."

"What's Tonks need?"

"You out of the house for a few hours according to Luna," Hermione said. The girl bit her lower lip as she waited for a reply.

"I'll be at the Cauldron," Harry offered. "Come join me for a meal when you're done."

"Thank you Harry," Hermione said softly. She kissed him on the cheek. "I really appreciate it."

Hermione threw up a quick ward to alert her when Tonks entered the building as Harry left and then did a quick double check on her ice cream supply.

A few minutes later, Hermione felt the special ward go off as Tonks entered the building. She went to the door and saw the auror looking distraught.

"Tonks! What's wrong?"

"Tim. He's. . . . We. . . . Letter. . . . Date. . . . Just friends. . . . Broke up. . . . Shoggoth. . . ."

"Oh, Tonks! Come inside. Did you eat?"

"No. After he let me know, I wasn't hungry. I guess it wasn't fair to him, we'd already ordered."

"The price of breaking up. Don't worry about it. You want some ice cream?"

"Chocolate?"

"Of course."

"Thanks Hermione. I just . . . I don't know why it hurts so much, I'd already decided to break it off myself. I just . . ."

"Come on," Hermione said gently. "We can talk about it while we empty my freezer."

"Ok."

|||||||

"Hello Harry," Luna greeted him as he walked into the Leaky Cauldron. "What are you doing?"

"I don't know," he replied. "What's it look like I'm doing?"

"It looks like you're talking with me," Luna said promptly. "But appearances can be deceiving."

"True."

"Well?"

"Well what?"

"Are you going to come in and sit down with me while we wait for Hermione or would you rather just stand here?"

"That's a difficult question," Harry said slowly. "What do you suggest?"

"Hermione will be tied up in a few days and it'll take an hour or two to deal with Tonks so I suggest we sit down," Luna said after a moment

of thought. "My shoes aren't comfortable enough to stand in for a couple weeks."

"Then let's have a seat then," Harry agreed. While not quite sure about what he'd just discussed, he'd learned that it was best not to worry about it too much when talking to Luna.

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"I'm home Aunt Andromeda," Draco announced as he walked in. "And they've made their offer."

"Let me see it," Andromeda demanded. "Pitiful, they should really have known better."

"It's not good then?"

"It's an insult," Andromeda replied. "Let me deal with it Darling. But be sure to pay close attention, I'm going to expect you to know how to do things yourself next time. Or at least to know enough to know when they're trying to cheat you."

"Ok Aunt Andromeda," Draco agreed.

"Now then, we've got a visitor."

"Who is it?"

"Draco," Narcissa said.

"Mum . . . does this mean you've decided to leave the wolf?"

"No, I don't think I'm going to be doing that."

"Then why did you come?"

"Just wanted to be the one to tell you the news," Narcissa said with a smile. "You're going to have a new cousin."

"A new cousin then . . ." He glanced at Andromeda.

"Don't look at me," Andy said with a smirk.

"Aunt Bella? Who's the . . . no." The blood drained out of his face when he saw the smug look on his mother's face. "Going to my happy place, I'm going to my happy place."

"And your new sibling is going to have a half sibling to grow up with," Narcissa added sadistically. "Isn't that wonderful?"

"I think you broke him sister," Andy observed.

"The joys of parenthood," Narcissa said happily. "Is traumatizing one's children . . . and speaking of that."

"I'm afraid that Nymphadora is going through a rough patch at the moment," Andy sighed. "She's somehow gotten the idea that she's from the future and lost her memory."

"Isn't she living in Potter's building?"

"Why do you ask?"

"Because it seems that the Lovegood girl is spending quite a bit of time there."

"I suppose that explains things then."

"I would have hoped that a Black would have stood up better . . . then again, it is a Lovegood she's dealing with."

"True," Andy sighed. "So how's Bella taking the news that she's going to be a mother?"

"Positively glowing, she says that it's even better then sex that lasts longer then thirty seconds."

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"What are you doing Hermione?" Harry asked. The girl was sitting on the floor surrounded by identification cards.

"I'm making a list," Hermione said cheerfully. "Of houses to empty."

"Are you checking it twice?"

"I'm cross checkin it against the names in the address books that Dobby . . . found for me," Hermione giggled.

"That's nice . . . why don't I just . . . go . . . over here then shall I?"

"Whatever you want," Hermione muttered. "Bwahahahaha."

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Tonks looked around the Auror's office.

"Hey, where's Tim?"

"Go check with Bones."

"Something wrong?"

"Just talk to the boss."

Tonks made the short walk up to Amelia's office and knocked on the door. "Hey boss, got a minute?"

"Come in Tonks. How'd you like to have a new partner."

"Tim and I get along professionally. So it didn't work out between us, we're still a good team."

"Yes, and I've had nothing but praise for your work. But I'm afraid that Tim has resigned."

"Resigned?"

"Yes, his significant other is moving back to its own dimension, and Tim has a job offer from the local head eldrich horror."

"Oh. Well, I guess I will need a new partner, then."

"We're having a going away party at the Leaky Cauldron . . ." Amelia trailed off.

"I'll be there."

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"Where's Healer Brown?" The admin asked in an oily tone.

"She's got the week off," the orderly replied. "Why?"

"I thought she might like to be here when we discharge her patient," the admin explained.

"We can't! There's no way we can claim he's cured."

"Of course not. But the tests do not lie. Somewhere between all those potions, lotions, enemas, insect and repeat poisonings, shocks, drugs, and therapies -- some combination of them -- he's lost his magic. Even if we cure him, there's nothing in the Magical world that he can do. It's time to release him, and let him try to find a new life in the Muggle world."

"Couldn't he find a job working on potions? We can't just let him go like that."

"Since that eclectic shock therapy his hands haven't stopped twitching, so no. I must say, that exposing him to Elvis Presley music right after Vaugner was probably too much of a shock. It was either that or the electricity thing. Either way, he no longer has the ability to do fine motor work with his hands. Besides, we're not letting him go so much as transferring him to a muggle high security hospital for the hopelessly insane," the admin assured him. Actually it wasn't so much transferring as dumping Snape on an isolated street corner and

letting nature take its course. The admin justified it by telling himself that it would be cheaper and easier for everyone that way.

"It's such a shame."

At this point, Snape forced the gag out of his mouth again, and started screaming.

"I must admit, it will be much quieter with him gone."

"Quite."

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Omake: Monster vs. Monster by Steve2

It was shortly after Fred had assumed his minister position of placing his feet up on the desk while reading a few missives from his department heads that his funky first lady (as the papers had begun referring her as) walked into the office and sat down opposite him, also putting her feet on the desk.

"Fred?"

"Yeah, honey?"

"You know, I've been thinking since Hermione came by for some potion assistance the other day."

"Oh?"

"Yes. I think you being minister is all well and good, Fred, and you are certainly doing a far better job than anyone else in the job over the past century, but I miss the crazy Fred. I'm not saying to quit being Minister, but how about a little break? Just for the afternoon? Maybe we can do something... a little fun?"

Fred looked at his babe. "Bedroom fun or prank fun?"

She grinned. "How about prank fun – and if done right, it can lead to bedroom fun."

"Let me call my stand-in to mind the store." Fred got up and walked over to the wall-floo. Throwing in the powder, he yelled, "Oi, George! Busy?"

George replied, "Kinda. I've got Ginny establishing her civilian disguise and minding the store before she goes out crime fighting later tonight – provided she can find Dean that is – and I'm working on a new vat of Dork Lord sponges. You know, the ones we thought could only be used once when cleaning a person's basement floor if you know what I mean, wink, wink, nudge, nudge."

"So not busy, then, right? How'd you like to be Minister for the rest of the day? Angelina wants to pull a Job-6."

"Oooohhh, prank plus bedroom visit. Nice. Sorry, political brother of mine, but no can do. Katie is taking me out to lunch and then to a show. And who knows after that? Wink, wink, nudge, nudge, and all that."

"What's with all the winking?"

"Isn't a nudge as good as a wink to a blind bat?" said George.

"Are you talking about sex?"

"What's it like?"

"George!"

"Fred!"

Fred paused for a second and then grinned. "Good luck. It's great. And Katie is a nice girl so show her you care and take off your socks." Fred then closed the connection.

"So what do we do now, Fred? Do you have a deputy minister or some kind you can have run the office for a few hours?" wondered Angelina.

"You'd think that would be a good idea, but then some outgoing Minister cursed the position a couple centuries ago. Director Bones filled me in on that little bit of information when I'd brought up the idea of having George be my deputy minister."

"Oh? Cursed like the DADA position at school? They either end up dead at the end of the term, or sacked?"

"Worse. Turns out that the Deputy Minister has to get married to the next incoming minister. That's why Umbridge kept trying to get the position from Fudge, but rumor has it he suspected the curse included not only the next incoming minister, but the current one who gets re-elected and he wasn't taking a chance."

"And once you told George about it..."

Fred let out a sigh at not being able to invoke some nepotism like he'd wanted. "He wouldn't accept it and I told him I wouldn't be offering it to him regardless. But we did think it would be a bit of fun to

swap places now and then without anyone knowing. Sort of lets us get by the whole Deputy Minister thing."

"So now what? Guess we're off for the afternoon?"

"I'm not a master prankster for nothing, sweetheart. There's ways, and then there's WAYS." His grinning increased. "Dobby!"

Pop. "Yes, mister minister Weazy?"

"Dobby, buddy, chum, compatriot, pal o'mine."

Dobby signed and reached for his elf-wallet. "How much do you want?"

"Dobby, Dobby, Dobby. Nothing so crass as money between friends I think."

"Uh-oh."

"Dobby, I'm here to make your day."

"Yous has some stinky socks you need me to clean?"

"Uh, no."

"Yous has some stinky shoes you need me to clean?"

"Uh, no."

"Yous has a stinky meeting you need to attend but want to get out of and want me to take your place using my elfin magic?"

"Uh, right-o, Dobby old chap. Stiff upper lip and all that."

"You've done this before, eh?" Angelina smirked.

"Might have, might have," Fred replied, gathering a few of his things to take on an impromptu lark.

"Dobby gets same pay," Dobby instructed.

Fred immediately replied, "Absolutely. You get to clean my office and room for two weeks straight. I'll even throw in George's laundry on top of it. And one galleon for your general rent-an-inmate fund."

"Dobby do it. Dobby take good notes for mister minister Weazy."

"Uh, no need on that, Dobby. I usually just take a snoozer in today's 1pm. Today's meeting is just an excuse for other ministers to get together and have a gripe session. Don't worry, you'll be fine. You good now?"

"Ten-four!"

"Huh?" Fred intoned.

"Dobby means yes."

"Thanks, Dobby. You're a life saver," Angelina smiled sweetly at the house-elf.

"Dobby does what he can to help his master Harry Potter sir. And if helping run the wizarding world helps his master, then Dobby is only too glad to help."

||||||||||

"Hey, Frankie, you see that?" said Spain's minister, Anthony de Cote.

France's minister, Francois Smarmvitte looked where de Cote indicated and said, "What's Fred still doing awake? The opening minutes were read just minutes ago."

"I know. He's usually asleep by now" de Cote replied.

"I wonder if he knows something about today's agenda that I don't," Smarmvitte wondered.

"What's up, guys?" Poland's minister, Anna Aleksy put in.

Smarmvitte returned, "It's Fred. He's not sleeping. Something's up."

Germany's minister, Hans "Gunther" Toody stood up to address his colleagues and peers (even Fred). "Thank you for allowing me to speak first today, my friends. I am thankful that something is going my way for once."

"Sup, Hans? Missus catch you with your mistress again?" de Cote jabbed lightly, getting a chuckle out of Toody.

Smarmvitte leaned to the Belgium minister, Julien Janssens and whispered, "Aren't they sisters?"

"Shush, you," he smiled back with a slight nod to indicate they were indeed sisters.

Fred... er, Dobby meanwhile was going over the next day's chore list. Darn mister minister Weazy's socks. Check. Darn mister minister Weazy's brother's socks. Check. Rent evil bad former master and make him use tongue to clean bathroom. Check.

Fred/Dobby was not really paying attention to Toody as he continued to rant about the latest thing to hit his office. "...and so with our crack team of animal wranglers unable to do anything about these free roaming chimeras wandering the countryside and laying waste to whatever they feel like, I'm not sure what to do. Fred? You seem like you want to say something. Your thoughts?"

Dobby cleared his throat and brought his voice down an octave or two like he'd done before and said, "Oh, uh... Chimeras. Right. Um, well, I've got an idea. See, when Dob... er Weazy was roaming the world for a year..."

"Weazy?" Aleksy said aloud. "Doberman Weazy? Wasn't he that Aussie fellow that went to prison for breach of magical containment with a muggle beach? Something about how he made all their swimsuits disappear and they never noticed?"

"Yeah," replied de Cote, "I heard about that. Got pardoned or something by Bruce ... I forget his last name. You know, the Australian minister. Anyway, Fred must be related to him."

"I heard about that," inserted Smarmvitte. "Chap had a real knack for containing magic and creatures. Then they stuck him with a desk job. Went mental."

"Maybe Fred's onto something here," Toody supposed.

All eyes pointed back to Fred who had been watching the byplay of the other ministers with rapt attention. "Uh, right. Well, I think what we need is to combat these monsters with our own monsters. Maybe we could have a monster rally."

"Bring in more monsters?" muttered Toody. "Isn't that counterproductive to what we're trying to achieve, Fred?"

Dobby clarified, "Not real monsters. But Monster Trucks. Even bring in, say... Bigfoot."

"The Sasquatch family's been spotted again? Do we need to call in the Obliviators?" asked Janssens.

Dobby again clarified, "No, no, not them. Bigfoot. The monster truck known as Bigfoot."

"Monster trucks?" Hans Toody raised an eyebrow in confusion. "You mean those cute little horseless carriages the muggles travel in?"

"Bigger. Bigfoot. It's a 4x4's 4x4. It typically uses 66x43x25 Flotation Tires, but has been known to use Firestone's 120x48x68 tires."

de Cote liked his lips. "Firestone? Doesn't he run a tavern in Berlin?"

"I've eaten there. Good schnitzel," said Smarmvitte.

Dobby continued, "The Bigfoot racing trucks use a 572 Cubic Inch Ford engine, which puts out between 1200 and 1500 horsepower, and 1100 to 1300 foot/pounds of torque."

Toody was again confused. "Horses? What do they have to do with anything?"

"Er... centaurpower."

Toody's frown disappeared. "Oh. I get it now."

"Bigfoot even runs a Ford hemi for certain types of events, which can put out even more hor... centaur power."

All the ministers were looking at "Fred" now with renewed appreciation. He may be the youngest minister they had ever seen, but he was certainly going on with enthusiasm about his monster truck

idea. It was easy to do since Dobby was happily recalling the time he spent in the colonies a couple years ago, when he'd actually gotten turned around one day and saw the biggest lorry he'd ever seen.

"Now, Bigfoot uses methanol racing fuel which gets approximately 2-3 gallons per 250-foot run. Methanol is a cooler burning fuel, thus keeping the engine cooler, so there's little chance of it

overheating."

"Is methanol similar to Firewhisky?" questioned Aleksy.

"Close enough," Dobby replied simply.

"This Bigfoot seems like a big enough fellow and all," started Toody, "but how much does it cost to purchase this monster? We're not made of money like Fudge was you know."

"When I saw the Bigfoot, I asked that very question. While there are many factors involved with its pricing such as parts and human labor to assemble it, a rough estimate is 10,000 galleons. Less if we do

the manufacturing and assembling ourselves. Or have a house elf do it by the name of Dobby since he knows as much as anyone here about what Bigfoot is."

"And you think this different version of Bigfoot could help us wrangle in our monsters?"

"Dob... er, I don't see why not. Once Bigfoot raises the gear ratio, it can go up to 150 kph, or 80 miles per hour."

"What's miles per hour mean?" said de Cote.

Dobby looked at the man. "It's fast. Very, very fast. And it can catch other monsters."

Toody smiled at the other ministers around the table. "This sounds very promising. But we need to see a trial of this first before I commit any of my people's funds on this."

11

"Wormtongue! It's time to instigate my newest plan! Alert the men! It's time to make that usurper pay!"

"Yes, master."

"Wormtongue, what have I said about your accent!"

"More lisping?"

"Correct! Again!"

"Yeth, mahsterr...."

"Better. Crucio!"

"Aaack!"

"That Ron Jeremy! He will rue the day he crossed me," Voldemort again cackled like the madman he was.

Little did Voldemort know that due to Wormtongue's new lisping, his plan would take an additional week to carry out as the men didn't initially understand what he was saying any of the times he told them of the "mahster plan".

|||||||

A week later, two of Germany's finest from the Bundesamt für Magie sat in a truck, its engine idling, waiting for their prey. The truck's cab sat several meters off the ground. What those wild and crazy muggles won't think of next, Yortuk Festrunk thought.

"I don't like this assignment, Yortuk," said his brother, Georg Festrunk.

"Why not? It's easy. All we have to do is wait and then chase. Easy as pie."

"No foxes."

"Heh-heh, you're always going on about our cousins in the United States. Give it up already."

"You know we could always use this truck to land some foxes."

"No."

Just then: "Breaker, breaker, we got a smokey sighting. Come on!" blurted the ingenious device under the dash.

Yortuk raised the FFC (Faceless Floo Connection) -thingy to his mouth, pressed the button and replied, "We copy that. Smokey in sight. Time to put the pedal to the metal."

"That's a big 10-4," squawked the response.

Georg revved the engine twice to get the attention of the two chimeras that were walking towards a creek for a quick drink of water.

"Grunt-grunt-grunt," went the first creature which was Chimera speak for: "What the heck is that thing?"

"Grint-grunt-grent," came the response which stood for: "I don't know what the heck that thing is, but whatever it is, don't put your lips on it."

With a blast of speed brought on by the inexperienced but no less enthused brothers, the truck accelerated towards the two monsters. They attempted to flee, one to the left and the other to the right,

but the truck quickly ran over each one. It looked worse than it was, but eventually each chimera was caught in the front wheel wells.

"Grunt-grunt-grunt-grint," complained the first chimera caught which translated meant: "Well here's another fine mess you've gotten us into. Hrmph!"

"Grint," translated: "Sorry, Ollie."

Yortuk looked at his brother behind the wheel and said, "Both are contained. Head home and let's hose them out and into a pen."

"Then let's take the truck out and cruise for some foxy witches."

"No," Yortuk said immediately.

"C'mon, nobody's going to notice if we take it out for one night."

"No."

"What's the worst that can happen?" said Georg.

"We'll get fired."

"C'mon! It's the weekend."

"No."

"I'll drive," suggested Georg.

"Okay."

|||||||

Ding-dong!

The large door was opened by a scantily clad woman. This thought was firmly impressed on the mind of the young man carrying dozens of large flat boxes. Behind him, two other men, boys really, were carrying similar looking boxes. They all wore similar outfits.

"Yes? Can I help you?" Gretchen asked, her wand close by tied to a little string attached to her bra. One quick jerk from behind her back and her bra would fly off as her wand came free. That usually

served to stun any older Death Eaters for a moment before she got off her shot.

"Glurk. I mean, pizza delivery." The pizza delivery man's eyes never left Gretchen. Or more accurately, never left her chest. She smirked. It was nice to have ones assets noticed. The master was the only

other one to notice her for what she had to offer.

"What's going on, Gretchen?" Ron asked, walking up to see who was at the door.

"Some young men are delivering pizzas, master."

"That looks like quite a few pizzas, guys."

"Uh, yes sir. One hundred pies. An assortment of everything we have."

"You guys got the right address?"

"Yes sir. One hundred pies ordered to this address by V... er," he put the pizzas down on the step and pulled out the delivery sheet. "Mort. Yeah, one V. D. Mort. You him?"

"Fraid not, guys. That's just some wanker who calls himself a dork lord."

"So just to make it clear, you didn't order these?"

"Nope. But since the girls and I were just talking about dinner, why don't we buy them off you anyway? Saves us from making anything else. Gretchen, can you pay the man? You guys can just put the pizzas in here."

As the other two pizza delivery guys delivered their load and went back for more, Gretchen asked the young man who had rang the door bell, "How much?"

Shaking his head to get non-perverted thoughts back in there, he looked at the delivery sheet and said, "Um, even with the volume discount, it's still 750 pounds."

Gretchen looked in her purse, pushing things to either side to get an idea of how much money she actually had. "Hmmm, that's more money than I have right now. How about we work something else out?" she suggested sweetly.

The pizza delivery guy licked his lips, still having difficulty concentrating on his job like he should. "Like what?"

Gretchen smiled demurely at him and said, "You ever take a bath with 5 beautiful, nubile women before?"

"Glurk."

"Jenny? Tina? Josie, Patricia, Jasmine. This here is..."

"Glurk... Simon. I'm Simon."

"Simon," Gretchen said as she introduced him to the other girls. "Such a nice name. Simon, these girls are here tonight for their initiation into our little club. Girls, this is Simon. A wonderful young man who hasn't been in a bathtub with several girls at the same time. Can we change this for him?"

"I don't see why not," Tina replied. "It sounds like something the master would want us to do."

Jasmine concurred. "That it does."

"You can keep up with them, can't you, Simon?" Gretchen asked.

"Glurk! Ummm, guys! Tell Mr. Black I'll be back later! And tell him to charge this order to my account."

"But, Simon, you drove!" said one of the other pizza delivery guys.

"Here's the keys! Get back to the restaurant!"

"You sure?" asked the third pizza delivery guy. "How are you going to get home?"

"Who says I care about going home? This is going to be the best night of my life. Ever."

|||||||||

Dear V.D.

This is just a little thank you for the pizzas last night. The girls and I were just talking about what to have for dinner when your handy delivery service brought forth some great tasting food. Talk about good timing. Speaking of timing, this letter is set to explode 10 seconds after you open it. Thanks again for the pizza! I'll return the favor some day!

Sincerely,

The REAL DARK LORD

Ron Jeremy :)

As Voldemort got to the end, the letter suddenly glowed white and exploded a black powder all over his face and hands. Copy toner. He hated that taste. It never came out of anything. Blast that Ron Jeremy!

"Grrrrr. Wormtongue!"

Disclaimer: There are things no one should have to know . . . Draco knows, pity the poor bastard.

Leather Corset

“Good morning Luna,” Hermione said as she woke up. With a sigh she turned to find out what sort of outlandish costume Luna was modeling and was pleasantly surprised to find the other girl sitting quietly in a chair and wearing a tasteful sundress.”

“Hello Hermione, may Harry come out and play with me?” Luna asked politely.

“What game?” Hermione asked suspiciously.

“It's a game I invented,” Luna said brightly. “All you need is two balls and . . .”

“What's it called?” Hermione interrupted.

“Balls on chin.”

“No.”

“But . . .”

“No.”

“Awwwww.”

|||||||

“Have you decided what to do with the money you got from your settlement?” Andromeda asked pleasantly.

“I have some ideas,” Draco allowed. Soon the Dark Lord Black Dragon would bring the world to its collective knees.

"Those ideas wouldn't have anything to do with the sketch book full of dark uniform ideas you left on the coffee table would they?" Andromeda sighed.

"Uh . . ."

"Draco . . . Darling, listen to me."

"Yes Aunt Andromeda?"

"Dark Lords come and go, while the columns that support society remain. Every time a Dark Lord crops up, one of two things occurs. Either they fail, or they succeed. Regardless, the institutions remain. They may change a bit, the Weekly Register changed it's name to the Daily Prophet to shed a bit of unfortunate history and despite that change the press remains a power, retaining the ability to tell the sheep what their opinion is. Or take the Ministry, it was built as a servant to society, but the master has become weak and dependent. When the Master becomes dependent on the servant, who do you think is in control?"

"But . . . the Dark Lord Jeremy . . ."

"Is redefining the role of a Dark Lord in our society," Andromeda interrupted. "And even then he's less a force of evil and more a force of nature. I think history will remember him as less of a Dark Lord and more as the father of a good percentage of Magical Europe."

"He doesn't have that many followers," Draco muttered sullenly.

"No but he is directly responsible for a massive rise in pregnancies," Andromeda said with a laugh. "Both in the magical and muggle world."

"I see."

"And even he will pass out of the spotlight unless someone is chosen to carry out his work," Andromeda sighed. "Draco, what matters . . . what really matters, is institutions. Create something that becomes so

important to society that it will last forever, something that will be around until the end of society as we know it.”

“I understand Aunt Andromeda,” Draco said seriously.

“Good boy.” Looked like the Black family traits hadn’t been too diluted after it had been polluted and diluted by the Malfoy family. Andromeda really didn’t know what they were thinking when they arranged a match with Lucius . . . well, no sense dwelling on the past.

|||||||

“Morning Luna,” Harry greeted the blond.

“Good morning Harry,” Luna said cheerfully. “How are you doing today?”

“Confused,” he admitted.

“Why?”

“I’m wondering how you managed to tie yourself to that chair,” Harry said thoughtfully. “And with such artistic knots too.”

“Oh I didn’t do this,” Luna said with a dreamy smile. “Hermione did.”

“How’d you convince her to do that?”

“There wasn’t any convincing involved,” Luna confided. “She did this without any prompting on my part . . . I think she’s warming up to me.” Luna giggled happily.

“Do you want me to untie you?”

“Mmmmm, later.”

“Ok, then do you want me to drag you into the other room so I have company while I cook breakfast?”

“Ok.”

|||||||||

"Good morning," Hermione's father said as he walked into St. Mungo's.

"Good morning Doctor Phil," the Orderly replied. The man was wheeling out what appeared to be a large barrel full of yogurt. "How are you today?"

"Fine. If you don't mind my asking . . ."

"Of course not Doctor."

"What are you planning to do with all that yogurt?"

"We're throwing it out sir," the Orderly replied. "It's no good after it's been used for . . . you know."

"Nonsense," Phil said with a grin. "Why don't you donate it?"

"Donate it sir?"

"Yes," Phil agreed. "I just happen be treating a prisoner with a wired jaw, between the two of us that jaw is going to stay wired for quite some time and I think some yogurt is just what he needs."

"A prisoner sir?" The Orderly paused to think. "Wouldn't happen to be the one that tried to mug Mrs. Doctor Granger would it?"

"I try not to think of such things," Phil said piously. "The only thing that matters is that he's a patient under my care, the fact that he would have harmed my wife if not for the courageous intervention of the Dark Bunnies is a thought that's never crossed my mind even once."

"You do know that this yogurt has been used several times don't you sir?" The Orderly asked. "And it's only being thrown out because it can't be used again?"

"Waste not want not."

"I understand sir," the Orderly said with a shudder. "And sir."

"Yes?"

"If I've ever done anything to make you displeased with me, I want you to know that I am very sorry."

"Don't worry about it," Phil said as he walked off. "I'm not the vindictive sort."

|||||||||

"What are we doing today?" Luna asked after Hermione had taken her place at the breakfast table. "Can we go to the zoo?"

"We're going shopping for school supplies," Hermione said. "Are you sure you don't want to be untied?"

"I've been a very naughty girl and I ought to be punished until I learn my lesson," Luna said firmly. "In fact I think Harry should spank me . . . nay, he should spank both of us."

"No Luna," Hermione replied. "Maybe we can go to the zoo after we get our shopping done." Honestly, it was like having a child . . . a perverted child that was always trying to . . . Hermione shook her head to get rid of the bad thoughts.

"Yay," Luna cheered. "Harry."

"Yes Luna?"

"Might I have a banana?"

"Sure Luna," Harry agreed.

"Would you please put some condensed milk on it?"

"Why?"

"So that I can suck it off," Luna said innocently. "I so enjoy the taste of creamy things."

|||||||||

"Mmm . . . Remus dear, that was wonderful," Bellatrix purred happily, nestled up on one side of the tired, smiling werewolf.

"Glad you enjoyed it," Remus said. He frowned and looked about the bedroom. "Narcissa...?"

"She had some things to take care of, baby shopping," Bellatrix explained, nuzzling his neck. "I can't really go out on my own, so... Guess it's just you and me until she gets back."

"I'm sure we'll manage," Remus smiled, drawing her in for a kiss.

Bellatrix squealed and pounced, knocking them both off the bed. Remus didn't mind though. She had been so starved for affection throughout her life that she enthusiastically jumped into everything Remus and Narcissa did. Which, combined with her ability to learn quickly, was definitely making Remus's lingering resentment towards her fade away.

|||||||||

"So, do you think I should go with duck curtains, or these rather adorable wolf curtains?" Narcissa asked her sister in the baby store. Andromeda hummed.

"Tonks always loved the wolf curtains... Though Remus might not care for it."

"Oh, he's well on his way to moving past all that bad counseling," Narcissa explained, "especially given the benefits he has from it."

Andromeda grinned evilly. Draco, walking behind them carrying a stack of baby clothes while sulking, gulped.

'No, no, not that...'

"The... Incredible stamina, for instance?"

"M... And the sharper teeth... And his tongue, oh Remmie," Narcissa moaned.

Draco twitched. 'Think about something else... ANYTHING else...'

"You know, he's so good I'm considering getting Draco a werewolf wench to teach him how to be a good lover," Narcissa grinned.

"URK?!"

"Really? You can find one willing?" Andromeda asked with a frown.

"Oh yes... A few were considering joining You-Know-Who before his election to 'Dork Lord'. Pretty ones too," Narcissa nodded. She turned to Draco and smiled cheerfully.

"Would you like that, Draco? To be trained in love arts by a werewolf wench... Or two? Or three?"

"They'd probably kill him. I doubt he has anywhere near the stamina for them," Andromeda stated. Draco bristled.

"WHAT?!" He dropped the baby supplies with a growl. "You're damn right I have stamina! I can outlast any werewolf wench!"

Narcissa smiled. Andromeda groaned. Draco realized his mistake just a tad too late. He flushed.

"Uh, er, I mean-!"

"WONDERFUL! I'll make the calls when we get home!" Narcissa said happily, turning and heading for the crib section. Andromeda shook her head with a sigh.

"That you got from your father," the oldest Black sister stated to Draco. Her nephew glowered.

"Got what?"

"Your brains."

"Really? ... Hey!"

"Do you see who I see sister?" Narcissa asked.

"I believe I do," Andromeda agreed.

"Harry," Narcissa called out in delight. "Draco," she prompted. "Say 'hello' to the head of our family."

"Hello Potter," Draco said unhappily.

"Sorry Harry," Narcissa said with a smile. "It's past Draco's nap time and he's getting a little cranky."

"I don't have a nap time," Draco protested.

"Andy?"

"Sorry sister," Andromeda apologized. "I thought he was old enough not to need one."

"Quite alright," Narcissa replied. "How have you been Harry?"

"Fine," Harry replied. "Is it true that Remus . . ."

"Impregnated both me and my sister?" Narcissa asked. "Quite true."

"Your sister?" Harry glanced at Andromeda.

"The other one," Andy said dryly.

"Ah . . . I . . . uh . . . that's nice?" He finally managed to stammer.

"Isn't it thought?" Narcissa was glowing. "Draco gets a new sibling and a new cousin at the same time."

"Urk." Draco looked green.

"So what are you doing here today Harry?" Narcissa asked.

"Just getting some school supplies and having a day out with the girls," Harry replied.

"School supplies?" Narcissa asked in surprise. "Don't you think you're doing that a bit late?"

"With everything that's been happening this summer," Harry said with a shrug.

"I forgot," Andromeda said with a nod, "it has been a busy summer for you hasn't it?"

Seizing his chance, Draco tried to slip away while his mother was distracted with her conversation.

"Oh no you don't," Narcissa said as she grabbed her son. "Looks like we're going to have to start using Mister leash again."

"But mum . . ." Draco tried to protest.

"No buts," Narcissa said firmly. "Or we'll have to start using Mister ball gag too and you know how grumpy your aunt Trixie gets when Mister ball gag isn't around for fun time."

"Aunt Trixie?" Draco asked despite himself, his eyes widened in horror as the full implications of his mother's statement percolated through his brain.

"It was hard enough getting Mister leash and collar away from her," Narcissa agreed. "Which reminds me, sister dear."

"What is it Cissy?"

"We have to stop by the robe shop later, Trixie wanted me to pick up a red hooded cape for her."

“Oh?”

“This time it's little red riding hood that eats the wolf,” Narcissa explained. “Thought the reverse may also be true depending on Remus's mood.”

“Ug.” Draco sent a look at his nemesis, promising Harry anything if only he'd find a way to get the two of them out of the horrible situation that they'd found themselves in.

Seeing Draco squirm was somewhat of a guilty pleasure for Harry. On the one hand, Draco had been a huge pain in the arse for a number of years. On the other hand, Andy did say he had moved on from his father's muggle hating ways and actually got a job working with them. And on a third hand, no bloke should be forced to hear about his mum's sex life. Come to think of it, Harry shouldn't be forced to hear about somebody's mum's sex life. Decision made, Harry smiled at the two sisters.

“Look at the time,” Harry said with a sigh, “I've got to go meet the girls soon and I really can't stay around to chat any longer.”

“Have fun then Harry,” Narcissa said.

“Oh . . . don't forget to stop by Mistress Mandy's Leather Goods,” Harry said over his shoulder, “Bellatrix has been behaving herself so she deserves a reward, have them charge it to my account . . . if she hasn't been a good girl then she's been a very bad girl and needs to be punished. I trust you two to shop accordingly.”

“Yes Harry,” Narcissa agreed.

“And get something nice for yourselves,” Harry added, “have Draco help you pick out your outfits.” He finished sadistically, “maybe get him a new mister leash so you don't have to borrow Bellatrix's all the time.”

“Thank you Harry,” Narcissa cheered, “you hear that Draco? You get to help your mum pick out a sexy leather outfit for herself and a few more for your aunts.” The look of horror and betrayal on Draco's face

warmed Harry's heart as he walked away. "I'll get you for that Potter," Draco squealed as he was dragged off by his enthusiastic mother. "I'll get youuuuu."

AN: The ongoing list of people that contributed to this fic without whom, it would not have been nearly as good . . . one might go so far as to say it would be quite bad: nonjon, Ed Becerra, ausfinbar, David Wangen, , Ben Russell-Gough, dogbertcarroll, hattenjc, the caitiff, AlanP, Lone Wolf, meteoricshipyards, Shawn Pickett, Morris Rague, Iuinlothana, Treck, Drake, David Brown, Moshehim, Arthur Hansen, Marneus Calgar, Goblin214, Chris LeBron, khadon99, Shawn Pickett, tekobaka, Freddie, Musings of Apathy, ubereng, Brian Arcis, Shalon Wood, D.J. Thorens, Fenris, Pelel, peterson9803, Andrew Joshua Talon, shinji the good sharer, and everyone on my yahoo group. They gave me scenes, ideas, and all sorts of other things. Tell me if I missed you so I can add to this list. Another thanks goes to meteoricshipyards who wrote the majority of the continuing adventures of the tentacle monster as well as several others. Anything I wrote on that sub plot was fairly minor so kudos. And still another goes to who wrote a large number of scenes. Yet another goes to The Resident who was good enough to do a bit of editing and caught several of my mistakes. Still more go to Andrew Joshua Talon who wrote much (most) of the subplot with Narcissa, Remus, and Draco.

Omake by dogbertcarroll (I used some but not all of it above)

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And on a third hand, no bloke should be forced to hear about his mum's

sex life.

Come to think of it, Harry shouldn't be forced to hear about somebody's mum's sex life.

Decision made, Harry made some quick excuses and drug Draco off for some male bonding.

"I owe you one, Potter."

"Don't mention it. No bloke should have to know about his mum's nocturnal activities. Mums are virgins that sleep at night, anything else is fantasy."

Draco closed his eyes and concentrated for a second, stress lines fading from his face, leaving him looking strangely relaxed. "That little delusion is locked in place and I think I can feel my ulcer shrinking."

Omake Time: "migeleelrubio"

"You know Harry these knots feel kind of nice."

"Really?" Harry asked and looked at the artistic arraignment. Maybe Shibari had a good point, he made a mental note to test it on Hermione later.

"Yes, I feel all tingly now." Luna admitted.

Even Harry recognized a setup. "You want me to feed you."

"Please"

Now if he only had a shield spell or counterspell against those puppy eyes.

|||||||

"More Harry."

Hermione blinked.

"Greedy witch."

"I'm not greedy and I'm only tied up, that means you can do all you want with me."

Somehow Hermione wondered if tying Luna up had been such a good idea.

"Please not that."

She trusted Harry, but then again this was Luna. Taking a deep breath she entered the kitchen and saw ... Harry trying to feed Luna a carrot. She ignored the fact that he was sitting on her lap.

"Hermione please help me, hold her head she won't eat the greens."

"Luna please eat them, Harry stop it she is big girl and can eat herself." Hermione decided.

"Do I have to? I like having Harry on my lap."

"Yes Luna, you can sit in his lap later."

"Yay."

Hermione blinked, then went to the wall and bashed her head a few times. When she turned back she saw Luna and Harry stare at her.

He got up and with a swish of the wand Luna became unbound.
"Hermione dear, maybe you should lie down a little more."

"I'm fine now Harry really."

"Harry is right, even if you got rid of the snifflers you should lie down a bit."

"But ..."

"Please?"

"Damn Puppy Eyes" Hermione grumbled and left for bed.

"Luna you watch her, I'll prepare her portion."

"Yes sir, asking for permission to tie her up."

Harry contemplated for a moment. "The book is on the night table, page 69 looks fun."

"Thanks Harry."

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caught several of my mistakes. Still more go to Andrew Joshua Talon who wrote much (most) of the subplot with Narcissa, Remus, and Draco.

Disclaimer: Just a bit of a transition chapter.

A Farewell to Ar . . . Tentacles

Harry rejoined the girls a few minutes later and was unsurprised see them squabbling about a few of the items on their shopping list.

“We are not going to get the triple XL cauldron,” Hermione said firmly, “it’s only used for industrial brewing and there is no way that we’re going to do any of that at school.”

“But the list says that we each need a quote ‘really big cauldron’ end quote,” Luna said triumphantly. “You’re just being lazy because you don’t want to have to carry it around.”

“I don’t think I could carry it around,” Hermione growled, “and I know you couldn’t. You’re half my size.”

“Not where it counts,” Luna said as she thrust her chest forward. “We’re even on that one.”

“We’re not talking about bust size, we’re talking about cauldrons.”

“I like your cauldrons,” Harry offered.

“Harry,” Hermione said with a blush.

“Mine too?” Luna pouted.

“Yours too.”

“Yay.”

“And Luna is right, it does say that you’ll need a really big cauldron.”

“See?” Luna stuck her tongue out at Hermione.

“So why don’t we buy a couple of the really big ones?” Harry asked.
“Who knows, they could come in handy.”

"I'm sure they will," Luna agreed with perverted giggle. Unlike the tub in the Potter apartments, the cauldron was big enough for three. "But I don't think we'll need more than one."

"Do you deliver?" Hermione asked the shopkeeper with a sigh.

"Delivery and installation are part of the price," the clerk agreed.

|||||||||

"We got all your school supplies master," Elizabeth said as she rubbed her cheek on the Dark Lord Jeremy's chest. "All except the robes, Gretchen is tailoring them to fit you."

"Can you believe that they didn't have any robes made out of the finest silk?" Gretchen asked with a frown. "Even after I threatened to . . . well, I guess it doesn't matter. Um . . . I need to measure you again master."

"Fine," Ron agreed.

"Measurements are much more accurate if you're naked master," she said with a hopeful smile.

"Why didn't you say so?"

"I'm sorry master," Gretchen waled. "I must be punished for that oversight."

"And I must be punished for not stopping her," Elizabeth said quickly.

"Me too."

"Me too."

|||||||||

"Ready to start your new career my love?" Arthur asked as he embraced his wife from behind. "Be a bit of a change don't you think?"

"No," Molly replied as she leaned back into him, "I've raised children my entire adult life. The change was to be cursed with an empty house, it'll be nice to be around children all day again."

"Speaking of having an empty house," he purred, "the children are out and we won't be disturbed."

"Don't ever change Arthur."

|||||||

"Trixie," Narcissa called as she walked into the house, "I've got a surprise for you."

"What is it?" Bellatrix demanded from her upstairs room. "Let me see."

"Harry had me get you a new outfit," Narcissa replied, "and a brand new Mr. Leash."

"I always liked him," Bella said as she hugged the outfit to her chest, "he looks out for the family. Not like . . ."

"Yes," Narcissa said quickly, "he's a much better Head of House than we had before. Aren't we lucky to have him."

"Uh huh."

"Now where's Remus?"

"He's out getting take out," she said absently as she changed into her new outfit, "says that you've been spending too much time in the kitchen."

"But I like cooking," Narcissa protested. "Well . . . I guess it'll be a nice change anyway. Do you know what kind of food he's getting?"

"No."

|||||||

"Look Hermione," Luna said as the group walked in, "the Cauldron is here."

"That was fast," Hermione said thoughtfully.

"I'm more concerned with how they were able to get in through my wards," Harry muttered. "House elves maybe?"

"Could be," Hermione agreed. "Luna, what are you doing?"

"Making double sure that we can all fit in it," Luna replied, "self heating charms, self filling, and self draining."

"It's like a giant hot tub," Hermione giggled, "that's why you wanted it isn't it?"

"I'm sure I don't know what you mean," Luna replied, "but that's an excellent idea Hermione. We can sink it into the floor and put wooden benches in it. Oh it will be ever so much fun won't it?"

"Haarrrieee," Hermione begged.

"I'll have someone make it happen after I upgrade the wards."

"Thank you Harry."

"Maybe we should work on another article while Harry works on the wards?" Luna suggested.

"Good idea Luna," Hermione agreed. "Come on."

Luna and Hermione retired to the apartment's library and prepared to write their next article. Their problem was the fact that the magazine wasn't too concerned with what they wrote about, just that it was geared towards their audience.

"The topic of this article can be pretty elastic . . ." Hermione started things off.

"How could we write a whole article on 'pretty elastics'?" Luna asked curiously. "And how could we use them for defense?"

"Let me put it another way." Hermione backpedalled.,

"Red garter belts?" Harry muttered as he walked past the door.

After he'd gone, Hermione tried again, "What I mean is there aren't any hard and fast requirements on this article."

"Hermione, at least for the interim, could you avoid any phrases like 'hard and fast'? I can understand your mind might be in the gutter; it makes it difficult for those of us who are still pure, but want to get into the gutter and join you."

|||||||||

Snape staggered towards the Leaky Cauldron. He was going to get drunk and tomorrow he was going to start on his campaign of revenge! Turn him into a squib, would they? They'll pay. They'll all pay!

It was his secret! Not even Voldemort knew about it. His! His! Voldemort! That bastard! He didn't come to rescue him. Neither did Dumbledore! No matter. They would both be subject to his bloody vengeance!

He smiled as he staggered towards the Cauldron. It was a few miles from St. Mungos, and it had taken him hours to get there. His legs didn't work too well any more. But it didn't matter. He was going to get drunk, and tomorrow it would all be over. Gone! All of them gone! Every witch and wizard in the world. It would be glorious. He might want to go back to St. Mungos to watch the chaos! Yes, that would be fun. He remembered the day like it was yesterday.

flashback

"Snivilus!"

"It's Severus, father."

"Do you see that bottle on the dresser?"

"Yes father."

"Open it and pour it out the window."

"Why?"

"It's my last request. Do it!"

Snape picked up the decanter with the plastic seal holding the top. These muggle chemistry tools! Alway glass. Why didn't they use unbreakable, normal, metal cauldrons like normal people?

He walked to the window, opened it and leaned out. He slipped the beaker into his pocket, unopened and returned to his dying father.

"It's done, father."

"HAHAHA. My final gift to you and your accursed mother! Do you know what you've done? Let me tell you. For years I've used that blood I've drawn from you and your mother trying to isolate what makes you magical. And I finally found it!!

"Well, since I was already employed by the military creating biological weapons, I modified one. You just released a germ that will only attack witches and wizards and will be one hundred percent fatal. You just killed yourself boy! ARRGGGGGurp."

And with that, the muggle died.

and flashback

Tomorrow, he'd get the beaker and empty it. He'd have his revenge!

Damn! It was still several blocks to the cauldron. He limped on.

Meanwhile in the Leaky Cauldron, unaware of the doom limping down upon them, the good bye party for Tim was going strong. Tonks handed Tim another drink and glanced at the door. Almost midnight. Where was Bob? Tim was getting ready to leave. There he was!

"Bob! You got it?"

"Right in the car. Want me to bring it in?"

"One moment," She said, pulling out a bow from her pocket. "Tim, I got you a going away present. It's not much, just a snack for your trip. Hang on before you go, I'll get it."

"I'd better help help you, Tonks. It's a little heavy," Bob said, opening the door for her.

She walked out to Muggle London and ran right into a tall, twitching man.

"Out of my way, you clumsy oaf," Snape said, as he continued into the bar. Tonks shook her head and and started to stand.

"How rude!" Bob exclaimed, helping the young lady up. She looked around, but didn't see the bow anywhere. She poked her head back in the bar to see if she dropped it there.

Tim, who had been anxious to get going waved to her. She noticed the bow stuck to the man struggling in Tim's tentacles. Tim activated the portkey and disappeared while the assembled co-workers and dark bunnies sang "For he's a jolly good fellow!"

Bob stepped next to Tonks and asked, "What are we going to do with a quarter cow? I certainly ain't got room in my fridge."

"Barbecue?"

"Barbecue," he agreed.

|||||||

"Shall we try out that hot tub then?" Luna asked eagerly. "As a reward for all our hard work."

"So long as we're all wearing bathing suits," Hermione said slowly.

"Agreed," Luna said quickly. Without letting Hermione respond, she dashed out of the room. "And no peaking." Luna said as the door slammed.

"Wouldn't dream of it," Hermione said dryly. She and Harry changed and stepped into the extra large cauldron.

"How do I look?" Luna asked as she walked back into the room.

"Your bathing suit looks painted on Luna."

"It is." Luna stepped in and closed her eyes in pleasure.

"Luna," Hermione said as the suit began dissolving.

"Yes Hermione?"

"Was that water soluble paint you used?"

"Why yes, I believe it was," Luna said after a moment of thought.
"Why do you ask?"

"Never mind."

"Ok." She reluctantly got out a few minutes later.

"Leaving already?" Hermione asked.

"It's not healthy to stay in too long," Luna explained, "and we have an early day tomorrow."

"Ok Luna."

Luna left the room to change and came back a few minutes later on her way out of the house.

"Don't forget," Luna admonished, "we have a busy day tomorrow so get plenty of rest."

"We won't Luna."

"And don't stay in there too long," Luna continued. "Like I said, it's not healthy to spend too much time in hot water."

"Fine Luna."

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Disclaimer: There are times when it is vitally important that you make sure that you understand exactly what the other person is saying.

Doughnuts and Rose Gardens

“Wake up Hermione,” Luna said loudly, “wake up, wake up, wake up.”

“What is it Luna?” Hermione groaned.

“We need to meet the train,” Luna explained.

“The station isn’t that far,” Hermione said. “And we can floo there in an instant.”

“We’re not taking the floo.”

“We aren’t?”

“Father arranged a car to take us to the station,” Luna said brightly.

“Did he arrange a driver too?”

“I’m driving,” Luna replied.

“Do you have a license?”

“Of course,” Luna said with a hurt look on her face, “not that I need it since I practice good personal hygiene of course.”

“What does . . . never mind, okay Luna.” Hermione agreed somewhat reluctantly.

“Yay.”

|||||||

“Master,” Gretchen cooed, “wake up.”

“What is it Gretchen?” Ron asked.

"We need to be at the castle for staff meetings," Gretchen said with a pout, "so we need to have breakfast early so everyone gets a turn."

"Who's turn is it to be breakfast first?" Ron asked with a grin.

"Mine master," Gretchen said cheerfully.

||||||||||

"Lovegood, Luna Lovegood, she's the greatest girl in history." Luna sang as she drove down the sidewalk, ignoring the screams coming from the backseat. "Perky, and dead sexy, she's about to hit a chestnut tree." Swerving around the tree she tore up the once immaculate yard in front of number four privvy drive. "Some day, we all know she will win the fight. Then that, Ha-rry won't get sleep that night."

||||||||||

Tonks woke up and felt something warm on her back. "Did I get laid last night?" She muttered hopefully. She turned to look over her shoulder to see who she spent the night with and was more than a bit disappointed to find a large snowy owl. "They got too loud again last night huh?"

"Hoot," Hedwig agreed.

"You wouldn't happen to be an animagus would you?"

"Hoot," Hedwig shook her head.

"I figured," Tonks sighed, "know any single men?"

"Hoot."

"Yes, preferably ones that aren't owls."

"Hoot."

"How about women then?"

“Hoot?”

“In case you haven’t noticed, I’m getting a bit desperate.”

|||||||

“Outta the car,” Hermione screamed as soon as they came to a stop, “and get through the barrier. Move move move.”

“High strung isn’t she?” Luna asked calmly.

“You get used to it,” Harry replied with a shrug, “thank you for parking so close to the platform.”

“That way we don’t have to walk so far,” Luna said with a smile, “I wasn’t sure the car would go through the barrier.”

“Well it was very considerate, only.”

“Yes?”

“One usually parks outside the station and walks in.”

“That’s why there were so many people running about,” Luna said in sudden understanding.

“That’s right.”

“Wow,” Luna said as she allowed Hermione to heard her through the barrier, “the muggle world is so complicated.”

After boarding the train and staking out their compartment, Hermione reached up to undo the top two buttons on her blouse.

“What do you want now?” Harry sighed.

“Harry,” Hermione said while biting her lower lip, “could you go get us some snacks?”

“Fine,” Harry sighed, “I suppose you want drinks too?”

“That would be nice,” she agreed, “thank you Harry.”

“I just want to make sure you know I loathe you.”

“Love you too,” she replied cheerfully. After Harry was gone, she turned to Luna and the smile dropped off her face.

“Yes?”

“Let me see that license Luna,” Hermione demanded. Her face was drawn and pale and she couldn’t get her hands to stop shaking as she mentally replayed the ride to the station.

“Sure,” Luna agreed. “Here you are Hermione.”

“Lice-Endz,” Hermione read dully, “keeps away lice, fleas, ticks, and other vermin.”

“It’s great for mosquitos too,” Luna said happily, “that’s why I carry it.”

“Luna?”

“Yes Hermione?”

“You’re not allowed to ever drive a car again.”

“But it was fun,” Luna said with a pout. “Why not?”

“Because you violated several dozen laws,” Hermione said quickly.

“Don’t worry,” Luna said cheerfully, “I left a note.”

“What’d it say?” Hermione asked in horror.

|||||||

“Uh . . . sir.”

“What is it Detective Smith?”

“You're not going to believe it sir,” he said. “But we found a note in the car.”

“So?”

“So it's what the note says,” Smith explained. “It states that Dudley Dursley did not steal that car and recklessly drive through London, to Surrey, and back Through London. It notes that Dudley's fingerprints are all over the steering wheel but explains that they were planted by Dudley's freak cousin's girlfriend. It's signed 'definitely not Dudley Dursley' and ends by stating that the girl may have used magic to plant all the evidence. Lab confirms that the handwriting matches Dudley Dursley's handwriting and they also note that his fingerprints were all over it along with the car.”

“Suppose it explains why he went to Surrey, wanted to go home. Arrest him.”

“Sir . . . don't you think it's a bit too easy?”

“Sometimes it's fun to have a chase and sometimes it's fun to buy your meat from a butcher.”

“Understood sir.”

|||||||

“Oh,” Hermione said much more calmly, “good job Luna.”

“Thank you Hermione.”

“And Luna . . .”

“Yes Hermione?”

“Next time ask me for help,” Hermione said, “I want to make the bastard pay too.”

"I have no idea what you're talking about Hermione," Luna said innocently. "But suppose someone wanted to send a carton of cigarettes to a certain prison to make sure that Harry's cousin got a proper greeting . . . assuming he went to prison of course."

"Of course," Hermione echoed with an amused smile.

"How might they go about that?"

"Why don't we discuss it with Madame Bones later?" Hermione suggested. "Ok Luna?"

"Ok Hermione," Luna agreed. The two girls fell silent as the door to their compartment opened.

"I'm back," Harry announced. "Here you go."

"Cucumber sandwiches?"

"Sugar rots your teeth," Harry said smugly. "And as interesting as that could make our love life . . ."

"I think you should forget about having a love life after that statement," Hermione said dryly.

"Oh look," Harry said, "I just happen to have sugar too."

"Thank you Harry," Hermione said as she ripped the bag out of his hands, "I may just forget the awful thing you said." As Hermione tore through the candy with the enthusiasm that only the child of a dentist could muster, the other two nibbled on the sandwiches.

"Think I should make a crack about her weight?" Harry asked.

"No," Luna said after a moment of thought, "that might make her do something stupid."

"Wouldn't want to make a comment she could take seriously," Harry agreed. He raised his voice. "I bought enough for all of us dear."

Hermione opened her mouth to reply and belched loudly. "Perhaps it would be best to share then," she said with a blush.

|||||||||

Draco was red-faced with shame as his mother jerked on his leash. "Mother," he whined.

"Don't dawdle," Narcissa said firmly.

"Yes mother," he sighed. Doing his best to ignore the stares and the giggles, Draco marched across the platform with his head held high. He'd show them how a Black acted when their mother was doing her best to humiliate them.

|||||||||

"Elizabeth, I have something I need you to do."

"Yes master?" The disguised Dark Bunny asked.

"Have one of the girls pick up a Pensive later," Ron ordered, "I want to save that scene with . . . what the hell do I call him now that he's not a Malfoy? Um, the ferret I guess."

"Thy will be done master," Elizabeth agreed. "May I have a kiss master?"

"Come here," Ron ordered. He pulled the curvy witch into his arms. "I'll see you in a couple hours."

"I don't know if I can wait that long master," Elizabeth said with a pout.

"Then find some place secluded and I'll give you something to tide you over."

"Okay master," she agreed cheerfully.

|||||||||

"Having a case of the nerves Molly?" Minerva asked her new colleague.

"Just a bit," Molly admitted, "I know how to handle children but I'm not sure about teaching."

"You'll be fine," Minerva said firmly, "if they managed to turn in barely passing grades with Severus as an instructor then I'm sure you'll turn them into a group of prodigies."

"Thank you Minerva, do you know if the elves have finished my new classroom?"

"I'm afraid we were not able to build one in the castle to your specifications," Minerva said with a frown, "so we built the new Potions annex on the grounds with a small hall connecting it to the main building."

"A whole building to myself?" Molly gasped.

"The Dark Lord Jeremy Center for Potion Study and Research," Minerva said proudly, "we received a rather large donation from a slightly less than anonymous donor."

"Oh my."

"And Narcissa Black is considering what part of the castle her family wants to sponsor," Minerva continued with a smile, "the Longbottoms are funding an expansion to the Hospital Wing, and I've already penciled in Mrs. Potter as the source of our new library of course."

"Of course," Molly agreed, "those wonderful children."

"Hogwarts is going to be great again," Minerva said with her eyes shining. "It's a wonderful time to be alive . . . our new assistants should be arriving soon. Shall we go meet them?"

"Yes," Molly agreed, "let's."

|||||||

“Guys,” Ron said in excitement, “how have you been.”

“Hey mate,” Harry said with a grin.

“Hello Ron.”

“Good afternoon Ronald,” Luna said primly.

“So I hear you guys had an eventful summer?”

“You could say that,” Harry agreed, “you?”

“Best summer ever,” Ron said with a happy smile. “And I found a new career. If the rest of my life is half as good, I'll be deliriously happy.”

“Good for you,” Harry said with a grin.

“Have you heard anything about our new assistant instructors?” Hermione asked, changing the subject away from how everyone spent their summer.

“Bunch of girls,” Ron said with a grin, “nice looking ones too.”

“Honestly, don't you ever change?”

“Not even a little,” Ron replied, “they also know their stuff. Don't think any of them came from Hogwarts.”

“That could be a good thing,” Hermione mused, “stop fondling me Luna.”

“Do I have to?” Luna asked with a pout.

“Yes.”

|||||||

Petunia returned home that afternoon and nearly fainted when she saw what remained of her precious rose garden. As she fell to her

knees she couldn't help but think that her worthless nephew had something to do with this.

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Disclaimer: One is the loneliest number that you'll ever see.

The Melancholy of Hermione

The sorting occurred as it always did and after the feast, they got up to take the first years to their new dorm room.

“Hey Ron,” Harry began, “you didn't spend much time with us on the train.”

“Yeah,” Hermione agreed, “you left us pretty quick.”

“Sorry guys,” Ron said with a look of embarrassment, “it's not that I wanted to abandon you two. It's just that I had someone . . . er something to do.”

“Did our Ron finally get a girlfriend?” Hermione asked in delight.

“You could say that,” Ron said easily.

“Who is she?” Hermione demanded. “What's she like?”

“I . . .” He trailed off when they rounded the corner to find two of the assistant Professors blocking the hall.

“Hello,” the first one began, “my name is the dark bu . . . er . . . assistant Potions Professor Gretchen, and this is my friend Elizabeth.”

“Hello,” Elizabeth said cheerfully, “I'm afraid we need to take Mr. Weasley away for some well deserved punishment.”

“See you later guys,” Ron said.

“Harry?”

“Yes love?”

“Weren't those . . .”

"I believe they were," Harry agreed quickly.

"Huh, hope he never finds out."

"Yeah," Harry laughed, "bet he'd figure a dark minion was worse than a Slytherin."

"Mr. Potter," Minerva said with a smile, "I was hoping to catch you two before you got to your dorm. May I borrow your . . . uh . . ."

"Sure Professor," Hermione agreed, "what do you need?"

"If we could take this somewhere private?"

"Lead the way."

|||||||||

"Yeah," Tonks said wistfully, "Tim was a great . . . uh . . . whatever, and a good Auror. Gonna miss having him as a partner to tell you the truth."

"Who they pairing you up with now?"

"They'll probably put me with Shack again," Tonks said with a look of distaste.

"Don't like working with him?"

"He's a bastard," Tonks said, "but he knows his stuff. Just wouldn't want to have to deal with any . . . political issues when he's involved."

"Afraid he'd keep his eye on his career and leave you twisting in the wind?"

"Bingo."

"What's going on then children?" Amelia asked as she walked up to the group. "Anything I need to ignore?"

"I'm talkin bout Shack," Tonks explained.

"I can dig it," Amelia said with a grin. Upon seeing the confused looks of her Aurors. "What? Don't you kids use 'dig it' any more?"

"No boss," Tonks said.

"I'm gonna go take a nap then," Amelia sighed. "You need them when you get to my age."

"Ok boss," Tonks agreed. "You want me to send up some prune juice and fiber muffins too?"

"Watch it Auror Tonks."

"Yes Boss."

|||||||

"So what do you girls need?" Ron asked.

"Punish us master," Gretchen said with tears in her eyes, "we were rude to you in front of your friends."

"You missed me that much huh?"

"We hate to be away from you master," Elizabeth agreed.

"Do you guys have private quarters?"

"Yes master," Elizabeth agreed.

"Then call the others," Ron said with a lazy grin, "looks like I'm not getting back to the Gryffindor tower tonight."

Gretchen and Elizabeth rushed off to get the others.

"Was that unholy lust, blazing from his eyes?"

"I think so, but then it has been over eight hours since he got to punish us." Elizabeth squealed.

"Best get some stamina potions then. I think we're going to need them!" Gretchen said excitedly.

|||||||

"Could I speak with you a moment Ms. uh . . . Mrs." Minerva looked confused for a moment as she tried to find the correct term.

"Why don't you just call me Hermione Professor?" She suggested.

"Thank you Hermione," Minerva said with a relieved smile, "now I'm not sure if you've heard but several of the families are donating large sums of money to make Hogwarts great again."

"No, I wasn't aware of that. Are you asking for a donation?"

"I'm trying to," McGonagall agreed with a blush, "forgive me for being so blunt."

"Not at all Professor," Hermione said with a dazzling smile, "has anyone sponsored the library?"

"I've been saving it for you," Minerva admitted.

"Then how about we donate enough to double the size under the name of Granger and how about we endow the Defense Department under the name of Potter?"

"We could certainly do that," Minerva agreed.

"Maybe we could add a course on Dueling too," Hermione mused, "or expand the Care of Magical Creatures to include dealing with dangerous creatures . . . well . . . officially."

"Of course."

"Just be sure to keep the donations anonymous," Hermione said firmly, "at least until after we graduate anyway."

"If that's what you wish," McGonagall sighed, "do you mind if I ask why?"

"I'd rather not have any question of impropriety," Hermione replied, "I want there to be no doubt that I earned my grades."

"I won't tell a soul where we got the extra funding then," Minerva agreed, "I wouldn't worry overmuch about it though."

"Still . . ."

"I understand."

"Thank you Professor."

"Not at all Hermione."

|||||||

"Ron sure is spending a lot of time with the new Assistant Professors," Dean said in wonder.

"Yeah," Seamus agreed. "I heard he spent the whole train ride with one of the Slytherin Prefects too."

"Poor bastard," Dean said, "year hasn't started and they already have it in for him."

"Surprised Harry and Hermione haven't tried to help him."

"Rumor has it, since those two got together there isn't room for Ron anymore."

"No?"

"No."

“Damn, I had three way in the pool.”

“Never would have happened.”

“You know how those smart girls are.”

“Yeah . . . which reminds me. I've got a cunning plan.”

“No, not a chance. You remember what happened the last time.”

“My plan would have worked if we'd have used duck eggs instead of chicken eggs.”

“Fine, what do we do?”

“First, we need to . . .”

|||||||

“Hey Professor,” Dean said as he walked in, “I'd like to change my career . . . maybe change a few classes.”

“Oh, what would you like to change it to?”

“Man whore.”

“Excuse me?”

“I'd like to be a man whore,” Dean said with a grin. “Care for a demonstration, I've been studying all summer.”

“That will be all Mister . . .”

“But . . .”

“I said that will be all,” Minerva growled, “now be on your way.”

|||||||

“What'd McGonagall want?”

“Fishing for a donation for the school,” Hermione replied, “I think she's ramping up for the population explosion.”

“What do you mean?”

“You've noticed how the class two years after ours was three times the size of ours and the year before combined?”

“Yeah?”

“People were celebrating the end of the war,” Hermione explained, “and back then they didn't have a Dark Lord that encouraged . . . uh . . . you know.”

“Uh huh, what'd ya tell her?”

“I told her that I'd donate for a larger library and that you'd take defense . . . that's okay right?”

“Well, on the condition that the Defense Professors know that they were not to make attempts on Harry Potter's life.”

“Agreed,” Hermione giggled.

“I also think that we could make another donation, well . . . sort of.”

“What do you mean sort of?”

“Well . . .”

|||||||

“We've just received a rather large donation from the Fox and the Hound,” Minerva said with a grin on her face.

“What are they sponsoring?”

“A pub,” Minerva laughed, “and they request that we name it after them.”

“A school pub?”

“It's not without precedent,” Minerva said absently, “we had a small pub as part of the etiquette program.”

“Etiquette program?”

“It ended shortly before I enrolled,” Minerva said, “shame I thought.”

“No sense we can't restart it,” Molly said with a sly smile, “it is a rather large endowment.”

“True.”

|||||||

“Good night then Harry,” Hermione said reluctantly.

“Good night,” Harry replied. “I'll see you tomorrow morning?”

“Yeah,” Hermione agreed. She walked up to her dorm and did her best to make herself comfortable in a single bed. It was surprising, she thought to herself, how hard it was to get used to sleeping with another person . . . and how impossible it was to go back to sleeping alone. “Best speak with McGonagall tomorrow,” she said to herself as she stared at the ceiling. “There's got to be a provision for married students . . . and if there isn't, I might have to rethink that endowment until there is.”

Her traitorous mind ran through twelve different routes The Fox could use to sneak into Harry's bed, while she was trying to get to sleep, but it was just too risky. Between the portraits and the elves, any girl trying to sneak into a guy's bed was caught and unlike the boys, the girls had learned their lesson, without a permanent ward being put in place, centuries ago.

Sleeping alone after having gotten used to being curled up in Harry's arms was like being sentenced to solitary confinement. She remembered the way he'd always tug the covers over her and cradle

her to his chest all night and in the mornings while she was sleeping in, he'd nuzzle his head into her neck . . . wait that was Luna.

Luna would crawl in and just hold her, making this cute little 'meep' sound when she shifted. She'd always smile when Luna did that, it was just so cute and seemed so unlike the aggressive witch who kept crawling into bed with her.

Hermione hung in that frustrating place between sleep and wake, tired but getting no real rest until she felt someone nuzzle into her side.

"Luna?" She asked blearily.

"I'm here."

"Against rules." Hermione muttered.

"I'll tell them my bed was infested with Nargles. They always nod, smile, and go away when I do that." Luna said, stroking her back.

"Do Nargles really exist?" The brown haired bookworm mumbled settling in comfortably against the blond witch.

"Not yet."

"Not yet?"

"Not yet. Neville creates them when he messes up a potion to get rid of aphids on his Blood Roses."

"So all this talk about avoiding Nargles?"

"They are one of the most annoying magical pests you can run across. I wanted to make sure my friends knew how to avoid them."

"Thanks, Luna. You're sweet." Hermione murmured into her hair.

"I'm glad you think so. Time for some rest. Night, Hermione."

"Night, Luna."

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Omake: Revelations

"I am somewhat worried about that new Dark Lord," Hermione admitted. "We should . . ."

"Don't worry about him," Ron said glumly.

"Why not?"

"Well . . . uh . . . this isn't easy to say you understand," Ron stammered.

"Spit it out."

"It's me," Ron admitted. "It was an accident."

"We can't leave you alone for five minutes can we?"

Omake by Zoe: Sorting the Snugglebunny generation.

Minerva McGonagall, headmistress of Hogwarts, looked out over the crowd of over sixty first years (the majority of whom seemed, oddly enough, to be red haired) still waiting to be sorted and wondered briefly just how much longer this sorting - already the longest ever in Hogwarts history - would go on for.

The record breaking number of magical children starting Hogwarts this

year had already caused some minor issues, with several extra carriages having to be added to the Hogwarts express in order to accommodate the now much larger student population. Merlin only knew

how they would cope if next year's incoming class was equally large.

Perhaps, she mused, it was time to start petitioning the ministry to help fund a second school train.

Still, at least they were nearing the end of the alphabet now, after actually having to pause halfway through the sorting to serve the food (with a fifth table being conjured up to seat all those still awaiting their sorting) with 'Wallace, Daniel' going to Hufflepuff, and 'Weasley, Annabel' being called forwards.

Ah, another familiar name.

Though she would never admit it, she was secretly disappointed that none of the Granger triplets had ended up in her old house, although if they were anything like their older sister, she knew that they would flourish in Ravenclaw. Perhaps this new Weasley child would be a Gryffindor though.

Around forty minutes later, Minerva looked out at the rapidly dwindling throng of red heads waiting to be sorted and sighed quietly at how many were still left. This had certainly been an interesting sorting although it was starting to get a little predictable, with red headed Weasley after red headed Weasley being sorted into Gryffindor. The previously conjured fifth table had even been declared a second Gryffindor table just to have enough room to seat all of the significantly expanded house.

And Minerva certainly didn't envy the house elves task of somehow finding and setting up enough sleeping quarters for them all. Was there even going to be enough space in Gryffindor tower? Spatial difficulties aside though, hopefully the rest of the sorting would go smoothly. Unlike when Weasley, Molly' had been called out and no less than five red headed young girls had stepped forward.

That had taken quite some sorting out. The fact that two of the girls also shared the same middle name had not helped matters.

"Weasley, Ron."

Minerva smiled slightly at hearing the name of another one of her former students called, remembering the young man well.

That smile soon faded as twenty one boys (and one girl) stepped forwards.

The headmistress groaned quietly and cradled her head in her hand. This was going to be a long year.

OMAKE By meteoricshipyards

Voldemort looked at the Daily Prophet.

"Dark Lord Jeremy endows maternity ward at Hogwarts"

"'He must have heard that several of the assistant professors are pregnant,' commented school healer, Madam Pomphrey. . . ."

Voldemort crumbled the newspaper.

"Wormtongue! Why haven't we endowed Hogwarts before?"

Pettigrew scrunched up his face, both in exasperation on the mangling of his nickname, and in concentration.

"I think," he said slowly, "it's because endowments are generally good things, and up until this point, we've mostly been evil."

"Oh, yes. That actually makes sense. But it leads to the question, how does Dark Lord Jeremy get away with it?"

"I don't know, my lord."

"CRUCIO! Find out." The rat-faced man ran out as quick as his pain-shaking limbs would allow.

"Rookwood!"

"Yes, my lord?"

"If we were going to make an endowment, what could we do?"

"Well, our funds are rather limited, what with the Malfoy fortune gone."

"How can we make the best endowment for the least cost?" Voldemort had that look in his eyes that said that a cruciatus curse was in your future if you didn't have a good answer.

"We could make a donation to the library, with most of it being in books!" Rookwood answered quickly.

"That's not a bad idea. See to it. But don't give away any of the important tomes. Hmm, why did I suddenly get the urge to say tombs. We can't give them tombs, can we?"

"No, my lord, and I'll get right on classifying the books in your library."

A week later, the Dork Lord Voldemort memorial Mostly Dark but not Too Dark Bookshelf was added just outside the restricted section.

"And you're sure it shouldn't be in the Restricted Section?" acting Headmistress McGonagall asked.

"Quite sure, Minerva," the librarian answered. "Look." she grabbed a book at random, opened it at random, and handed it to McGonagall.

"The Dribble-Glass hex. That could be very dangerous if you wearing silk and drinking wine."

"We don't serve wine in school," Madam Pince reminded her.

"Annoying. Annoying. Slightly naughty. Disgusting, but not naughty." McGonagall flipped through the book. "And they're all like that?"

"Yes. It's like Voldemort was getting rid of his junk, except..."

"Except?"

"The age and rarity of some of these tomes makes them worth quite a lot."

"Very well, carry on." She put the book back in its spot on the shelf.

Addition by moshehim

Dear Mr. L. Voldemort

We at the Hermione Granger-Potter Library would like to thank you for your generous donation and contribution to our library. We would have liked to invite you to the exposing of your dedicated bookshelf, however, we are informed the wards on the castle would not let you pass. We are also informed that you have a man in your service, one Peter P. Pettigrew, who has shown in the past ability to move around the wards, so we would be glad to welcome him as your representative. Further details about the event to be forwarded to your august self upon request.

Regards,

Madam N. O. Pince

Head Librarian

Hermione Granger-Potter Library

Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry

Voldemort finished reading. "Wormtail!" he called. "You have a new mission."

"Yes, my Lord." replied the rat animagus.

"Now, Rookwood," asked the Dark Lord. "Who is this Hermione Granger- Potter?"

"She is Potter's mudblood wife, my Lord." replied the ex- Unspeakable.

"I see." said the Dark Lord. "Crucio! Crucio! Crucio! Crucio! Crucio! Crucio!"

Omake by moshehim

"Yes, first year there was Quirrel. First he jinxed my broomstick when I went after the snitch and tried to make me fall. Then he snuck a troll into the castle to cause a distraction while he went after the Philosopher's Stone. Of all the people in the castle, it attacked my wife, Hermione. Then he tried the same trick again, only this time with a Norwegian Ridgeback. Of all the people in the castle, the beast bit my best friend, Ron. Then, when Hermione and I dispensed with the dragon, we got detention, and were sent to the Forbidden forest to find out what was killing the unicorns. So there was Quirrel, eating his unicorn, and I interrupted his lunch, so he went after me, probably figuring I taste as good. Then he tied me, hexed me, shot a couple of unforgivables at me and even tried to strangle me with his bare hands when he finally went after his prize. And that was only First year. Second year, there was..."

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Later that evening:

"Oh, poor baby," said Elizabeth. "You were bitten by a dragon? Here, let me, I'll make it right." she took Ron's hand in her mouth and started sucking it, playing with it with her tongue.

"Err, Elizabeth," said her master.

"Yesh ma Lot?" she asked, hand still in the mouth.

"Err... it was actually the other hand." he said. "Not that it matters," he said hurridely, as she made to take the hand out of her mouth. "It's been a long while, I can barely tell the difference."

"Ow." said Elizabeth.

"Still, if your other hand wa sbitten, Master," said Gretchen, 'It should be loke at and taken care of." And she commenced to follow what Elizabeth was doing with the other hand.

"And what should I suck on, then?" asked Clair. Then she got a glint in her eyes, followed closely by a smirk on her pretty face. "Oh, I have an idea!"

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Yet later that evening:

"Master," called Elizabeth.

"Yeah?" answered Ron.

"Master, what did you do to him for setting a dragon on your tail?"

"Wah? Nothing really," admitted Ron.

"Master, if Dork Lord Voldemort set a dragon to bite you and you don't reciprocate, it would create a bad precedance and damage your reputation while bettering his, and you don't want that." said the Dark Buny.

"Hmm... you're right, love, but what to do? Hmm... you said something about setting his tail on my arse, havent' you?"

"No, master, you must have heard me wrong." answered Elizabeth.
"Oh! No! I contradicted you, master!" her eyes grew wide. "And I was unhelpful! you must punish me, master!"

"Err... Alright, then," said Ron. "Poochie!"

"Poochie?" asked Gretchen. "That's a new one. Oh, Master,. I was unhelpful too. Punish me, oh Master, punish me!"

"Me too!"

"And me!"

"And me!"

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Much later:

"Wormtail!"

"Yes, my Lord?" Peter Pettigrew was surprized his master remembered his proper name - or nickname - if you could call it that. He lately took to calling him Wormtongue instead.

"I seem to have grown a tail. Must be something wrong with the ressurection ritual I did. Get me Rookwood!" ordered the Dark... Dork Lord.

"At once, my Lord."

"No, wait, Wormtail." his master called him back.

"Yes, my Lord?"

"You have a tail yourself, don't you? How do you deal with it? It's rather uncomfortable, stuck inside my garments as it is."

"No, my Lord, I only have a tail when I'm in my rat form, and then it swings free, when I appear as a human, I am missing my tail." Seeing his master readying his "Crucio!", Peter hurried to continue. "I might have a solution for you however, my Lord," he said. "So your tail could swing free even as you are a human. Give me a few moments and I'll be back..."

A few minutes later:

"Wormtail, what, pray tell," said Lord Voldemort in a dangerous tone, 'is that exactly?"

"My Lord, that is one of the Assless Chaps uniforms of your new recruits."

"And why did you see fit to bring this to me?"

"My Lord, your tail - it would go right through this hole here, and you could swing it as you wish." explained Pettigrew.

"I see." said the Dark Lord. "Wormtail?"

"Yes my Lord?"

"CRUCIO! Crucio! Crucio! Crucio! Crucio! CRUCIO!"

"Oh, and Wormtail?"

"Drrrbbr... my brrr -ord?" asked the shaking rat-man.

"You say my Death Eaters took to wear this thing?"

"Not anymore, my Lord." said the recovering man-rat.

"Oh, they decided it does not befit them?"

"No, my Lord, they still wear them, they just deserted your service." answered Pettigrew.

"They what? Wormtail! CRUCIO! Crucio! Crucio! Crucio! Crucio!
CRUCIO! Crucio! Crucio! CRUCIO! Crucio! Crucio! Crucio! Crucio!
Crucio! Crucio! Crucio! Crucio! CRUCIO! CRUCIO! CRUCIO!
CRUCIO! CRUCIO! CRUCIO! Now call me Rookwood."

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Still later:

"Luna!" called her cousin.

"Yes Gretchen?"

"I heard Harry say he tasted sweater then a unicorn, is that true?"
asked the Dark Bunny in curiosity.

"I wouldn't know." answered Luna honestly.

"Oh? Never licked a unicorn before? I thought with all your chases-
well, I have a unicorn horn I haven't ot the occasion to use ever since
I joined Mater - I'd lent it to you if you want-"

"No, no, I know how a unicorn tastes," said Luna. She smiled sadly.
"It's HArry I never got to sample."

"Oh? he doesn't like you?"

"No, we have good potionestry between us, it's Hermione who is hard
to deal with. But she's warming up me."

"Luna, love, she's been warming up to you for the past how many
months? And you're still nowhere with her. Or Harry." surmized
Gretchen. "I think I'll have to bring Master in on it."

"Okay," said Luna. "If you think it best."

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Later:

"YOU WANT ME TO DO WHAT?" There were many things Dark Lord Jeremy would do for his bunnies, but crossing Hermione, especially on the subject of Harry's fidelity, wasn't one of them.

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"Let's go to the Fox again - she helped us wit the tail, and I know she doesn't like the Potters much, and simply detests Hermione."

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"So let me get this straight." said the Fox. "You want me to kidnap Mrs. Potter so you could sneak your cousin into his bedroom and let her have her way with him?"

"Yes."

"And does she know of this plan of yours?"

"No."

"I see."

||||||||||||||||||||||||

"I snuck into the Potters' bedroom, but only girl I found there is this one." said the Fox, handing the uncouncience blond to the Dark Bunny.

"Luna!" called Gretchen.

"Now, about my payment?"

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"Wow!" said Luna to no one in particular. "Hermione bound me naked! In bed! With Harry! And carried me away! She SOOOO loves me!"

Disclaimer: Everybody needs somebody some time.

Lewd Luna the Lusty Lovegood

"Wake up Harry."

"Hwa?"

"Harry," Hermione began sweetly. "Why is Luna sleeping in your bed?" She was sure Luna had been in hers, or had that just been a dream?

"Uh?" Harry turned to find that yes, Luna was sleeping in his bed.
"Why is Luna sleeping in my bed?"

"That's what I wanted to know," Hermione asked. "Wake up Luna."

"What is it?" The sleepy blonde asked.

"Why are you sleeping in Harry's bed?" Hermione demanded. Wondering how Luna had gotten away with something that no witch had in centuries. 'Did they stop monitoring the girls after a couple of decades with no problems?'

"Because Ron snores, Neville rolls around too much, Dean farts, Ginny is a bit too clingy, and you have Crookshanks and he pushed me out cause he doesn't like to share." Luna explained as if it were the most natural thing in the world. "Now let me go back to sleep."

"Uh huh," Hermione said flatly, "I'll be right back." Hermione stormed out leaving no doubt in anyone's mind how she felt about things.

After Hermione left, Harry spoke up again. "Luna... Where are your pajamas?"

"Cotton makes me itchy."

Harry twitched slightly. "Luna... Where are MY pajamas?"

"I vanished them, of course."

"Why?"

"Luna?"

"Give me a moment to think of something non-sexual."

"Well?"

"Like I said, they were cotton. If you must wear something to bed, Harry, it should at least be silk. That's only considerate." Luna smiled, quite happy that she was upholding the Ravenclaw tradition of finding quick and logical answers, even if she had to make them up.

Hermione returned with one of her school robes which she thrust into Luna's hands. "Put this on," she ordered.

"But . . ."

Hermione climbed onto the bed and drew the curtains closed. "Now Luna."

"Yes Hermione," Luna agreed meekly.

"Could you be a dear and save us a spot in the kitchen Harry?" Hermione asked as she watched the other girl dress.

"I'd rather not leave you two alone if there's going to be a fight," Harry said calmly.

"I'm sorry Hermione," Luna said with what appeared to be sincerity. "I've been very naughty . . . you must spank me."

"Spank you?"

"Yes, you must both spank me." Luna agreed. "And then, the . . ."

"You haven't been that bad Luna," Hermione said quickly. Having seen Monty Python and the Quest for The Holy Grail many times,

thanks to her dad being a fan and wondering how Luna had seen it or if she was just reinventing the scene.

"Perhaps I've been a little naughty?" Luna asked hopefully.

"No," Hermione said firmly.

"Oh poo."

"There isn't going to be a fight," Hermione said quickly, "I'm not angry Luna."

"You're not?" Luna asked hopefully.

"No I'm not," Hermione agreed, "Luna and I just need to discuss something. I promise that we won't have any fights without you, alright Harry?"

"Alright," Harry agreed, "but if you're not down there soon then I'm going to come looking for you . . . both of you."

"Thank you Harry," Hermione said with a bright smile, "this way Luna." She led the other girl out of the Gryffindor tower and into an unused class room. "Well?"

"Well what?"

"You still haven't given me the real reason you were in Harry's bed," Hermione said calmly. "And I'm still waiting."

"I was lonely," Luna admitted. "And my dorm mates are not the best company."

"They're still taking your things?" Hermione asked sympathetically. "Bring your trunk here and we'll put an end to that, take me to your bed and I'll keep them away from your bed. I'm not as good as Harry but . . ."

"Thank you," Luna said softly. "But I'm still lonely. I miss the way I used to be able to come to your apartment."

"I'm . . ." Hermione sighed. "I miss that too and I'm working on something to deal with that. Can you wait a few more weeks at most?"

"I'll still be lonely," Luna admitted. "It's not easy being alone again after being around people."

"Oh Luna." She gathered the other girl into a comforting hug. "Just a few more weeks at most and everything will be ok again." Hermione said softly, knowing exactly how the young witch felt.

"Thank you Hermione," Luna said gratefully, "and could you be sure that Dumbledore gets a message from me? Tell McGonagall."

"What is it Luna?"

"Tell him that Potter's have the rest."

"The rest of what?"

"The pieces and access to the spells," Luna said firmly, "it's very important that he know that."

"What's it mean?" Hermione asked.

In reply, Luna just shrugged helplessly. "I'm not sure, but it's very important. Promise you'll pass it along?"

"Sure Luna," Hermione agreed, "whatever you say."

"Thank you Hermione."

"Now let's go get breakfast," Hermione suggested.

"Can we have sausage?"

"Not the kind you're hoping for," Hermione said easily.

"So we'll have to get patty instead of link then?"

“That's not what you were thinking and you know it.”

“I'm sure it was,” Luna protested. “I think you just have a dirty mind.”

“I have a dirty mind?”

“I know,” Luna agreed.

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“Minerva, I just realized something.”

“What is it Molly?”

“Who do we have teaching Defense?” Molly turned to look at her stunned colleague. “We do have someone teaching defense don't we?”

“Damn,” Minerva cursed, “I knew I'd been forgetting something.”

“You didn't hire anyone?”

“With all that's been going on, I guess I forgot.”

“Why don't we have one of the girls stand in until we get something figured out then?” Molly suggested. “You really forgot to hire someone?” Molly giggled.

“Less giggling, more helpful suggestions.”

“Didn't Narcissa Black score high on her defense NEWTS?”

“Not nearly as high as her sister.”

“Andy?”

“No . . . the other one.”

"Wouldn't that just lead to yet another Defense Professor trying to kill Harry?"

"Well.. it's practically a school tradition at this point and I'm relatively sure she'd volunteer for the chance and if things go as they usually do, Harry will take care of her by the end of the year."

"He-Who... Voldemort would probably let her go from her Death Eater duties for that."

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"Hello, and welcome to your first lesson in Defense against the Dark Arts. I'm your Assistant Professor, Elizabeth. The Professor has not arrived yet and so I will be teaching the class until they do. To start with, the best defense is a good offense so never be afraid to use lethal spells. Nothing puts the fight out of someone like being splattered by their buddy's brains or being disemboweled."

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"And that's why the Fox is a perverted polyamorous minx," Luna finished with a delighted smile. "And not a thief like she wants us all to believe."

"That's all very good Ms. Lovegood," Minerva sighed, "but I asked you to name three uses for the match to needle transfiguration."

"Oh . . ."

"Any time now Ms. Lovegood."

"Give me a moment to think of something non-sexual."

"Take your time then."

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"Detention Mr. Weasley," Gretchen hissed. "One hour after class."

"Wha'd he do?" Seamus demanded.

"That's two hours for questioning me," Gretchen growled. "You got that Mr. Weasley?"

"Two hours for him or two hours for me?" Seamus asked in confusion.

"Three hours for him with me for that comment," Gretchen said in a menacing tone. "And three for you with . . . the large fellow, what's his name again?"

"Hagrid?"

"Bless you," Gretchen said automatically. "The grounds keeper Harvy? Hal . . . hmm, forget it."

"So I don't have to do detention?" Seamus asked cautiously.

"You don't," Gretchen agrees. "But Mr. Weasley's punishment stands."

Class ended and the students minus Ron flooded out of the class.

"Man," Seamus said to Dean. "These new assistant Professors really have it out for Ron don't they, always assigning him detention after class."

"Poor guy," Dean agreed. "I mean, I wouldn't mind the chance to spend a bit more time with them but well . . ."

"Ron does seem pretty used up when he gets back from detentions doesn't he?" Seamus asked. "Just walks by without so much as looking at anyone and falls into his bed."

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"I'm so sorry master," Gretchen sobbed. "But it was the only way I could spend time with you." The Dark Bunny bent over McGonagall's desk with a hopeful look on her face. "Punish me?" Ron ran his hand down her back, causing her to shiver in delight.

"Sure," he agreed. "And why don't you and Elizabeth give me a joint 'detention' this weekend. I'm getting a bit lonely only dealing with one of you at a time."

"Yes master," Gretchen agreed happily. "Now about that punishment . . ."

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"This is where Narcissa Black is living?" Minerva asked doubtfully.

"According to the girls," Molly agreed, "you should have heard the little dears when I told them what we were up to."

"Oh?"

"All I could do to prevent them from coming along to guard us from the potentially dangerous Narcissa Black," Molly giggled, doing her best to ignore the Dark Bunnies hiding in the shrubbery. "They're under the impression that the two of us can't take care of ourselves."

"Youth." Minerva knocked on the door.

"Yes?" Remus asked as he opened the door.

"Guess the girls mixed up the houses," Molly said with a grin.

"So it seems," Minerva said dryly. "But it doesn't matter, we were hoping to have a bit of your time Mr. Lupin."

"What can I do for you two?" Remus asked as he waved them in.

"Would you be interested in coming back to Hogwarts to teach?" Minerva asked bluntly. "We are in need of a new Professor to teach a new class we've tentatively labeled Defense Against Dangerous Creatures."

"I'd love to," Remus said with a grin, "but my condition . . ."

"Is not a concern," Minerva said firmly.

"Then . . . yes," Remus said quickly, "I'd be happy to come back to teaching."

"Excellent," Minerva said as she rose to her feet, "now if you'll excuse us we still have a new Defense Professor to track down."

"Anyone I know?"

"One of your old classmates," Minerva agreed, "Narcissa Black. I suppose we'll have to ask Mr. Potter if he knows where she is."

"You don't have to do that," Remus said with a grin, "I know where she is."

"You do?"

"Right up stairs," Remus replied. "Would you like me to go get her?"

"Please," Minerva agreed. The two women watched their newest Professor leave the room. "Well . . . they were rather close in their first few years."

"Good to see Remus dating," Molly said with a happy smile, "it's not good for a man to be alone. Poor dears are helpless without a good woman."

"I see."

Remus returned with Narcissa a few minutes later. "Remus darling, would you mind watching Bella?"

"Sure," Remus agreed.

"Thank you dear," Narcissa said with a kiss on the cheek. "So I understand that Remus is going to be the Professor of a new subject and you would like me to teach Defense?"

"Yes."

"Good," Narcissa said firmly, "Remus is a lovely man and he needs something to do besides myself and my sister."

"Yes . . . well . . . are you willing to teach Defense?" Minerva said with a blank look on her face.

"I'd love to," Narcissa said cheerfully, "only . . ."

"Only what?"

"I really don't like the idea of leaving Bella alone all day," Narcissa said with a pained look on her face, "you've offered Remus a position in the Creatures Department so . . ."

"So what would it take to bring Bellatrix as one of your assistants?" Molly asked. "So long as she's willing to behave herself of course."

"Of course," Narcissa agreed, "but I really think she would do better as Remus's assistant."

"Whatever you like."

"I'd need Harry Potter's permission," Narcissa said, "as he is the head of the family and I assume that he'd like to have Augusta and Neville Longbottoms' approval."

"I'll talk to the Potters," Minerva said, "I'm sure that we can come to an arrangement."

"Wonderful," Narcissa replied, "then I agree to be your new Defense Professor providing that Bella receives permission to have supervised outings to assist in our classes."

"Thank you Ms. Black . . ."

"Narcissa."

"Narcissa then, and welcome to Hogwarts."

"Thank you," Narcissa said, "would you care to stay for tea? Bella gets cranky if we change tea time and I would like at least one of you to spend time around Bella so that you can tell Mr. Potter how much she's progressed."

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"Why the hell am I the one that has to wear this stupid costume?" Seamus demanded.

"Because you're the only one that can pull it off," Dean replied, "damn it man. It's vital to the plan that you do this."

"You still haven't explained everything."

"And I will after you get the bloody stuff," Dean growled, "now do it."

|||||||||

Hermione's eyes shot open when she felt someone climbing into bed with her. "Didn't the wards work Luna?"

"I'm not Luna," Harry's voice rumbled, "and I don't know anything about the wards."

"Harry?" Hermione said happily. "But the wards on the staircase . . ."

"Haven't worked right since the first Potter came to Hogwarts lo those many years ago," Harry said with a grin.

"D'oh."

"Took me a day before I realized it too," Harry laughed, "this way you don't have to sleep alone."

"Good," Hermione said firmly, "thank you Harry."

"Happy to be of service."

Hermione curled up in Harry's arms and sighed happily, but sleep eluded her as she felt a twinge of guilt prodding at her conscious.

Sighing she gently nudged Harry awake.

"Hmm?"

"Harry... could you get Luna. Her dorm mates are still treating her awful and you know how she hates sleeping alone. I just can't get sleep thinking of her all alone with those people."

"Sure, Love. I'll be just a minute." Harry gave her a peck on the head and slipped out of bed.

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Omake: But Sleep Won't Come

"Good morning Lavender," Hermione said cheerfully, "how are you today?"

"Tired," Lavender said bluntly, "look . . . we've all been talking and we're all in favor of you getting laid . . . just please, please remember to put up the silencing charms next time."

"Or invite us to join you," Parvati added, "it's common courtesy."

"Have you been speaking to Luna?" Hermione asked suspiciously.

Omake by Shalon Wood

Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry September 2, 2070

"Wait, what?" the new student asked.

"It's a tradition, from my days in school," Headmaster Potter said. "The defense teacher always tries to kill a student and suffers a horrible fate. I'm afraid your name came out of the hat this year, so you're the designated student for your time in Hogwarts. Better keep an eye out!"

Addition by Darkfiretiger

"Oh and here have this rare and mystical object that the DADA teacher wants but can't have, and this book of highly advanced spells that can be cast by first years... Good luck"

Addition by SP

"Don't worry too much, though. They've never been all that good at it. And you get a free O if you manage to kill them unintentionally."

Addition by jacee4u2001

The kid's face goes pale, and then puce. He whips out his wand and before anyone at the head table could move shouts "Incendio!" at the sorting hat.

"Well, I may be screwed, but nobody else will be!"

Harry Potter looked at his Assistant Headmaster, Hermione Lovegood and said, "You know, it's a good thing we didn't tell him it was YOUR hat we used."

Addition by dogbertcarroll

"We were going to put a stop to it, but it turns out that the curse on the position is just too strong. Fortunately we have a long list of ex-Death Eaters to fill the role and I'll be around to give you well meaning but cryptic advice that does no good until after everything is said and done." Harry smiled warmly at the firstly.

"But... But.. But..."

Draco looked at the message he'd just received as if it were a snake.

"I have to be the defense professor?! I'm too pretty to die! My only chance is to kill the firstly before he gets me!"

Addition by Darkfiretiger

8 months later

"... And now he's dead, he shouldn't have gone after that hair crème of youth I haphazardly hid on the 3rd floor, Mic. firstly and his freinds "goof off" and "smart but cute" were able to stop him. Tragically it cost him his life"

Harmione and Luna come bursting in the room

"Harry we've got it we've broken the curse"

"Too late Harmione the ferret's dead"

"Oh poo, we were too late"

Addition by SP

"Speak for yourself. I was right on time."

Addition by dogbertcarroll

"You wanted to save him?"

"Not really, but we also uncovered evidence that linked him to some muggle slayings, so if we managed to save him we could have had him tortured by dementors for decades."

Disclaimer: Sometimes, it really is that easy.

An Accidental Proposal

"Hermione, I have a question for you."

"Yes Professor?"

"You wouldn't happen to know how three Ravenclaw girls ended up in the hospital wing with severe electrical burns would you?"

"No Professor," Hermione replied. "But if I had to guess, I'd say that sounded like the effects of one of Harry's security wards."

"You can't just . . ."

"Professor," Hermione sighed. "Luna is like the perverted, grabby, exhibitionist, polyamorous little sister that I never wanted. But I'll be damned if I let anyone bully her, the alternative is to have me march into their common room and challenge them all to duels. That's the proper pureblood answer to this problem after all." Hermione's right hand began twitching like she was casting, even though her wand remained in its holster.

"I . . ."

"Of course if I did that then Harry would join me," Hermione mused. "Or I suppose we could take out a full page ad in the Prophet stating that the families of the girls who bully Luna will not get Potter wards, I'm sure the Fox and the Hound would be happy to take care of the rest." Hermione's smile morphed into a feral grin, as she began to picture the possibilities.

"Point taken," Minerva sighed. "Thank you for showing so much restraint."

Hermione shook herself a little and regained focus on the present. "No problem Professor, would you mind passing a message to Cho for me? I don't believe I could give it myself without becoming cross with her."

“What is it?”

“If she bothers Luna again, there is a good possibility that the wards won't just put her in the hospital wing. Luna is under the protection of the Potter family, Cho and her little friends would do well to think about what that means.”

“I'll be sure to pass that along to their families,” Minerva said with as much calm as she could muster.

“Oh . . . before I forget.”

“Yes?”

“Luna wants Dumbledore to know that Harry and I have the rest of the pieces and access to the spells.”

“What does that mean?”

“I don't know,” Hermione admitted, “I assume it means the Headmaster is working on a puzzle or something. Luna said that it was very important.”

“I'll be sure to tell him then,” Minerva promised.

“Thank you Professor.”

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“Good afternoon daughter.”

“Mother.” Cho winced at her parent's tone.

“I wonder, are you really stupid enough to harass a girl under the protection of the Potter family or were you unaware of the connection?”

“I was unaware of the connection mother,” Cho said in a subdued tone.

"Which raises the question on why you were bothering the poor girl in the first place," the woman continued, "I didn't raise you to be a bully and I am fairly sure that your father did not raise you to be a bully so I can only conclude that this is something you got from Hogwarts."

"Mother I . . ."

"Be silent," she snapped, "I have spoken to Augusta Longbottom and she assures me that the Potter family will likely be willing to overlook this incident once. Do you wish to be withdrawn from Hogwarts?"

"No mother."

"Then you will apologize to the Lovegood girl and you will never bother her again is that understood."

"Yes mother."

"What were you thinking Cho?"

"I don't know mother."

"Well . . . you're honest anyway, I suppose that counts for something. I'm going to try to arrange a meeting with the Head of the Potter family to convey our regrets and to assure him that such behavior will not repeat itself in the future, please don't make me a liar, Cho. I was able to calm your great grandfather this time, but I'm not sure I could in the future. You're going to be joining the real world soon and you need to learn that actions have consequences."

"I understand mother."

"Now then, aside from that how are you doing?"

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"What'd McGonagall want?" Harry asked.

"Just wanted to talk about Luna," Hermione replied, "and about how I made sure they'd stop picking on her."

"Oh . . . goblins sent a message."

"Who from?"

"I was waiting for you to get here before I opened it," Harry said.

"Hand it here," Hermione demanded.

"Well?"

"It's from Nicholas Flamel," Hermione said.

"I thought he was dead?"

"Apparently not. He just faked his death to throw everyone off and he has a long standing contract with the Potters for security."

"So what do they need us for?"

"What's he need you for," Hermione corrected, "either he didn't know about me or didn't want me. You're the only one with an invitation."

"And?"

"And it appears that someone managed to track him down and gain access to his house by impersonating a garden gnome. They copied several of his personal journals and snuck back out.

"So I just have to fill in the gaps in the wards?"

"And get the copies back. The ingredients needed to make a stone are really rare, so it shouldn't be too hard to track them down. They have to be well connected to have managed to get in or insanely determined, but connected is far more likely and that means money, so we'll hit the potion shops and see who's buying what."

"Be back soon," Harry sighed, "I'll make it quite clear that I'm not willing to do this one alone."

"That isn't necessary Harry," Hermione said with a look on her face that contradicted her statement.

"Sure it is," Harry said with a fond smile, "you think I'm willing to do all this work myself?"

"Bastard."

"Keep an eye on Luna while I'm out," Harry said as he walked away, "be sure not to let her drag you into any wacky shenanigans."

"As soon as you stop offing defense instructors, you'll have room to talk Mr. Potter." Hermione grinned.

"Point. Our little, Luna is much more devious than any dark lord could dream of being. In that case, bring a medkit and remember that rubbing her tummy quiets her right down and stills her roaming hand for a while."

"Wish I'd known that last night." Hermione muttered as Harry left.

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"Ms. Lovegood wanted to make sure you knew that the Potters have the rest of the pieces and access to the spells," Minerva said gently, "are you working on a puzzle Headmaster?"

"You could say that," Dumbledore agreed, "call a meeting. I have something I need to share with the Potters."

"Yes Headmaster."

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"So, now will you tell me your super secret plan?" Seamus demanded.
"Bad enough I had to dress up like a bloody gnome."

"You know how I'm always having sex with old women?"

"I do now," Seamus said sickly, "I thought that was just a crazy rumor, like the one about Neville having more then just a green thumb, that one's been making the rounds in Hufflepuff lately."

"Well that's all about to change. If this works right I can make them younger and gain back a little of my self respect."

"And you're trying to make them younger why?" Seamus asked.

"So I don't feel so perverted when I have sex with them."

"You're going to have sex with old ladies? That's your plan? Why the hell does it have to be old ladies? What's wrong with you?"

"It's not like I hit on them or anything," Dean tried to defend himself, "but I keep ending up naked and tied down to things."

"And you're OK with this?"

"Not really, I think it's some kind of curse, even if the doctors can't find any trace of it, but I will be if I can turn them into MILFs."

"And what's wrong with having sex with women younger then your grandmum?"

"It's a curse, Dammit! But ignoring that, do you know all those things you want to do, that girls think are perverted and refuse?""

"Yeah?"

"They do all that and things you've never heard of! And they do them well!"

"Really?"

"They have had decades of experience in each and every one of them and by decades I mean, if you add up the time they've spent doing them together, not just they've done it on and off for decades."

"I'll get the ashwinder eggs from Hagrid. He owes me for helping him catch an ewok last week. You see about getting some unicorn droppings from the forbidden forest."

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"Where's Harry?" Dumbledore asked after the group had assembled.

"He's taking care of some business Headmaster," Hermione said with an uncomfortable look on her face, "I'm afraid I can't go into details."

"No problem Hermione," Dumbledore said with a twinkle in his eye, "many believe that the reason Potter wards are so valued is not only because of their quality but because of the fact that the Potter family can be depended upon to be discreet."

"Thank you for understanding Professor," Hermione said happily.

"Now then," Minerva called the meeting to order, "what's this all about?"

"You all remember how I told you about the way Voldemort split up the parts of his soul," Dumbledore said excitedly. "And mentioned . . . mentioned Harry's scar?"

"Yes Headmaster."

"I've been collecting the pieces," Dumbledore said quickly, "and searching valiantly for the spells that would allow us to safely remove the fragment from Harry's scar." Dumbledore turned to the Hermione. "I apologize for resigning Harry to his fate . . . sometimes we decide to do what is easy rather than what is right. I . . . I'm ashamed to admit that I allowed myself to fall into this horrible trap, I . . . I can only ask that you will forgive me some day. I was unable to find the spells and so far I have been unable to replicate the family spells but now, now we have hope."

"What do you mean by that Headmaster?"

“Ms. Lovegood's message,” Dumbledore said quickly, “she says that you have the rest of the pieces and access to the Teufelhex family spells.”

“I . . . I think we need Luna here right now,” Hermione said firmly.

“Are you sure . . .”

“Positive,” Hermione said firmly.

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“Thank you for coming Mr. Hound,” Flamel said. “I realize how busy your schedule can be.”

“Mr. Hound?” Harry asked with a raised eye brow.

“When you've been around as long as I have, you pick up a few bits of information.”

“I see.”

“Which is the reason I didn't invite your wife, I wasn't sure if you married the Fox.”

“Uh huh . . . next time, invite her.”

“I will.”

“And next time you want the Fox and the Hound, invite the Fox and the Hound. I'm a Potter, you may wish to check your elixir because if you're mixing a Potter up with the Hound then I think you may be going senile.”

“Of course,” Nicholas agreed with a smile, “hope your memory is half as good when you're my age.”

“So how long has it been since you updated your wards?” Harry asked critically.

"Your grandfather slapped a couple quick patches on them," Flamel said after a moment of thought, "why?"

"Because they need a lot of work," Harry replied, "more than I want to do in one night."

"Do what you can and come back later then," Flamel sighed, "knew I shouldn't have put this off."

"I'd like to do a complete overhaul," Harry said as he examined the wards. "Patch these ones up and throw a new one over everything . . . maybe another under it."

"How long will that take?"

"As long as it takes," Harry said absently, "I don't do shoddy work."

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"And that's the situation," Hermione finished. "Voldemort put pieces of his soul in physical objects and to destroy them, I'd like to learn some of your family spells."

"Oh Hermione," Luna said with tears flowing down her face. "Yes . . . I've waited so long for this." She pulled Hermione into a rather intimate embrace and kissed her firmly. "I've got to go tell father the good news, oh he'll be ever so thrilled."

"What just happened?" Hermione asked with a stunned look on her face.

"Ms. Lovegood just accepted your proposal," McGonagall said dryly. "And has agreed to marry you."

"But . . . but we're both girls," Hermione protested.

"And you asked to learn her family spells," McGonagall explained. "Congratulations are in order."

"But . . . but we're both girls."

"We've been over this," McGonagall said with a smile. "And as I said, congratulations."

"How does that work?" Hermione demanded.

"As Mr. Potter's wife you can make binding magical contracts in his name," McGonagall lectured. "According to custom, you proposed marriage to Ms. Lovegood to yourself and Mr. Potter by asking to learn her family spells."

"Oh . . . how will I tell Harry?"

"I'd suggest you use words," Minerva said slowly. "But I suppose it could be done with an interpretive dance." At Hermione's shocked look she decided to add, "what? Aren't I allowed to make light of the situation? You have to admit that it's quite humorous from my point of view."

"Is there anyway to get out of this?"

"Not without harming Ms. Lovegood," Minerva sighed. "If I know her family, the first thing they are going to do is print a special edition of the Quibbler to let everyone know. If you reject her . . . well, it would hurt her social standing quite a bit. People will wonder why she was . . . left at the alter so to speak."

"But . . ."

"She is your friend isn't she?" McGonagall demanded.

"Yes."

"Then it won't be so bad, just try to make the best of the situation. Just look at it this way, now when she does the things she normally does to you and Harry, it's considered legal and charming. Well most of the things, you should probably try and keep her toned down on some of them in public."

"Seriously, Mrs. Gran... err Hermione, everyone saw this coming a mile away. Would you really want her out of your lives or with someone else? Several of the girls in Ravenclaw were taking her things just to try and get her attention and I think deep down you knew that, people who are picked on for being smart don't generally start picking on others since they know what it feels like. Your reaction to those innocent flirting spoke volumes."

Hermione's eyes narrowed at the Professor classifying the bullying that Luna had been subjected to as 'innocent flirting.'

With a sigh, she leaned against the castle wall and considered what McGonagall had said, as McGonagall went off to collect her winnings from the teacher's pool, secure in the belief that she had done the right thing in ignoring the wards that went off when Luna had snuck in the dorm earlier.

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"No way in hell it's gonna be this easy," Harry mumbled to himself as he watched Dean and Seamus attempt to create a Philosopher's stone behind Hagrid's hut. "Not a fucking chance."

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"These are the Hogwarts VIP quarters," Minerva said as she waved Hermione into the suite of room, "you and Harry can stay here until we've got something more permanent arranged."

"Thank you Professor," Hermione said in a subdued tone. "Could you have the house elves send up a bowl of strawberries and a bowl of whipped cream . . . oh and five pounds of pickles?"

"I suppose I could but why do you want it?"

"Do you really want to know the details of my personal life Professor?" Hermione asked weakly, "or what I'm planning to do to calm Harry down after telling him that I accidentally proposed to Luna?"

"Never mind Hermione," Minerva said quickly, "that's quite enough information."

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"Guess it was that easy," Harry laughed as he walked into the castle, "certainly made my life easier. It's nice to see things are going my way for once."

"Good evening Harry," Luna squealed.

"Hello Luna," Harry said. "How are you doing?"

"Hermione finally got us a private room," Luna replied, "isn't that wonderful?"

"Sure is," Harry agreed, "we'll finally get a bit of privacy again. What are you doing?"

"I'm just on my way to see father about putting out the special issue of the Quibbler," Luna explained, "so I'll be a bit late tonight so don't worry about me okay?"

"Okay Luna."

"Do you want a copy?"

"Sure Luna," Harry agreed."

"Thank you Harry," Luna giggled, "I can't wait for my birthday and Hermione's big surprise."

"Neither can I Luna," Harry replied. "What do you want me to get you?"

"I've already got everything I want," Luna said as she skipped out of the Great Hall.

"Wonder what that was about?" Harry muttered to himself.

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"Where's the bloody notes?" Dean screamed. "God damn it."

"I never thought it would work anyway," Seamus sighed, "oh well."

"Oh well? Oh bloody well," Dean growled, "I'm gonna keep having sex with old women and they aren't gonna be hot MILFs."

"Well . . . you still get paid right?"

"Paid?"

"You aren't doing it for free are you?" Seamus laughed. "I mean, sure you say they'll do things you never heard of but you gotta be charging for your time."

"My old partner used to rent me out," Dean said reluctantly, "but I never thought to do it myself. Hmmmm, I think I need to speak with McGonagall tomorrow."

"That's more then a bit creepy mate."

"That's only cause you've never scene a photo of McGonagall when she was young and wild." Dean pulled an old copy of Playwitch magazine. "Page 62."

Seamus' eyes glazed over. "The girls of Hogwarts. Is that Madame Pomfrey next to her with the banana?"

"Yep. Screw the notes, he probably had a spell that made any knowledge vanish before a stone could be completed. Get me Neville."

"Why Neville?"

"Remember what happened we got him drunk and he tried to brew a hangover cure?"

"Yeah, one of the Slytherin's drank it and ended up turning into a Veela for a couple of hours... I'll grab Neville and a bottle of firewhiskey, you keep the potion stable."

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"You did what?"

"Accidental proposed to Luna," Hermione said nervously.
"Congratulations we're getting married . . . to Luna."

"I see . . ." Harry walked over to his trunk and pulled out a sturdy looking riding crop.

"Um . . . Harry?" Hermione bit her lip as she watched Harry give it a couple practice swings before shaking his head and putting it back in his trunk.

Next, Harry pulled out a large black bull whip and cracked it a couple times before one again shaking his head and replacing it in his trunk.

"I really think we should talk about this before we decide to do anything rash," Hermione ventured.

Harry didn't seem to be listening to her, focusing all his attention on the large morning star that he had just pulled out. After another experimental swing, it too was placed back in the trunk.

"Ah . . . here it is," he said with a worrying smile. "Come here Hermione."

"Mr. Potter I need you to . . ." McGonagall walked in a few minutes later to find a laughing Harry chasing a squealing Hermione around the room making and making a valiant attempt to smack her on the bum with a rubber chicken. "You know what, it's not important. I'll come back later."

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Omake for Thief

"Is there anything else I should know about pureblood customs?" Hermione demanded shrilly. "I'm not going to accidentally get engaged to Ron for letting him borrow my notes or anything am I?"

"I wouldn't worry about getting engaged to a boy," Arthur tried to assure the witch suffering a psychological break. "At least not now that you've married Harry. Not if you stay in Europe anyway."

"Well?" Hermione growled.

"I'm told that RAH city has some rather odd customs," Arthur explained. "There you could accidentally marry Ron, Ginny, and Neville too. I think, never did work out how it worked."

"And where exactly is that?"

"It's one of the American moon colonies," Arthur replied. "You wouldn't know about it since the Ministry has done its best to keep people from learning about them."

"But . . ."

Omake by hattenjc

To say that McGonagall was shocked was a understatement who would have known that Harry and Hermione was so devoted in the cult of Basilisk slayers that they practiced their old and ancients hunting rituals in their bedroom. (Cleaning their weakness away by smashing each other on the back with a rubber chicken)

But the boy DID slay a Basilisk in his second year so I really should not be that surprised McGonagall taught to her self as she walked away.

And another by hattenjc

"You know what, it's not important. I'll come back later." McGonagall said as she pulled up her wand with a swift wave and she transfigured Hermione's dress in to something more fitting before the old Professor walked out from the room.. "Have fun" she said smugly and left the room..

Harry just stared between himself and Hermione and what once was a rubber chicken.. He suddenly had naughty perverted ideas.

Hermione blinked as she realized she had ONLY a black leather corset that was leaving her bottom nude while making her breast look bigger then before as they pushed the breast up.

Looking back she paled seeing Harry dressed in black leather with a leather hood over his face holding a big rubber dildo instead of a chicken.. "Hmm.. Im game if you are" was all she could say as she licked her lips..

Disclaimer: There are a few seemingly unimportant details from previous chapters that are vital to understanding this chapter. I recommend that you reread the entire fic, hell reread it twice.

Death of a Dork Lord

Hermione awoke to find that Luna had moved around a bit during the night. The blond was sprawled across her two loves using one of Hermione's breasts as a pillow while her hips rested on Harry's chest. True to her word, Luna had gone to sleep wearing one of Harry's shirts which had hiked up a bit during the night.

"Hell of a sight to wake up to," Harry said with a grin on his face.

"Aren't you uncomfortable?" Hermione asked.

"She doesn't weight much," Harry replied, "and the view is fantastic."

"Really?" Hermione asked still a teeny bit insecure about her own looks, despite Harry's assurances.

Harry stared into his bushy haired wife's eyes. "Yeah, both of them."

Hermione grinned and tried to ignore Luna nibbling in her sleep. "Well, I think someone's a bit hungry, so I'm going to wake Luna up and head off to breakfast."

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"Hey Professor," Dean greeted his Head of House, "I was hoping that you could help me change my profession."

"Certainly," McGonagall agreed, "what do you want to change it to?"

"I wanna be a man whore," Dean replied proudly.

"You what?" Minerva asked in shock. "You mean that wasn't a tasteless joke earlier?"

"No joke Professor, I really want to change my career track to man whore," Dean repeated. "Older women needs loving too and I needs to get paid."

"I see . . . um . . . I'm not sure what sorts of classes are required to be a man whore. Why don't you go to the library and figure it out yourself?"

"You think you could help me doll face?" Dean wiggled his eyebrows.

"Do you think you could survive detention for the rest of the year?" Minerva growled.

"You don't have to do that," Dean purred. "I think you'll find my rates very reasonable."

"With Filch," Minerva said with a satisfied smile. "Are we clear?"

"I don't do guys," Dean said quickly.

"And I don't do students."

"Clear Professor," Dean sighed. "Which section of the library do you recommend?"

"The Malfoy collection is mostly dedicated to male cosmetics," Minerva said reluctantly. "I'll write you a note."

"Thanks Professor."

"What else am I going to have to deal with today?" Minerva asked herself as she walked towards the Great Hall for her breakfast.

She walked into the Great Hall and had a rather sedate breakfast until Hermione and Luna arrived.

"Good morning Hermione." Minerva said as she walked up to the Gryffindor table. "I was hoping that you could answer a quick question."

"Luna is sitting on my lap because we compromised," Hermione said trying desperately to ignore the blond nuzzling her cheek. "You don't want to know what she wanted to do."

"Hmmm? I'm sure that it's nothing that would shock me," Minerva said, "Ms. Lovegood is a properly demure young maiden after all."

"Demure?" Hermione squeaked.

"Compared to her parents and nearly every other Lovegood I've known she's rather inhibited," Minerva agreed, "at least you two aren't shagging on the staff table like her parents used to. Heh, they seemed to take the Headmaster's admonition to 'just ignore them' as a challenge, I tell you that's one month I'll never forget . . ."

"Hmmm?" Luna gave the staff table a speculative look.

"No Luna," Hermione said automatically. Not noticing how her arm tightened possessively around the blonde witch.

"Awwww." Luna said, with a hint of a smile.

"And don't get me started on her great aunt," McGonagall continued, "the woman who decided that she was in love with half of Hufflepuff house."

"They're all very happy together," Luna said primly, "except Uncle Gimpy . . . but Aunty says he'll eventually accept his fate and stop trying to escape."

"Tell them I said hi," Minerva said absently, "no I wanted to ask you something else."

"What is it Professor?" Hermione asked.

"I've arranged a set of private quarters for you, Mr. Potter, and your betrothed."

"And?"

"I wanted to know if you wanted to set up a secure floo to your apartment," Minerva explained, "so long as you all go to your quarters every night then there is no need for me to check up on where you actually sleep."

"I see . . . thank you Professor, I'd appreciate that."

"No problem Hermione."

"One more thing."

"Yes Professor?"

"You wouldn't happen to know where Mr. Potter is would you?"

"He's out taking care of something for someone," Hermione said with a weak smile, "I can say that it may have something to do with wards or security consulting."

"I understand," Minerva laughed, "when you see him could you tell him that the Headmaster suggested he have the soul fragment removed as soon as possible? To be quite frank that sounds like a sensible suggestion to me, who knows how Harry could be affected by that horrid thing."

"I will Professor," Hermione agreed.

"Don't bother," Luna muttered as she kissed Hermione's jaw.

"Why not Luna?" Hermione asked in frustration. "Don't we want to get that fragment out of Harry's head as soon as we can?"

"If it was still there," Luna agreed as she lightly bit Hermione's ear lobe.

"It's not?"

"Of course not Hermione," Luna said with a hurt look on her face, "I got rid of it as soon as I was aware it existed . . . and the ones in the

items you had, I only need to get the ones Professor Dumbledore collected."

"You already destroyed them," Hermione said flatly, "of course."

"They were icky and nasty and hurting Harry," Luna said primly, "of course I destroyed the soul fragments."

"Then why did you ask me to pass that message along to Dumbledore?" Hermione demanded.

"So he felt useful of course and so we could destroy the ones he had," Luna replied, "I thought you knew that." Luna turned to McGonagall with a smirk on her face. "She did actually, but Hermione likes to play it cool . . . like the way she pretended that she had to learn my family spells to destroy Voldemort."

"You mean I didn't?" Hermione asked faintly.

"Of course not," Luna laughed, "you could have just asked me to do it for you. It's not like I would have said no, is it? You know I'd do anything for you." Luna melted against her betrothed and sent her a heated look.

"Urk . . . I . . . I need to lie down." Hermione said, blushing under the attention and naked emotions Luna displayed.

"Yay," Luna cheered, "if you'll excuse us Professor. It seems that Hermione is feeling frisky."

"I hate to interrupt your plans," Minerva said dryly, doing her best to keep from smiling at the look on Hermione's face, "but after you get Hermione back to you new rooms would you mind coming with me to the Headmaster's office to remove the soul fragments from the items in his possession? Unless of course Hermione would rather do it."

"I'd better do it," Luna said reluctantly, "it would take Hermione a minimum of six months to learn enough to do it right . . . that's another reason I knew Hermione really wanted this engagement,

she's smart enough to know that soul magic is too complicated to learn in a week and without a firm grounding in dark magic."

"Meep." Hermione's eyes widened in shock.

"Yes I know Ms. Lovegood," Minerva said, doing her best to keep the laughter down, "she likes to play things cool."

"Isn't it adorable," Luna cooed.

"Quite," Minerva agreed, "why don't I show you to your new rooms? I'll have Mr. Potter shown the way after he returns."

"Okay Professor."

"Let's get the soul fragments destroyed first," Hermione suggested. "I'll rest much better knowing that those nasty things are out of the way."

"If you like," Minerva agreed.

"Come on hurry up," Luna demanded. She grabbed Hermione's arm to drag her up the hall. "I gotta go soon so we need to hurry up."

"Where are you going?"

"I just need to take care of a few things before my big birthday surprise," Luna replied, "come on."

"Okay Luna," Hermione agreed. "When are you getting back?"

"Not till later," Luna replied, "so we won't be able to do anything together until tomorrow."

"We'll have to do something special then," Hermione mused. Inwardly her heart soared at the thought of a night alone with Harry.

"Oh we will Hermione," Luna giggled, "we will."

"I just felt a sudden chill," Hermione said with an odd look on her face, "like I just missed something."

"Can't imagine what."

"Never mind Luna, let's just . . . let's just get this over with."

"If that's what you want," Luna agreed. They went to the Headmaster's office and Hermione watched in fascination as Luna removed and destroyed the fragments of Voldemort's soul. "And that's that," Luna said with a satisfied smile, "but I took too long."

"Oh?"

"Yeah," Luna agreed unhappily. "Well . . . goodbye Hermione," Luna said reluctantly, "I've got to go get things ready for my birthday."

"Do you want my help?"

"I don't want to spoil the surprise," Luna said.

"Okay Luna," Hermione agreed. Planning her own surprise party was exactly the sort of thing she expected from Luna."

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"Master."

"Yes Gretchen?"

"Our people at the Ministry tell us that they're planning an operation against the Dork Lord," Gretchen replied, "no details and no word on when."

"Do you want us to offer our help?" Elizabeth asked. "Master?"

"Damn," Ron sighed, "if . . . if there's a way we can help without putting any of you at risk then offer our help. Is Harry involved?"

"I believe so master," Elizabeth agreed.

"Than I'm going to have a short conversation with Harry tomorrow offering my help," Ron said slowly, "none of you are to get involved."

"But master . . ."

"That's final," Ron snapped, "Mum would never forgive me if I put her grandchildren in any danger and I'd never forgive me if any of you got hurt."

"Yes master."

"Now come here," Ron growled, "disagreement is a punishable offense."

"Yes master," the Dark Bunnies agreed happily.

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"Harry, Luna's already destroyed the loose pieces of Voldemort's soul."

"Then all that's left is the bastard himself," Harry said with a feral grin, "I'll be back as soon as possible."

"You're not going without me," Hermione said firmly. "What if something goes wrong?"

"Then no sense both of us taking the high jump," Harry said philosophically, "someone needs to survive to feed and care for Luna, Crookshanks, and Hedwig."

"I'm going," Hermione said firmly, "Luna can look . . . I'm . . . I'll leave a note for the Dark Bunnies to look out for Luna and the pets. You aren't going without me Harry Potter."

"Fine," Harry agreed, "but if I tell you to run, then you get out of there understand?"

"I'm not leaving you, Harry. I can't imagine a life without you in it and if you're the kind of man that would leave his two beautiful wives as widows . . . then you're not the man I accidentally married and betrothed Luna to!"

"I'll be right behind you covering the retreat," he lied, "this is just a recce. We aren't looking for trouble, we just want to get a look around before we get Bones and as many Aurors as she can dig up. I've already sent her a floo to let her know what's going on."

"Okay Harry," she agreed, exhaling in relief. "I thought . . ."

"That I can't learn from experience?" Thinking of the difference between this time as opposed to their disastrous incursion in the ministry. 'I'm going in with my eyes wide open this time and I'm not letting that bastard get a shot at anyone I care for.'

"Everyone has blind spots," she retorted.

"True." He bit his tongue to prevent the comment about Luna from slipping out. "Come on, let's get ready."

"We have to hurry," Hermione said, "we still have to get Luna something for her birthday."

"I may have a line on that," Harry replied.

"Oh?"

"Yeah," he agreed, "I'll tell you about it when we get back."

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"Okay People," Amelia used her command voice to get attention. "As of now the Minister has ordered this building to go on lockdown." Aurors looked up from their desks to watch Fred walk in with his retinue of bodyguards.

"Good evening," he said with a grin, "I like to start these thing off with a joke so if you'll direct your attention to the fact that I was the best

candidate in the election . . ." He paused for the laughter that failed to materialize as everyone looked at him with pride. "Okay people, here's the thing. We have a chance to end the threat of Voldemort forever. Harry Potter has our former Dark Lord trapped behind some sort of ward and he's currently scouting out the compound for our forces."

"Sir, sorry for interrupting." Tonks said raising her hand, "but do we know how many Death Eaters he has?"

"Not yet," Fred replied, "Harry hopes to have this information for us when he gets back."

"What if he doesn't?" Tonks asked, worried about the black haired man she had helped protect and watch over for so long, until him and his wife has started to do the same for her.

"Then the ward stays up and I put up a dozen statues and monuments to him," Fred replied, "the threat of that would motivate Harry to escape from hell. Boy's too modest sometimes. So here's the plan, I take a bunch of you to the evil scary house, we stomp the hell out of the Death Eaters, and everyone comes back for punch and pie . . . questions?"

"One," Amelia agreed, after the cheering had died down. "why are you going along?"

"Because you're staying here," Fred said firmly. "And a law so new the ink is wet states that as you're next in line to become Minister, you stay here where it's safe."

"Sir," Amelia said, "I have to protest . . ."

"Fine," Fred agreed, "write up a nice long letter while the rest of us are gone. The days of incompetent leadership are not going to come back around if I have anything to say about it and that means keeping someone with their head on straight out of the line of fire and ready to take the helm if the worst should happen."

"Understood sir."

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Harry and Hermione crept through the eerily silent Riddle mansion. "Look at all the dust," Hermione whispered.

"Like no one's been here for a while," Harry agreed, "you think they escaped?"

"I don't see how," Hermione replied. They rounded a corner and stopped cold at the sight that awaited them.

"Son of a bitch," Harry whispered in shock. He looked at the candy jar they'd dropped off on their previous visit and then down at what at first appeared to be a pile of filthy robes on the floor.

"What is it?" Hermione rushed over to her friend. "Oh . . . well."

"Yeah," Harry agreed looking down at the body of his hated foe. "Turns out he was a diabetic."

"And allergic to citrus," Hermione added after a quick forensic charm. "You don't think?"

"I try not to," Harry agreed.

"But . . ."

"Ask Professor McGonagall about it later, I'm really not up to dealing with . . . that sort of thing at the moment."

"Okay Harry."

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"Harry Potter sent this to you sir," one of the flunkies gave Fred a package.

"That magnificent overachieving bastard," Fred laughed, "seems you'll get your wish Amelia."

"You grew some sense and agreed that the Minister is the wrong person to command a raid on Voldemort?"

"Always agreed with that," Fred said, "that's why I was gonna stick Moody with all the heavy lifting."

"Then what?"

"Here." He handed her the box. "I suppose I should be making a tasteless joke about getting ahead or something but . . ."

"Dork Lord Voldemort I presume," Amelia said with a smile, "what does Mr. Potter say in his note?"

"That he had nothing to do with it and that Voldemort was dead when he got there," Fred laughed, "raid's canceled everyone. Harry Potter saved us all and the bloody bastard did it without us, punch and pie for everyone."

Cheers rang out as the assembled forces celebrated the end of the Death Eater era.

"He's gonna be angry when he hears about that statement isn't he?"

"Totally," Fred agreed, "maybe then the bastard will learn to go into danger with a bloody great group of Aurors. Might have to put up a few bloody statues of him anyway, least until he learns not to do this kind of thing on his own."

"You think the note was telling the truth?" Amelia asked, "and that Voldemort was dead when he got there?"

"With Harry's luck?" Fred snorted at the thought of Harry having that much luck. 'Take a bloody seer to keep that boy occupied and out of trouble.'

"Never mind sir," Amelia agreed, "I really need to learn to think before I speak."

"How many times have I told you to call me Fred?"

"Sorry about that Fred," Amelia said with a blush.

"Forget about it."

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"Professor?"

"Yes Hermione?"

"I just wanted to know who's idea it was to have the Headmaster study lemon drops?"

"Oh Ms. Lovegood suggested it," McGonagall replied. "I'm somewhat ashamed I didn't get the idea myself. Albus's love of lemon drops is fairly well known and telling him that they would lead to the defeat of Vol . . .demort was the only way to convince him to take the time to study the issue."

"It was Luna's idea?" Hermione asked in shock.

"I believe I just said that," McGonagall said dryly.

"Thank you Professor," Harry said.

"Not a problem Mr. Potter."

Harry led the shell shocked Hermione back to their apartment and erected several privacy charms before beginning the conversation.

"We'll have to remember to thank her later," Harry mused, "do you know where she is?"

"She said she had plans tonight," Hermione replied absently, still lost in thought, "and not to wait up for her."

"We'll have to get her something extra special for her birthday then," Harry said, "wanna go 'shopping' later?"

"Well . . . Luna isn't going to be around, so we don't have to worry about her catching on and spoiling the surprise."

"Luna likes strange creatures right?"

"Yeah?"

"I hear that there is a family in France with a statue that will morph itself into any creature it's been in contact with."

"That's perfect for Luna," Hermione agreed, "but how well known is it?"

"Found a reference to it in Malfoy's diary," Harry said, "guess they're related somehow."

"Everyone is related in the bloody inbred world of magic," Hermione snorted, "is the family . . . uh . . . deserving of a visit?"

"They're a family of magical mimes."

"Can we loot them to the bedrock Harry?" Hermione begged. "I'll do that thing you like."

"After Luna's birthday maybe," Harry agreed.

"Yay . . . oh god," Hermione gasped.

"Been spending a bit too much time around Luna lately hmm?"

"Not another word," she replied through clenched teeth.

"But . . ."

"Not one."

"Fine," he agreed, "I'm gonna go use the bathroom and then we can leave."

"I'll be ready," she agreed.

"Great." He returned a few minutes later to find his partner costumed and ready to go. "Got dressed without me huh?" Harry asked his costumed partner who nodded in reply. "Let's go then."

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"Everyone drink till you can't feel feelings," Amelia screamed, "woo hoo."

"What'd you spike the punch with?" Tonks whispered.

"Nothing," Fred whispered back, "and so far as I can tell no one else did either . . . she's been under a lot of stress lately."

"Oh . . . I'll make sure she gets home and stays out of trouble."

"Put her in her office with a silencing charm," Fred advised, "I know she keeps a cot in the closet and who knows what her wards will do to you."

"Right," Tonks agreed, "thanks Fred."

"No problem."

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"Another good night's work eh' Fox?" Harry said as they returned to their apartments. "Though I am wondering why you've been so silent, it's not like you." Harry waited a few moments. "And ignoring that is definitely not like you."

"Petrificus Totalus," the Fox said in a voice that did not belong to Hermione. Ignoring Harry's frozen look of surprise, she turned to the bed. "Finite Incantatem," she incanted. If they could, Harry's eyes would have widened at the sight revealed. Hermione was tied to the frame of their bed and had a large rubber ball gag in her mouth. "And that's that," the Fox said as she removed her mask to reveal the smiling face of Luna Lovegood.

"Mhmuph," Hermione growled.

"Don't worry Hermione," Luna said as she kissed the other girl on the tip of her nose. "I'll be gentle."

"MPHEHIGH." That did not seem to be calming the other girl down, although her struggles seem to lack any real strength.

"And don't think I've forgotten you Harry," Luna said with a glance at the frozen boy, whom she carefully positioned so he could see the bed. "You can join in after we've warmed things up. Happy birthday to me, happy birthday to me . . ."

Several very . . . eventful and active hours later . . .

"Hermione?" Harry asked with a lazy grin.

"Yes, Harry?" Hermione practically purred, a slightly shocked smile still on her face.

"When did you promise Luna that she could uh . . ."

"Ravish us both?" Hermione suggested, stroking the hair of the sleeping witch curled up between them.

"Yeah," Harry agreed. "She said you mentioned that she could have it as a birthday present."

"I never . . . oh bugger."

"Mmm'later," Luna mumbled in her sleep. "I'm too tired right now."

Epilogue . . .

After Luna recovered from the through ravishing she gave to her betrothed, she walked over to Tonk's apartment to teach her a few spells.

"Uh Luna . . ."

"Yes Tonks?"

"These look like Potter family spells?"

"Oh they are," Luna said happily, "congratulations. I wasn't sure if I got married before I went into the past and lost my memory."

Hermione was not amused . . .

"I thought I told you that you weren't allowed to marry, propose, or accept proposals from anyone Luna?" She demanded.

"But Tonks was already engaged," Luna protested, "and since she's me from the future . . ."

"She's not you from the future Luna," Hermione said through clenched teeth.

"She's not?"

"No."

"Are you sure?"

"I'm sure."

"Oh . . . how embarrassing to be tricked like that," Luna said with a blush, "Tonks you naughty girl, tricking me like that."

"I . . . but . . . I . . ."

"Damn it Tonks," Hermione growled. "You know how gullible Luna is, I expect you to be the responsible one around here and this is what you do."

"I . . . but . . . she . . . I . . ." Tonks stuttered, wondering exactly how all this had come about and coming to grips with the fact that she wasn't Luna, but she was married to her and Hermione and Harry.

Ginny took things rather well considering . . .

“Mum.”

“Yes dear?”

“Are there any Weasley spells that require four girls and Harry Potter?”

“I’ll check the spell book.”

“Thanks mum.”

Draco opened a burger place in Hogsmead. Most of his classmates figured that the manager of an average fast food place was about as high a level of inept evil as Draco could aspire to. Course the burgers had about as much Dragon as the burgers in his old job had beef, soy was such a wonderful and cheap substance.

“I’ll take a Dragon burger,” the seventh year said. “And a strawberry Dragon shake.”

“You want fries with that?” The pimply faced teen behind the register asked. “Or you can mega size it for an extra sickle?”

“Why don’t we do that.”

Dean became the highest priced man whore servicing the over eighty age group . . .

“Yeah baby,” Dean cheered, “take it off.”

Unfortunately, he and Seamus never did manage to get Neville to replicate the Philosopher’s Stone . . .

“Just let me pop my teeth out,” the hunch backed old crone agreed, “and then the fun can begin.”

“Groovy,” Dean agreed.

At least, not so far as they knew . . .

"With this," Daphne cackled, "the era of the Dark Lord Jeremy shall last forever."

"Ohohohohohoho," Neville laughed evilly.

"That's more the way women do it darling," Daphne corrected, "try bwa ha ha."

"Bwahahahahahaha?"

"Better," she purred, "much better."

"BWAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA."

"That one was excellent."

"Thanks love."

And as for the Dark Lord Jeremy? His reign of terror continues to this day, as the auror corps and hit wizards have refused all assignments to capture him, stating simply that it's 'Too Perilous!'

"Woo," the topless girl screamed, "I love spring break."

"And I love my life," Ron said, "who wants to play naked twister?"

"Yay."

THE END

AN: Well, that's a lot of writing. Another short fic that became not so short. This is the end but I'm planning to add one more chapter after this for scenes that for one reason or another didn't make it into the fic. Yes, Lemon Drops were 'The Power he Knew Not' and I'm fairly sure this is the first story with that.

The Credits: nonjon, Ed Becerra, ausfinbar, David Wangen, , Ben Russell-Gough, dogbertcarroll, hattenjc, the caitiff, AlanP, Lone Wolf,

meteoricshipyards, Shawn Pickett, Morris Rague, Iuinlothana, Treck, Drake, David Brown, Moshehim, Arthur Hansen, Marneus Calgar, Goblin214, Chris LeBron, khadon99, Shawn Pickett, tekobaka, Freddie, Musings of Apathy, ubereng, Brian Arcis, Shalon Wood, SP, D.J. Thorens, Fenris, Pelel, peterson9803, Andrew Joshua Talon, shinji the good sharer, and everyone on my yahoo group. They gave me scenes, ideas, and all sorts of other things. Tell me if I missed you so I can add to this list. Another thanks goes to meteoricshipyards who wrote the majority of the continuing adventures of the tentacle monster as well as several others. Anything I wrote on that sub plot was fairly minor so kudos. And still another goes to who wrote a large number of scenes. Yet another goes to The Resident who was good enough to do a bit of editing and caught several of my mistakes. Still more go to Andrew Joshua Talon who wrote much (most) of the subplot with Narcissa, Remus, and Draco.

Omake: Love . . . Good?

"You don't know what the Lovegood family spells are?" Luna asked in shock.

"I always assumed it was the ability to see the future."

"Of course not," Luna said quickly. That was more of a blood line ability, no spells involved at all. "The Lovegood family spells mostly revolve around causing pleasure. We're related to the Weasley family, one son took over the fertility magic and the other took the fun stuff . . . not that there isn't a bit of overlap."

"But . . . your names . . ."

"Oh that, well about a thousand years ago the Dark Witch Lillian tried to kill my several greats grandfather."

"Well?"

"Well what?"

"What happened."

"Oh, no one knows. The Dark Witch Lillian stumbled out of my ancestor's house three days latter and said the words Love . . . good before passing out. They were married three weeks later as part of the peace accords."

Omake: Luna's family spells . . .

"Of course I didn't use the Lovegood family magic to see the future Hermione," Luna said in a condescending tone. "The Lovegood family magic is about bringing maximum pleasure to one's spouse . . . or spouses I suppose."

"Then how did you know?"

"I saw it of course." Luna took a sip of her tea.

"Then . . . if it isn't the family magic?"

"Seeing the future is based on genetics not family spells."

Omake by meteoricshipyards

"Harry?"

"Yes, Luna?"

"I've been really bad."

"You haven't been bad, Luna," Hermione said, "cut it out."

"No, I really did something bad this time."

Harry sighed. "What was it this time, Luna."

"I got my notes mixed up. You were supposed to destroy the Horcruxes, and collect the Hallows. Not the other way around."

Omake by neil reynolds

At first Hermione thought Luna was once again nude, but wiping the crust of sleep from her eyes revealed that Luna was fully dressed in a T-shirt and jeans, although it did look like Luna was not wearing a bra.

The reason for Hermione's confusion was that all of Luna's clothes were exactly the same shade, "Luna's flesh tone". As even the metal rivets and the threads were this color it had to have been done with magic.

Hermione was about to question Luna about her mode of dress, when she reconsidered. Every morning, for what seemed like ages, Hermione argued with Luna to cover herself. Every morning she needed half of her shower to regain her mental equilibrium after colliding with the "logic" of Luna's arguments.

This morning Luna was completely dressed. Even if it wasn't in a mode of dress that Hermione would approve, she was completely dressed. Hermione would regard it as a victory, and wouldn't comment on Luna's clothes at all.

After Shooing Luna out of the bedroom, protecting a sleeping Harry's virtue, Hermione took her shower. She never considered that after a few days of moving into the new apartment, she invariably woke up a few minutes before Harry, and took her shower first. Harry would then wake up without being prompted, probably hearing the small sounds that signified that the day had started. He would then start breakfast, and would shower after they ate.

They never planned this arrangement. Hermione probably wouldn't even think about it unless someone brought up a related subject, or something disrupted their schedule. The two of them had drifted into their behavior, and luckily they tumbled into an arrangement that fitted without discommodeing either of them.

Neither of them commented, or even thought how wonderful it was that their mornings fitted together so well. They took it for granted. However, in the matter of the position of the lid of the toilet seat... .

Harry had grown up in a house with three males and one female, so Petunia gave up training Vernon before the children could understand

words. Hermione grew up in a family where the one male had acquiesced to please his wife, before Hermione was old enough to realize it had been a point up for contention, and assumed it was to be expected that the toilet seat would always be re-lowered.

She was seriously thinking about charming the damned thing to open or close based on the gender of the person entering the room. And why hadn't the backward wizarding world fixed this problem already? She was idly imagining magic which was far beyond anything she knew how to cast; it might be freaky to have the seat move by itself, so why couldn't magic predict who would use it next, and have it move when the room was empty?

Divination was a notoriously wooly subject, but if you accepted that it might sometimes be wrong, it should be possible to create a seat that would be right most of the time. The idea of a probabilistic toilet seat caused her to rename it in her head as Schroedinger's Toilet Seat. Then she corrected herself, and argued that it should be Heisenberg's Toilet Seat. Then she decided that that sounded like a seat which you could never be sure of its current position, which was the opposite of what she wanted. Then she dropped this train of thought.

Her mind went back to Luna's dress, arguing with herself if she did the right thing. Shouldn't people wear what they want? It was her home, though, so a rule that this wasn't a clothing optional house was fair. But it looked at first if she was naked. But she wasn't. With clothes that tight, people will have a good idea what Luna'd look like naked. People would be able to do the same even if her clothes were un-tinted, and she wasn't going to try and prevent people from wearing tight clothes. With clothes like that, it would encourage people to imagine Luna nude. Would Hermione have objected if Luna had worn a T-shirt that read "Imagine what my bare breasts look like"? No, if Luna had worn such a T-shirt then Hermione wouldn't have objected; therefore she couldn't object now.

Satisfied with her logic, she could now shove the issue of today's outfit from her mind.

Throughout breakfast, Hermione kept swiveling her head to look at Luna, thinking she saw something out of the corner of her eye, just for a second. She could have sworn that at the two areas of greatest protuberance, she could suddenly see one darkened reddish pink circles centered there.

It wasn't until after breakfast that she was looking directly at Luna when, for literally half a second, the color of part of her jeans turned a lacy pattern of mostly white, and a bit of pink. The contour of the zipper, and the other fittings and oddities of the shape of jeans assured her that only the surface color of the jeans had changed, but for a moment it looked like Luna had only been wearing rather skimpy white lace panties.

Without explaining to Harry, who hadn't seen the transformation, but who knew what he had noticed during breakfast, Hermione dragged Luna into the bedroom and closed the door.

Luna cooperated. The last thing Harry heard before the door shut was Luna asking, "Oh, goody! Is it time for the kinky sex now?"

Hermione ignored the distracting conversational diversion. "Luna, why are your clothes that color?"

"You said it was about 'giving a hint of skin' and prompting the imagination to do the rest. I thought about charming my clothes to become invisible for a second on some random schedule; but the disillusionment charm is both difficult, and finicky to modification. So instead, I'm using a color changing charm, they're so much easier. At random intervals my shirt produces circles the size, color, and relative placement of my aureoles, and my jeans have four effects; white lace panties, black lace panties, red solid g-string, and triangular patch matching my hair color."

.o(O)o.

I have no idea how Hermione should respond here. I would have liked to direct the argument to the point where Luna corrects Hermione, saying one of the points was to make Hermione (not just

Harry) think about a nude Luna, and Hermione realizing that she'd succeeded for most of the morning.

Hermione also briefly slipped into the role of older sister in episode 44 teaching Luna how to attract men, and I'd have liked to continue that here. Perhaps trying to suggest the idea of subtlety. Luna, of course, will follow up doing something bloody obvious that she thinks is subtle, because they never noticed how cleverly she disguised the charm against nargles or some such.

I also thought about Luna's claim that she needed Hermione's approval first, and since Hermione is at least primarily heterosexual that would involve inappropriate items like strap ons. This could lead to her actually being subtle in seducing Hermione while being obvious to her unintended collateral target, Harry. Hermione exhorting her to greater subtlety, not realizing Luna was being subtle.

On further consideration, can anyone see Luna trying to dress overtly masculine? What would that entail? Plaid shirts, dusty jeans, tool belt? Does anyone think a scatterbrained Luna would look anything but feminine when dressed in men's clothes? After all, she wouldn't think of changing her hair, or binding her chest. If that failed, she could dress in 14th century garb, with a codpiece designed to make clergy faint.

If anyone writes a scene where Luna changes clothes in front of Hermione, if Luna is wearing undergarments, would you consider making them plain white, with pairs of hands magically painted on? One hand painted as if it were holding up one breast, and one hand resting comfortably on at least one buttock? "But, Hermione, I thought women wore exciting undergarments even if their lovers wouldn't see them, in order to make themselves feel sexy?"

Omake by neil reynolds

Hermione tried to get the Lovegood family spells alone. She had no trouble bypassing the wards and circumventing the traps, but she was captured by the completely muggle glue and chloroform.

She came around, gagged (ball gag?) and tied to the bed. Luna, over several paragraphs caressed her cheek while telling her how she reminded her of her dear Hermione. Telling her that if Luna closed her eyes, she could almost imagine she had Hermione tied to the bed.

Luna leaned over with her eyes shut to kiss Hermione, before stopping, and commenting that it wouldn't be fair to Hermione to pretend her captive was Hermione.

Hermione's relief was short lived, when Luna declared, "However, all this self-abstention on my part, just to make Hermione comfortable, has left me about to explode, so I guess I'll have to ravish you without pretending you're Hermione. I'll be right back; I'm just going to the bathroom to change into something more appropriate."

As the bathroom door closed, Hermione heard Luna call out, "The scissors you'll need to escape the ropes, are on the side table to the left of your head."

Disclaimer: Without context and without much editing.

The Cutting Room Floor

A collection of scenes that for one reason or another failed to make it into the story.

The first couple are by me . . .

"Yes Hermione," Luna agreed. She grabbed Harry by the back of his head and pulled his face into her bountiful bosom. "If he can't see he can't do magic."

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"Luna may be a bigamist but . . ."

"But what Hermione?"

"I don't know," Hermione admitted. "I've lost my train of thought."

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"Come on Harry," Hermione growled. "We're leaving."

"Mrs. Potter I . . ."

"Didn't bother to do any basic research before condemning Harry," Hermione snapped. She leaned over to whisper something into Harry's ear. "Please Harry," she added.

"Looks like we might be late for the express," Harry sighed. "But we'll try to get here soon after."

"Alright Mr. Potter," Minerva agreed. "Have a good time then."

"What was that?" Dumbledore asked after the couple had left the room.

"Hermione has a plan to prevent Mr. Potter's untimely death and unless I'm much mistaken, Harry has just agreed to spend a bit of personal time with her rather than ride on the express."

One by wraithsgt15 . . .

"Ahh somebody save me" screamed DIDDamsel In Distress No. 642 (or was it 647?) as she ran from the deatheaters, suddenly out of the dark corner (chases always happen near dark alleyways or corners do they not?) a mass made a sudden move and what appeared to be tentacles grabbed the deatheaters and promptly used them in a impromptu game of four square. Alas deatheaters do not make very

good four square balls though they did bounce surprisingly high proving that with enough force and a firm enough surface to bounce off of you can bounce nearly anything. Once the "balls" had ceased moving the dark mass began to move away only to stop when a yelled "wait" reached its ears(??)"Who are you" asked the now rescued DID, a scratching noise not unlike chalk on a blackboard answered her and a small blackboard became visible with the expertly written words "Some call me Tim?" in a slightly fluorescent chalk on its surface. "Thank you for saving me Tim, out of curiosity what are you?" asked the RDID Rescued Damsel In Distress the blackboard vanished back into the shadows while more scratching was heard when the noise ceased the blackboard reappeared with the words "I'm...Complicated and lets leave it at that"

By D.J. Thorens, yes this is where I got the idea . . .

"Ding dong, the bitch is dead!"

"What bitch?" Which old bitch

"The Voldebitch!"

"What did you do now, Harry? How could your family magic possibly have defeated Voldemort singlehandedly?"

"Not much. I just warded his hideout."

"Warded his..." Ron sputtered. "But how..."

"We all knew he's hiding in that place in Little Hangleton. And we couldn't get in because of his wards. It was actually fairly easy to map them out and set a second layer of wards right around them. It's something like a double-sided fidelius actually... By the way, did you know that the Fidelius was originally developed to keep heists undisturbed? Set it around the location you want to plunder and - voila, no irate owners to disturb you."

"No, I didn't know. But what about Vol- you-know-who?"

"Oh right! A Fidelius protects a location, makes people forget it when they're not told by the secret keeper and stuff. Now invert it and suddenly you have a charm that keeps people inside a place until they're informed that the outside world exist. Combine those two and ... no Death Eater gets in, no Voldemort comes out. It's a bit more complex though, warding against house elves and portkeys and stuff. But we now have one contained Dark Lord."

Don't forget "at the hand of the other" doesn't need to mean final battle. Poisoning is just as effective and doesn't leave splattered brains and ugly scorch marks all over the landscape. :)

Some by moshehim . . .

Dolores Umbridge did not have a good day. She did have a good night, the night before, as she went to Diagon alley to hire an attorney on behalf of Cornelius, and arrived just in time for the two of them to get caught in one of these diabolical snufflefests that Dork Lord Jeremy was wont to do. She thought back fondly to the days when dark lords were dark lords, going about on murder and torture and pain -

just the thing to make a bold heart flutter. At least, she did partake in some torture and pain with her solicitor friend, and even found a new use for a blood-quill.

However, what she did not count on, was being seen, by Daily Prophet gossip reporters no less. And now she had been summoned

to the minister's office, the minister who marginalized her, who shunned her away, the one that escaped her grasp before, the one she failed to torture, despite her great desire to do so, and ran away. She was summoned to explain her wanton behavior, and it didn't bode well to her prospects.

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"Dragon heartstrings you could get from dealers, but then it's rather costly. I deal directly with the handlers, who dissect dead dragons for ingredients." said the creepy old man. "Phoenix feathers is an oddity. They are very rare, and have to consent to donate you a feather from their tail. Otherwise you could pull as much as you like, and it would stick. So you don't have to worry about that, on the rare occasion a phoenix deigns to donate me a feather, I will harvest it myself. Unicorn hair, however, proves to be quite the problem. You see, it sells down the street for ten galleons a hair. However, as I sell a wand for only seven galleons, and a wand has several hairs in it, I cannot afford to purchase those on the market, I'm afraid I have to gather those myself, and would like you to assist me in that."

'Unicorn hair sells for ten galleons apiece?' wondered Draco. 'If I can get my hands on some, get the old man to show me where he gets them, I could be rich in no time!'. "Hang on a second!" he exclaimed, remembered back. Ignoring Olivander's odd look, as the old man was prowling on, he thought back on his first year, when he ventured into the Forbidden Forest by the Hogwarts grounds to look for unicorns. 'There are unicorns in the forest!"

In his excitement he missed Olivander's words: "... and as you are young and still a virgin, you could..." and "only the young ones, the adults don't like men too much..." and even "approach with great care...".

He did, however, catch the last of the old man's instructions: "...and absolutely no magic while gathering the hair. No summoning charms, no cutting curses, it must be all done by hand, not involving magic, or the hair loses its properties.

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"Okay," said the senior healer. "What you do is give Snape two pictures. One of Harry Potter, the other of a woman, then, whenever he looks on Potter's picture, you hit him with a shocker - to the arm pit, to the groin, improvise, be creative about it. Whenever he looks at the woman's picture, hit him with a mild - perhaps with growing strength and intensity? - a mild pleasure charm, so he'll eventually stop to fantasize about Potter and start fantasizing about women instead."

"How am I suppose to do a pleasure charm? I can barely pleasure the old hag, as it is!" complained the orderly.

"What do I look like to you," bellowed the healer, "an information centre? Just-, just go ask one of Dark Lord Jeremy's followers for one of their spells. Why do I have to do everything around here."

"Don't worry, Paul," said Healer Brown. A friend of mine from Hogwarts is working as an undercover Auror in the Dark Bunnies' organization. I can Floo her and ask for some help, Okay?"

"Thanks, miss." said the orderly.

To Healer Jameson, Lucy said: "That was ingenious, sir. How did you come up with that?"

"Well," said the senior healer, "I saw it in a muggle movie, really. Something about a cookwonk orange I think. They had some crazy pervert and decided to heal him and stopped his perversion. They used some music to beat the heaven out of him. Didn't make much sense to me at the time, but I since read about behavioral conditioning, something about Pavlov, dogs, pigeons, rats, and even people. So, if it works for muggles, why not for Snivelous? I used to shy of muggle healing methods, even considering it would bring you the ire of your colleagues, like that fellow in Magical Bites who tried to saw a wound on some ministry employee, Beaverly or something. However, I worked with a couple of muggle healers, teeth specialists, and came to appreciate their knowledge and expertise."

"Yes," said Lucy, "and there's no stone we should leave unturned in our quest to heal poor Snivelous."

"That's the spirit, my dear," said the healer. "You will do greatly, mark my word."

As the two healers made their way out, they missed hearing the orderly mutter to himself. He was to chastised to ask for instructions, didn't want another telling off from old man Jameson. "How am I supposed to get the pictures?" he muttered. Well, a picture of Harry Potter was easy - is daughter had so many of them covering the walls in her bedroom. But a picture of a woman? If his wife learned he wanted one of these, she'd never let him forget it. No, he had to make sure he got a picture that would make it perfectly clear it was completely a professional matter.

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A couple of hours passed, and Draco was getting annoyed. He searched high and low, had a close call with angry centaur, a near run-in with some humongous blast-ended skrewts, and was nearly ran over by a sentient muggle car. Who would imagine! He'd have words with his father about it, get the place cl- oh, right, his father was in Ministerial custody. 'Drat.'

A glimpse of silver, however, brought Draco out of his musings. Looking up, he saw what he's been looking for all along: A unicorn. Tall, proud and majestic, the magical beast stood there, chewing on a mushroom. And doing his business, too.

"Hey there," called Malfoy. "Ain't you a pretty? can I have a few of your tail hairs?" he said as he approached the colt. Inwardly, he was sneering at the stupid creature.

The stupid creature, however, was inwardly sneering at Draco. And wasn't pleased to be interrupted, especially not in the middle of such intimate activity. So, when Draco came close, it rose on its hind-legs and gave Draco a good, swift kick. Draco narrowly escaped breaking his wrist (Even Malfoys learn sometimes, and a run-in with an angry hypogriff is good motivation to learn. They do say experience is the

best teacher...), but he did fall to the ground, in a world of pain. To add a bruise to the beating, he fell backwards, and hit his head on a low, somewhat sharp, branch, To add insult to injury, he ricocheted to the side, where he eventually landed in the pile of manure (otherwise known as "horse shit") the stud was making just moments before.

'Right', thought Draco, before blacking out.

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Paul just arrived back at the ward, returning back from his tea break. He complained about his problem to a friend, of sorts, an orderly called Buck, who came up with the perfect solution. He held today's Daily Prophet to him, where a blown up photograph of one Dolores Umbridge who did something or another, smiled nastily at him. 'Yes,' he thought, 'that would do perfectly.' He went to Snape's room, where he found Healer Brown and a Friend. They were introduced ("Damn it, Lucy, don't call me Nymphadora! and you, you, Paul, don't even think about it, you won't like the results!") and the pretty Auror taught him a few pleasuring spells. (This was getting better and better, and his wife, for once, wouldn't find anything to complain about, too...) Then he set to work.

"Thanks, Nymph- Tonks," said Lucy. "I owe you one."

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Eventually, Draco came too, but, stubborn as he is, refused to give up. Slytherin as he is, he decided to take the indirect approach, and sneak on a unicorn instead of doing the Harry Potter Gryffindor head-on approach.

Which is how he nearly ended up acquiring acromentula venom instead of unicorn hair. Which wouldn't have been so bad, as it fetches a hefty price as well, if it wasn't for the fact the gigantic arachnid was set on delivering the venom straight into Draco's blood circulation. Nearly is the key word here, as he also nearly avoided being squashed by a small giant who has taken to gathering acromentula (venom and everything else included) for his cooking pots since being exposed to his friend "Hermy"'s favorite snack -

cockroach clusters. (His big brother, Rubeus Hagrid, haven't spoken to him in days after he learned about his habit of eating poor Aragog's little babies, and tried to get him hooked on ferrets instead. Luckily, perhaps, to Draco Malfoy, Hagrid wasn't quite successful in his endeavors. And he had yet to run into any hypogriffs.)

Eventually he spotted a young unicorn leaning over and munching on grass at the forest's floor. Thanking his father for getting rid of those pesky underage tracking charms on his wand, he cast a silencing charm on his feet, and set to sneak on Harry Potter. 'Err, the unicorn', he corrected himself.

To make things short, his silent approach went perfectly - he did have lots of practice doing just that, after all. It was when he reached to grab a few threads from the animal's tail and plucked them, that he encountered a reflexive reaction on the magical mount's part. At the sudden pain in his behind, the young unicorn's hoof went backwards in a powerful kick, hitting Draco in the shin, cutting a deep gash in it, and slipping upwards to finally come to a halt in the boy's (still?) groin. Collapsing to the ground, Draco now wished he had blackened out. Alas, he did not, and so, mightily pissed off, he took out his wand, and just diffindo!ed the damn tail. As the baby unicorn skittered to get away, a bunch of shiny, pearly-white hair fell to the ground. Triumphantly (as much as he could master, bend over as he was,) Draco gathered the hair and put it away in his (now much torn) robe's pocket. As he looked up again, he saw a very large unicorn descending upon him, coming his way - much to quickly for his liking, particularly as the most prominent thing he could see of the beast was its very big, very sharp horn, pointed in his general direction.

"Ayieyaieyiayey!" he shouted, skimping out of the way.

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Healer Lucy Brown was quite pleased with herself. She just had a session with the ward's favorite patient, Sniveluos Snape, and, after much discussion, made scream he hated Potters.

'Good job' she congratulated herself in her mind. The patient has gone from having sexual fantasies of the boy to hating the very

thought of his existence. Their treatments were working, in spite of all the resilient man's resistance. 'Outsmarted the little beast,' she thought, 'Healer Jacksson would be so proud!' Still, having the patient going from a sick love to full-fledged all-out hatred was but one step, and wouldn't do. Taking him to the other extremity was the first step in finally setting him on the correct middle path, where he will not fantasize about molesting the Potter kid, nor of torturing for days on.

Now they had to teach the potions professor indifference.

'Magically induced apathy, perhaps?' she thought. 'Have to remember to ask if there's any potion for that.'

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Draco ran. And ran. And ran. Eventually, he noticed the unicorn was no longer on his trail. "Out smarted the little beast!" he said. 'Professor Snape would be proud.' he thought.

Draco stopped running. Propped against a tree trunk, he paused to catch his breath. He quickly gathered his breath in the cool air, and was set to go - with a little limp, and a few gashes that would need to be looked at, but he was fine, and good to go. The air, however, was cool for an august afternoon because of the breeze going through the Scottish background. A breeze that not only carried colder air with it, but also other things, like smell, odor, and scent. Which is why shortly after Draco came to a halt he felt his many wounds being licked by invisible tongues.

"Ayieyaieyiayey!" he shouted again.

Then he ran.

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"Master Shnurfell," began Lucy, "I wanted to ask you - I have a very emotional patient, who has developed a strong hatred that is clouding his judgement and thought processes, and I'm afraid the usual calming draughts and charms are simply not enough for him. I was

wondering if you can help me here? Perhaps if you have any apathy potion? Or could make one?"

"Well, Lucy," said the aged potion-master, I know just the right potion for you, dear. I could easily brew it, only trouble is, it needs some unicorn tail hair for ingredients, ground to fine powder, and those are just too expensive - they are not covered in the hospital's insurance policy, I'm afraid."

The young healer's face fell.

The hospital's potion brewer tried to lift her worries. "You could appeal to Purchase & Procurement, though." he said. "Maybe they will relent. I know they got a few unicorn hairs for bandaging that ministry worker who got bitten by that snake lat year, what was his name, Ferrelty or something?"

Lucy smiled. "Thank you, Master Shnurfell." she said.

"Please call me Snufkin." he said.

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Draco wondered in Knockturn Alley, looking for a vendor to sell his hair to. He saw a giant of a man handling what looked to his somewhat expert eye to be ground bicorn horn. Figuring he might be interested, and decided to try his luck with the man. "Hey there, are you interested in some unicorn hair, perhaps?"

"Sure, kid, show me what you've got." replied the man.

But Draco wasn't a Slytherin for nothing, and this was Knocturn Alley, after all. "Not so fast, boyo." he said gallantly. "First we set a price."

"Alright." agreed the vendor. "How does five sickles a hair sound to you, kid?"

"Five sickles a hair?" Draco shouted. "That's a rip off! They sell them for ten galleons at Alpacus Apchee's Apothecary! And don't call me 'kid'." he added.

The huge man laughed. "And old Alpacus buys them for five, he does.", he said.

"Five sickles?" asked Draco, sneering. "Do you honestly expect me to believe that rubbish? I ain't falling for that old line."

"Oh, no," said the vendor. "He buys them for five galleons, the old man does."

"Then I will sell them to you for five galleons." declared Draco, imperially.

"Oh ho,' laughed the man. "You will, will you? You couldn't even sell them to Apchee for that - he does it all above board. I doubt you have the right credentials, licensing, guild membership, health bill ad everything else required? Thought not. Tell you what. As you're a nice kid, I'll agree to give you fifteen sickles! It's three times the price, how 'bout that?"

"Make it seventeen sickles a hair, and I'll sell them to you." said Draco. "You don't leave me much choice, do you?"

"No, not really." agreed the man. "A galleon a hair? I'spouse I could live with that. You got yourself a deal. Now, show me the merchandise."

"Show me the money first." said Draco. You had to be tough with these people, that's how it always went in the adventure books he read as a child.

The man tossed a small money bag to Draco, who caught it, and, after handing over the handkerchief-full of unicorn tail hair, trying to save face after his earlier display of lack of knowledge about the market price, and hoping he wasn't ripped off, commenced to do things that would make him, or at least he believed they would, appear to be an experienced dealer, counting the money, biting a coin (alas, it was bronze, not gold, and Draco broke a tooth.) and so forth.

The vendor looked the unicorn hair over, ran some checks over it, and wasn't pleased at what he saw. "Why, you little rat!" he shouted. Trying to cheat Uncle Bubba, are you? The hair wasn't plucked, it was cut! With a spell! No one cheats Uncle Bubba!" he grabbed Draco, who was busy massaging his gums in pain, and shook him. Looking him over, he noticed the kid looked familiar, like he's known him for a long time. On closer scrutiny, realization hit. Known him indeed! He looked like a carbon copy of his prison bitch, Luci! He knew just how to deal with that brood.

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"You must see a healer, Draco." said Andromeda. "However, I don't think your mother would like people to know what you do in your spare time. Perhaps-" here she stopped to grab some Floo powder. "Nymphadora!" she called once the flames turned green, "do you think that nice friend of yours, Lucy, the healer, would be so kind to make a house call? And please, ask her to be discreet?"

"Sure thing, mum," said Tonks, "she owns me one. But I asked you how many times before not to call me that!"

"But dear, one day you will be married, you wouldn't be a Tonks anymore, what would people call you then?"

"We'll apparate over the river when we reach it, mum. Right now I can't have anyone even look at me that way!" Tonks wailed.

"Of course you can't, deary. If you insisted on not being called Nymphadora..." said her mother.

"Oh, shoot." said Tonks, then she was out.

Long thing short, Healer Brown came, took a look at Draco's teeth and proclaimed it outside her field of expertise, but she could recommend a few experts if they wanted.

"I'm such a failure as a healer!" she whined to Tonks afterwards. "Nothing I do seems to help. I come with a perfect cure, but they can't produce it. I make a house call on a patient, and turn out to be

completely useless. I mean, a mediwitch could deal with that, but I, a fully-fledged healer, breaking down the male-healer wall, can't!"

"Tell me about it," said Tonks. "I made it into the Aurors, got everyone to get over the fact I'm a girl, then first thing I run into a thief, botch it completely, causing my partner to lose a limb in the process, in an attempt to yank me out of harm's way. Lucky it ended there - last time I floundered, my cousin tried to defend me, and ended up dead." she sniffed. Trying to cheer up, she continued, "But what's that perfect cure you mentioned, something you came up with, tell me about it?"

"Well," said Lucy, "I matched a potion to a patient, but Potions told me it's too expensive to brew, and Procurement refuse to make allowance, something about Food eating all the hospital's budget with a sudden craving for dairy among the patients - and staff. Unicorn hair! Ten galleons a hair, and I need a spoon and a half of fine grind hair! That's like two hundred galleons! I'd pay for the treatment myself to help the poor man, but I don't have that kind of money. I could have asked my parents, but they are a little short on money right now, they had a lot of expenses recently, furbishing my little sister and making her presentable and desirable so she could catch one of her fellow Gryffindors as a husband. Besides, I'm somewhat of a disappointment to them, unmarried, unattached, professional. Not to mention - well, they really hate you." Not wanting to aggravate her friend, Lucy hurriedly went back to the subject of unicorn hair. "Procurement finally gave in and agreed to allow eleven galleons and six sickles for the purchase, but that would still leave me around a hundred and ninety short!"

Draco couldn't help to overhear the loud conversation. 'Eleven galleons!' he thought. Not much, by his old standards, yet it would be eleven galleons more than he had now.

"I happen to have unicorn hair to spare, not much to do with it all, I'll be glad to sell it to you for that price." he said, trying to sound nonchalant.

"Really?" Lucy cried with a chirp. "Wonderful. Do you think you can grind it too?" she asked.

"Sure!" Draco said, and went to grind the hair he had to fine powder using one of the spells professor Snape taught the Slytherins but no one else, forcing the Gryffindors to dirty their hands.

In short order, Lucy was on her way back to the hospital to tell procurement the good news. She Flooed the Tonkses with the pay, then went down to Potions.

'Oh, Snivelous would be so glad when he's finally healed!', she thought. 'I'll be sorry to see him leave.'

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"You be a good patient and gulp this down now, Snape." said Paul.

"I'm not imbibing any more of those vile concoctions Longbottom made." yelled Snape. "And you won't make me!"

"Longbottom?" asked Paul. "No Longbottom made this, it was Snufkin Shnurfell, out resident potion master."

"Oh," said Snape, relenting. "then it's Okay, give it here." and drank the potion.

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Some footnotes:

Never did get how Olivander sells wands with unicorn hair, when Slughorn toasts to friendship and ten galleons a hair, and, going back to Ron's broken wand in CoS, there were several strands going out.

I think healer Jackson was Snape's healer, the one who enjoyed torturing him for making his students fail, and Lucy Brown the young one from Beauxbatons, who wanted to help her patient? I might have confused the senior healer with the one the Dark Bunnies kidnapped to bring to Hermione's mum, or are they the same one?

I know now a Weasley is minister that name has become part of every household, still, all those Wetherby jokes got to me an I couldn't resist making some jokes on the Weasley name myself.

Food eating up all the budget with a sudden craving for dairy - well, all the yogurt they use on Snape has to come from somewhere, doesn't it? Speaking of which, I never got this one. Why yogurt?

IIRC, Lucy said she had a sibling in Hogwarts, as her parents didn't want to put all the eggs in the same basket or something like that? Her last name is Brown, like Lavender, and her initials are L.B., also like Lavender, I figured it's not a far stretch of mind to assume they are sisters. Now, I may be wrong, I wrote a wonderful piece about Roger and Tracy, only to have my Beta write me back one is Davis and the other Davies, one is pure-blood, the other half-blood. Which seriously cramped my style. Still, that's what Betas are for. So, if I'm wrong about that, all it needs is removing that line about Lucy's parents short on cash because of her sister (Lavender), it doesn't add much to this story, only opens the door for future fun. I figured, if Lavender's parents hate Tonks, Tonks looks to be on the way in on the Harry end of business, and they were hoping their daughter would entice him, that would lead to much Rorschach's style misunderstandings. Oh well.

Buck I borrowed from the motion picture "Kill Bill". I guess, after being found at renting the patients bodies out, he was kicked out of St. Mingo's, and couldn't show his face in the magiacl world in Britain, and well, Britain is a small place (relatively so). So the squib orderly just went to do the same in a new country - in the muggle world, in Southern United States. At least, it works in conjunction with some (not so good) loose scenes I wrote from Madam Scarlet. Incidentally, after Uncle Bubba, not to mention with unicorns, working for Ginny would be an upgrade. I suspect that's where Rors' is planning on taking it eventually, sending Draco to find work and everything, at least.

Anyway, I would let you decide what will happen to Snape after consuming a potion made with unicorn hair that lost its magical properties, being acquired, gathered, handled and treated with magic when none should have been used? Supposedly, unicorn hair is good

for healing - which is why Hagrid uses it, and I made it part of Arthur Weasley's cure. So perhaps it serves also to buffer some other ingredient in the potion that would otherwise be harmful to the consumer - or just bring about other (much) undesired, and undesirable, results?

More by moshehim

"Far be it from me to come between the two of you.., but I'd say chapter 27 would be a good start," said Luna. "Only I know ou already promissed Harry to do thaqt whenever he wants to. So... I went ahead and got you a new book, Hermione, you might like to read."

Hermione's eyes lit. She could never refuse new books. So she asked:

"What, it- oh..." she said, as she read the title on the cover. It read: 'How to please two women at the same time.'

"And when you finish this one, Hermione," said Luna, "I got the sequel for you." she handed Hermione a second book. It's title read 'How to please THREE women at the same time!"

Harry picked up the first book, read the title, and got a sort of skewered, twisted expression onm his face. He simply didn't know weather to frown or to smirk, so he settled on both. Instead, he asked, "Where did you get this, Luna?"

"Oh, well," the girl started, "When Tim left, all his old girlfriends were rather disappointed, so they had Dark Lord Jeremy write this book for them so they could train a - somewhat – suitable replacement. I have a cousin wioth the Dark Bunnies, you know – you met her, you remember? Gretchen?"

Harry nodded.

"Well, she gave those to me. Said her master is working on a new book, for four girls at a time, promised to get me a first edition early, authographed, even!" Luna exclaimed enthusiastically.

"Well, tell her thank you for me," said Harry. "Okay?"

Luna nodded.

Harry's face untwisted. Finally, the smirk has won.

One by khadon99 . . .

With a reminder of the Snape torturing in this chapter another possible scene idea came to mind. Not realizing that Snape wasn't completely loyal, some of the remaining Death Eaters go to break him out of the hospital. Upon arriving they see what's being done to him and burst out into laughter. Many of them are from the younger generation you had him as a teacher and something like this conversation takes place:

DeathEaterA: "You know, it does kinda look like he's happy here. Why don't we just leave him to enjoy himself."

DeathEaterB: "Actually it looks like he's trying to scream in pain. Also, his eyes make me think of all those picture of muggles who've been tortured. You know, the ones they show us to psych us up before a raid? It's like he's begging for salvation."

DeathEaterA: "Nah, it's just your imagination."

The two Death Eaters turn and start to walk away.

DeathEaterA: "Besides, he was always a bit of a prick while he taught us."

DeathEaterB: "Weren't you in Slytherin?"

DeathEaterA: "Yeah...he was still a prick though."

A few by neil reynolds . . .

I don't know how to arrange it, but the Scarlet Witch and Draco Malfoy could work well together. Both are extremely selfish, and

uncaring about their acquaintances, both are cunning and occasionally quite clever, and both could see the value in working together.

I had this image of the two of them as partners, perhaps without Draco realizing who she is, perhaps because his mental image of Ginny is nothing like the real scarlet witch. I had the image of the two of them chiding each other over failing to successfully betray each other.

"You really shouldn't have tossed that explosive potion at me!"

"Well if you hadn't poisoned the doorknob I had to open, I wouldn't have needed my hands free, would I?"

"You could have at least have tossed it underhand."

"You caught it, didn't you?"

"Yes, but I had to drop the asp I was planning on giving you as a surprise gift."

"Stop moaning. You're not the only one with troubles. Your asp set off a fire trap I was saving to give you on a special occasion!"

||||||||||

"Harry Potter, you will be taken from this place to a place of execution and there you will be hung... what? Oh, I see. It seems you were caught running through Diagon alley without any clothes while being chased by all three of your wives. The court finds you guilty and levies a fine of five galleons payable to the clerk of the court; and may God have mercy on your immortal soul!"

||||||||||

Tonks stomped up to Harry and Hermione. "Do you have any idea how many months it took for me to track down the Fox and Hound? Do you? I just want to know one thing; did you know before our

marriage, that there's still laws on the books making it illegal for a wife to be required to testify against her spouse?"

Author's note: This was the law in England, at least at the end of the nineteenth century. I'm drawing a blank but it did figure heavily in a plot of a book considered literature, perhaps by Thomas Hardy.

|||||||||

With Hermione's children continuing the family line of Potter, and Luna's children continuing the line of Black. The spirits of the dead were worried about a looming catastrophe on the horizon.

Sirius Black and his mother were simultaneously approving of the family line's continuance.

"She's a radical! She'd do anything. She pranks the whole world!"

"Nonsense! She's Grindelwald's enforcer's granddaughter! She knows all of the old customs and follows them as best she can."

"She twists the old customs until they're unrecognizable!"

"We've always accepted eccentricities in the old families. Granted, hers don't seem to have arisen out of consanguinity, but the principle remains the same!"

A letter by David Brown, can't help but feel this could be a great addition to another story . . .

Dear Mrs. Malfoy:

I represent the son of Mobuto Ponzi, the Nigerian Minister of Magic, who was recently imprisoned unjustly for his brave efforts to cull our nation's mudblood refuse. I humbly request your assistance in moving

5.8 million galleons out of Nigeria to safety. The Minister's family needs your help. With your support, his family will be able to hire hit wizards to rescue the Minister and return him to power. The Minister's wife will gladly pay you a transaction fee of 10, and has

assured me that a grateful Nigeria would be proud to provide substantial assistance to your Dark Lord's efforts to cleanse Britain of filth. Please contact me immediately. Time is of the essence, because if the mudblood usurpers discover the Minister's hidden funds before they are removed from Nigeria, all will be lost.

Yours in purity,

David Brown, Esq.

Steve2

?Master??

?Yes, Gretchen??

?I?ve been naughty.?

?Uh-huh. What?d you do??

?Well?? she hedged.

?The longer it takes you to tell me, the longer it is you wait for your punishment,? Ron explained.

?I entered your name in for a game show, Master.?

?Why??

?My great-uncle works on the set at Wiz Wireless and they need a big-name celebrity to bring in some new ratings. He asked me for help and I immediately thought you could do it. There?s no bigger celebrity around.?

?And by bigger, you mean?? began a second voice.

?Elizabeth! Now, Gretchen. I appreciate your faith in me, but I?m back

in school. How can I possibly go to this game show??

?Oh, it?s next Hogsmeade weekend, Master. We?ll be able to make sure

your detention includes you going to the studio.?.

?Well, I guess it can?t hurt. What?s the worst that can happen? But you?ve been bad, Gretchen. You need to be punished.?.

?Yay!?

?How about me, master? I?ve been bad as well. I didn?t stop Gretchen

at all.?.

?Okay, Elizabeth, you get some punishment as well.?.

?Yay!? they both chorused.

?Dean, there you are. You okay?? Seamus said.

?God, no. I?ve been reading these Malfoy hair charms and it?s nauseating. Nothing quite like perusing ?Cowlick Avoidance and it?s hundreds of variant uses.? You?d think they?d have come up with a better use for their time than constantly worrying about their hair.?.

?So how did your talk with McGonagall go??

?Awful. I need to rethink my plan as a man-whore.?.

?Then I've got just the thing for you, mate. I've recently read an article and I know how you can meet some eligible chicks.?

?Does it involve me reading any more of these Malfoy books??

?Don't think so.?

?Then count me in.?

?Wormtongue! Wormtongue!! Where is that blasted rat?! Voldemort said

to himself as he paced around the house looking for his lackey. Good evil hench help was so hard to find.

As he walked by the kitchen table, the open Prophet caught his eye. He

scanned the headlines to see if any of his nefarious plans had made it

to the main page (instead of being shuffled to the last pages near the horoscope). They hadn't. Blast it! What's it take to get back on the front page of the paper?!

Coincidentally, just then a new article caught his eye. He read it. A sinister grin split his face. ?This is it. My ticket back to the big time. Yes, I think I will battle the Dark Lord Ron Jeremy for the affections of this wench. I will confront this Ron Jeremy on this game show (whatever that is) and ruin his image before I crush him.

Minions! Attend me!?

Quiet.

?Blast it, where are all my minions! Wormtongue!?

A few days later?

?Okay, fellahs, the three of you wait here??

?It?s dark,? pointed out a surly voice.

?Um, yes. We?re trying to keep the audience in suspense as to who all

the contestants are.?

?Weren?t they expecting me anyway?? another voice, Ron, pointed out.

?Um, yes. But then there?s the others here with you.?

?Whatever.?

?It?s still dark.?

?Give it a rest, will ya, pal?? a third voice said from the first

chair. ?Jeez, you whine like an old crone.?

??mutter?mumble?you?ll rue the day?mutter.?

Moments later the lights all came up and the audience got to see a live version of their favorite game show, The Dating Game! ?Welcome

one all in our audience today! I?m Burt Hearthrob, your host and

we?re ready to play another fantastic round of? The Dating Game!?

A smattering of applause could be heard from the audience.

?Thank you, thank you, you're too kind. First, I want to introduce everyone to our bachelors. Of course our bachelorette is currently inside an anti-listening spell so she won't hear any of this. Bachelor #1, tell us a little about yourself.?

?Uh, my name is Dean. I'm young. Single. Looking for a good time. And

not interested in old crones.?

?Fair enough. Any hobbies??

?I fought some crime over the summer. At least I was led to believe I did.?

?Excellent! Bachelor #2, tell us about yourself.?

?My name is Vendy Noglamourused??

?Wow, what a name! I haven't heard that on any of the pureblood polls.?

?Uh, yeah, I came up with it all myself.?

?Huh??

?Um, I mean, it's a family name. Been around a long time. I changed it

to its English counterpart when I moved here from the mainland years ago.?

?Oh, okay. Lots of people do that. So what's on your agenda, Vendy??

?Oh the usual. Pursue my goals of taking over the world.?.

?Oh, ho, ho, ho, that's good. You're a quick wit, Vendy. And good luck

to you. Lastly, I'd like to introduce the final bachelor, Dark Lord Ron Jeremy. My, that's certainly an interesting getup, Mr. Dark Lord.?

?Thanks. The girls made it for me.?

?Whoo-hoo! Master is the greatest!? yelled a voice from off-stage.

?Thanks, girls!? Ron yelled back, waving at them.

?Isn't this game going to start soon?? Vendy said in irritation. ?I have things I want to do. People I want to crush in front of an audience.?

?And a girl to impress, eh?? Burt winked at the second bachelor.

Back at Hogwarts, Albus Dumbledore listened more intently to his wireless. ?That voice. I recognize that voice,? he muttered to himself.

?Squawk!?

?Yes, Fawkes, it's him. I'd know that voice anywhere. We know where he

is. We can take the battle to him! Quick, to the Batmobile! I mean, do you mind flaming us to the studio??

?Squawk!?

?And now our Bachelorette, Miss Marie Moonshine, come on out!?

?Wow, this is fun,? Marie said to a grinning Burt.

?Indeed it is, Miss Moonshine. Here, have a seat and tell us a little about yourself.?

?My name is Marie. It?s my middle name. It?s more fun than my first name. I?m looking for a bachelor to spend some quality time with. And

when I heard about this show, I thought it would be fun to audition.

And here I am.?

?Great summary, Marie. Let?s get started. You have your questions ready??

?Yep.?

?Go ahead and start when you?re ready,? Burt instructed.

Sitting on a stool, Marie leaned forward to read her notes and then said in a loud voice, ?Bachelor #1: what is your idea of a romantic evening??

?A little bit of music, a small dinner, and a lot of privacy to enjoy.

And by privacy, I mean privacy so we don?t get interrupted as we have sex.?

?Oh, my. Bachelor #2, same question.?

?I would have my minions scramble to get you something to drink,
eat,

and then someone to curse.?

?That?s romantic??

?Uh, square dancing??

?Moving on? Bachelor #3, what?s your idea of a romantic evening??

?We?d go to a Quidditch game,? Ron replied.

?How is that romantic??

?You?d be surprised at how energetic I am when my Quidditch team
wins.?

?And how often do they win??

?Oh, whenever the girls and I play Lap the Quidditch Team.?

?Uh-huh. And your position is what exactly? Coach??

?Nope. I?m a one-person Quidditch team. The girls like it better that
way.?

?Whoo-hoo! You tell it, Master!?

?Thanks, girls!?

The audience laughed and clapped.

?Okay, Bachelor #2. Which of these options is more appealing:
growing

old with someone you know and love, or knowing someone for a long
time

before actually asking them out??

?Uh, having never been a recipient of the former, I will have to say the latter.?

?Okay. Bachelor #1, same question.?

?Neither,? Dean replied. ?I?m not waiting until someone is an old crone before I ask her out, and I?m not planning on becoming old myself if I can help it.?

?Wait,? Vendy interjected. ?I meant to say that.?

?Coughloser!? Dean coughed into his hand.

?Did you just say something?? Vendy glared at Bachelor #1.

?Not that you?d know,? Ron suggested.

?Uh-huh. Moving on. Bachelor #3. What do you find more desirable ?
a

long-term relationship or lots of casual sex??

?Both.?

?Care to explain that??

?Sure. A long term relationship with all my girls with lots of casual sex. I can?t stand formal sex. Too rigid.?

?Uh, okay. Bachelor #1, same question.?

?I have to agree with the Dark Lord a bit. I?d like a long-term relationship with lots of casual sex in it. Keeps it interesting.?

?Oh my,? Marie fanned herself with the printouts of her questions. ?Is it getting hot in here or is that just me??

?It?s the lights illuminating the stage,? Bachelor #2 inserted. ?It?s making everything around here hot.?

?Coughloser!? Ron coughed into his hand.

?Are you unwell, Dark Lord?? Vendy wondered with a surge of annoyance.

?I?m fine. Not sure about you,? Ron smirked.

?I don?t get it,? Vendy admitted.

?I?m sure you don?t,? Dean agreed.

?Bachelor #2,? Marie began after regaining her composure. ?If two trains left their stations at exactly the same time and one was going 70kph and the other 20kph slower, at what time would they meet in time

for a tryst??

?Hwah?? Vendy burbled.

?Psst, Vendy,? Dean whispered. ?It?s a trick question. F-Y-I.?

?That?s a trick question, Miss Moonshine. Everyone knows trains only go one speed. Forward.?

?Uh-huh. Bachelor #1: same question. At what time would these two

trains meet in time for a tryst??

?Why, they'd meet in the middle for some funky groove action, baby.

Kind of like you and me and bedroom makes three.?

?Ooooohhhh,? the audience and Marie ooooohhhed in appreciation.

?Hey, that's what I meant to say,? Vendy interjected. ?Quit taking my

answers!?

?Coughloser!?

?Who said that? Fess up right now or I'll crucio everyone here!?

?Well I'm sure it wasn't me,? Burt quickly said, stopping another cough from coming out. ?Maybe it was someone off stage??

?I'll find you, whoever you are!?

?I'm sure you will, Vendy. Now, let's get back to the game. One question left before the big decision. Marie, whenever you're ready.?

?Okay, Bachelor #2. You sound a little agitated. You might be in the right frame of mind to think of this. The question is: how long can you make whoopee??

?Is that a new curse I've heard about??

?Sure. That's it,? Marie agreed. ?Coughloser. Oh, my. Excuse me.?

The audience laughed appreciatively.

?Bachelor #3: same question. How long can you make whoopee??

?Hmmm. Good question. You know, I really haven?t timed it, but I?m sure the girls have. Why don?t I have them send over some stats if you?re still interested after the show.?

?Sure. That always works. Bachelor #1: same question. How long can you make whoopee??

?All night and all day, baby. As long as you?re not an old crone.?

?Hey, I meant to say that!? insisted Volde? er? Vendy.

?Okay, Marie, you?ve had a chance to talk to all the bachelors. Are you ready to make your decision?? Burt hammed it up for the audience.

?Oh, absolutely. But first, I want to give a big kiss to all the bachelors, even bachelor #2 because I definitely won?t be picking him.

He?s too much like a dork.?

?Dork?! exclaimed Vendy.

?If the shoe fits,? Marie agreed. ?And since Bachelor #3 already has a

posse of girls to wait on him, I?m selecting the best Bachelor available and that?s Bachelor #1.?

Hesitantly, Dean got off his stool and came around the wall to see the Bachelorette. ?Whoo-hoo!? he crowed. ?I scored a hottie! A young

hottie! In your face, losers!?

The crowd, applauding and laughing at his comment, suddenly shushed as

Dark Lord Ron Jeremy got up, walked over to the winner, and, towering

over Dean, slapped him on the back. ?Good for you, Dean. You deserve it.?

?You know, your voice sounds familiar. Do I know you??

?Um? no,? he responded in a slightly deeper tone.

?Congratulations both of you,? Burt said, putting an arm around Marie

and Dean. ?Bob, since we obviously don?t have any other bachelorettes

for the runners up??

?Speak for yourself,? Ron smirked.

?Uh, right. Bob, what do the runner?s up receive??

A magically enhanced voice boomed across the stage as Bob described

what the runners up would be getting instead of a date with a hottie.

?Well, Burt, the two runners up will be getting a gift basket filled with yummies like Rice-A-Roni, that San Francisco treat! And some popcorn. At least, that?s what the muggles told me when I bought it.?

?Good enough, Bob. And now, Marie and Dean, here's what you win today.

It's a deluxe weekend accommodation at a muggle motel in Paris, France! Yes, that's right. You two will enjoy a portkey to Paris where you will be housed in a quaint and somewhat modern motel renovated

only last century on the outskirts of the famed metropolitan. The room has only one bed so make use of it like I know you two hip cats will.? What's a hip cat?? Dean said.

?Uh, yeah.? Burt stammered, then continued on. ?Additionally, we have

another prize for you from the Dark Lord Ron Jeremy himself. Mr. Dark

Lord??

?Thanks, Burt. Dean, Marie ? I want you to know that I've used some

special magic to create this first ever device to help you with your romantic weekend. It's called an Orgazmitron and it??

?Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! You will all bow before the true dark lord, Voldemort!?

?Isn't he the Dork Lord now?? Dean pointed out.

The audience laughed.

?Shut up! All of you! I don?t need you! I don?t need anyone to make me

a true dark lord again! I?m a dark lord, I tell! A dark lord!!

?I?m pretty sure I won the Dark Lord election,? Ron stalled for time

until the aurors could get there and arrest this lunatic. ?Voldemort

won the Dork Lord. I saw the results in the paper.?

Marie put in, ?You know, it?s pretty dorky to not know you?re a dork lord.?

The audience laughed.

?I can?t stand it here anymore! Give me that prize! You don?t need it!

I?m going to take it and with my advanced knowledge of dark magic,

I?ll use it to find out everything there is to know about this

origami-thingy??

?Orgazmitron, you dork,? Burt said.

The audience laughed again.

?Shut up! All of you! I?m taking everything! Gimme the prizes! Now

I?ve got them, and my crushing you will wait until I?ve unraveled the

spell on this thing! Goodbye, chumps!? And with that, the Dork Lord

Voldemort apparated back to his lair.

Burt turned to the official Dark Lord and said, ?Mr. Dark Lord. I had no idea he was here. Are you concerned he is going to unravel any of

your spellwork on that Orgazmitron??

?Nah. Not really. It?s a one-use only spell that is activated by touching it. And since it wasn?t wearing any gloves when he grabbed it??

A half hour later back in Voldemort?s sanctum, a laid back Dork Lord got off the cough. ?Man, that was wicked. Hmm, now I?m hungry. Wonder

what?s in the gift basket? Oh, hey, that looks good??

NEXT SCENE HAPPENS IMMEDIATELY BEFORE OR AS PART OF EPILOGUE:

Later that morning, in Paris:

?Morning, honey,? Dean grinned at the hottie he was in bed with.

Marie opened her eyes and greeted, ?Hiya, sonny.?

?What??

Marie said, ?Sorry about that. Just a term I?d heard a few times. Say you look like you could use a shower.?

Dean took a cautious whiff of himself. ?Whew, I guess I do. I?ll be right back and we can pick up where we left off.?

?You do that,? Marie agreed, leaning back to watch Dean head to the shower.

Moments after the water turned on and she heard him get in, she was up

and heading towards to the fireplace to make a floo-call.

?Blanche, get up!?

Within seconds, a bleary-eyed 80-year old's face was in the fire.

?Augusta-Marie, what's up? You with Dean??

?Yes. The plan worked. Get the rest of the girls together. And don't forget to have them get those glamours in place. I don't want him running off like last time.?

Blanche produced a feral grin. ?Don't want that to happen. You sure he'll go for it??

Augusta-Marie Longbottom nee Moonshine shrugged her shoulders. ?Eh,

he's a young man. All he thinks about is sex. We're just giving him what he wants. Mostly. Besides, what he doesn't know won't hurt him.?

?You got it, Augusta. Anything else??

She thought for a moment. ?Yes. And this is important. Make sure no one calls him sonny.?

Addition by moshehim

"Listen, Neville," said Ron. "I feel bad for dean, since Voldemort ran away with the Orgazmatron, so I made him another. Anyway, I'd pop in and give it him myself, but that wouldn't be appropriate, me,

the second runner up, interrupting the winner in the middle of receiving his prize. Plus, I have to punis the girls for not having my back there in the show, so I'l be rather busy in the coming hours. So could you do me a favour and deliver this to him?"

"Sure thing, my Lord," said Neville and soon he was on his way to Paris.

In Paris:

"Hey, Dean, I come from the Dark Lord, he asked that I'd deliv- Hey, you bastard, you're screwing my grandma again!"

SLAM!

Other people's scene. Lost the name for these ones, they've been credited in the fics but I can't find the names.

What is Slytherin family spells? Long life/Immortality? Something else?

Maybe Fox & Hound had stolen Slytherin spells and Lily had modified some of them - that's why Harry lived after AK.

Let's imagine that Harry and Hermione found Lily's records.

"So, with that spell you can deflect killing curse?"

"Yes, but it takes a sacrifice. Your mother sacrificed herself..."

Harry looked sad but made an effort to think rationally "Is it necessary that a caster sacrificed oneself? Could someone else be sacrificed?"

"Harry! You cannot..."

"Even if it's Voldemort?"

"Oh... Well, it will require portable instant-expanding altar..."

"When you say 'portable' or 'instant-expanding' you should go to Fred and George."

"Sure? After they made that portable swamp everything 'portable' from their hands has either smell of swamp or moss in some places."

"Hmm? Where you know it from? I thought you was not interested in their inventions so much?"

"Angelina. After that experimental portable bed she cannot look at frogs without a shudder. And don't ever think I'm not interested in useful inventions."

"Yes dear. If you want portable bed with frogs..."

"You better shut up or I'm ordering a portable couch."

AN: I had a lot of help writing this story and I had a few things left over, couldn't finish until I tossed these in. Had a lot of fun writing this fic, hope you had fun reading it.